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ART. I.—*American Poets.*

The American Common-Place Book of Poetry, with Occasional Notes. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER. Boston. 1831.

The public are much indebted to Mr. Cheever for this well-chosen selection from the fresh and fragrant products of our native Parnassus. It is made in general with great taste, and a strict regard to the higher moral considerations that are sometimes overlooked in similar publications. Many of the poems contained in the volume are directly devotional, and all are of a nature to encourage the best and purest sentiments Such is the general correctness of feeling in this particular among our writers, that this object has been effected without the sacrifice, as far as we are aware, of a single work of acknowledged merit. Mr. Cheever has enriched the collection with occasional commentaries, of which we shall give some specimens, and of which the character is such, as to make us regret that they are not more full and frequent.

We have sometimes been called of late, to lament over the decline of poetry, and as far as the mother country, and Europe in general are concerned, the contemporary harvest does appear to be somewhat less abundant than that, which rewarded the labors of the last generation. Mrs. Hemans and Miss Jewsbury, with all their merit, which we are not disposed to contest, will never rival the fame of Scott, Campbell, or Rogers. The 'Undying One' will, we fear, undergo the common lot long before Childe Harold. Dr. Bowring, who has so liberally translated others, will but too probably never

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be translated himself; and the Gothic lyre of Mr. Alaric Attila Watts, affords no sufficient substitute for the exquisite, though too luxurious harpings of Anacreon Moore. But however the case may be in Europe, we should suppose, to judge from the contents of the present volume, that in this country, a new spring had come over the enchanted gardens of Poesy. We are here presented with selections from the works of not less than forty or fifty native writers;—selections almost uniformly of great merit, and in numerous instances of the very first order of excellence. These writers are generally young men. The productions with which they have thus far favored us, are the early blossoms of genius, glittering with the dewy freshness which belongs to life's morning, but rather to be looked upon as the bright promise of rich fruits to come, than as fair specimens of what their authors will finally be able to accomplish. We doubt whether the works of the race of poets, who are now in England taking the place of the veterans of the last generation,—though perhaps more voluminous,—would furnish altogether a finer anthology. Such in fact, is the natural course of things. The spirit of Poetry can never disappear from the world. It is one of the essential elements of our nature, and must continue to live and flourish in immortal youth, so long as man preserves his present constitution. But it does not always exhibit itself with the same power and beauty in the same countries. When Poetry declines in one quarter, it begins to flourish in another. The echos of the Delphic woods,—the original seat and birth-place of the Classic Muse,—have been languishing for two thousand years in silence; while those of our own mountains, which, for aught we know to the contrary, were mute for as long a period, are now replying to strains that are no longer heard in all their former freshness on the bleak romantic hills of the mother country. Nor is it true, as some suppose, that the great demand in this country for practical talent, will prevent us from excelling in letters. The Genius of Poetry, as she takes her wayward and capricious course from region to region, forgets not to visit the abodes of active life. Politics,—commerce and manufactures,—the bustle of business,—the din of crowded cities,—the clang of the forge and the ship-yard,—the angry contests of the bar and the senate, present no obstacles to the successful cultivation of the elegant arts. The Muses are not a set of sentimental fine ladies who are fright-

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ened at the free and open face of real life. Real life, on the contrary, is the element in which they live and move, and have their being. The same general causes which inspire the body politic with health and vigor, and give activity to every department of moral and professional labor, develope in proportional fulness the finer germs of feeling in all their various and delightful exhibitions. Whatever in fact assumes the name of eloquence, poetry, literature, and is not the instinctive spontaneous expression of feelings awakened by the real action and passion of life, is mere imitation,—a cold mockery of the true thing,—a hot-house plant not worth the trouble of raising. Compare, for example, the orations of Chatham, Burke, or Ames, with the panegyric of Isocrates, or the declamations of Quintilian. The most brilliant exhibitions of literary talent have accordingly always coincided in place and time, with a great display of political and professional activity. Such was the case in Greece, ancient and modern Italy, France and England; such from present appearances is likely to be the case in this country.

It was not, however, our purpose in noticing the work before us, to write a dissertation on the Progress of Poesy, but rather to enrich our sober pages with some of the choice specimens which Mr. Cheever has collected, and to hold some colloquy with him on the absolute and comparative merits of their respective authors.

Bryant has been, by a pretty general consent of the lovers of poetry, crowned with our republican laurel. Mr. Cheever, though one of his warm admirers, is disposed to concede the first place to Dana. We are not sure, much as we value his taste and judgment, and highly as we think of Mr. Dana's talents, that we shall be able to agree with him in this decision. But his remarks on the question are so beautifully written, and so fair and favorable to both the parties, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting them.

We are disposed to rank Mr. Dana at the head of all the American poets, not excepting Bryant; and we think this is the judgment which posterity will pass upon his writings. Not because he is superior to all others in the elegance of his language, and in the polished beauty and finish of his compositions; in these respects, Bryant has, in this country, no equal; and Mr. Dana is often careless in the dress of his thoughts. Not because, in the same kind and class of composition to which Bryant has

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principally confined his genius, he would be superior, or even equal to this delightful writer; for the genius and style of Bryant are peculiarly suited to the accurate and exquisite description of what is beautiful in nature; and, what is more, he unites with this power the spirit of gentle human feeling, and sometimes a rich, grand, and solemn philosophy; it will be long ere any one breathes forth the soul of poetry in a finer strain than that to the evening wind; and Coleridge himself could hardly have written a nobler Thanatopsis. But Mr. Dana has attempted and proved successful in a higher and more difficult range of poetry; he exhibits loftier powers, and his compositions agitate the soul with a deeper emotion. His language, without being so beautiful and finished, is yet more vivid, concise, and alive and informed with meaning. His descriptions of natural objects may not pass before the mind with such sweet harmony, but they often present in a single line, a whole picture before the imagination, with a vividness and power of compression which are astonishing. For instance;

'But when the light winds lie at rest,
And, on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently.'

And again;

'The ship works hard; the seas run high;
Their white tops, flashing through the night,
Give to the eager, straining eye,
A wild and shifting light.'

Again, as a more general instance, and a more sublime one; speaking of the prospect of immortality:—

''Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.'—

In these repects,—in the power of giving in one word, as it were, a whole picture,—in his admirable skill in the perspective,—and in the faculty of chaining down the vast and the infinite to the mind's observation,—he reminds us both of Collins and of Milton. We have not space here, to illustrate the resemblance by instances which would show our meaning, and his merits, better than a whole chapter of criticism.

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But, above all, we admire Mr. Dana, more than any other American poet, because he has aimed not merely to please the imagination, but to rouse up the soul to a solemn consideration of its future destinies. We admire him, because his poetry is full of benevolent, affectionate, domestic feeling; but, more than this, because it is full of religious feeling. The fountain which gushes here has mingled with the 'well of water springing up to everlasting life.' The aspirations breathed forth in this poetry are humble, earnest desires after that holiness, 'without which no man shall see God.' It speaks of a better land of rest, 'but bids us turn to God, and seek our rest in Him.'

We agree with Mr. Cheever in the opinion, that Religion is the highest theme for poetry, and that a writer who treats it in the best manner, must be regarded as taking precedence of the most successful laborers upon any inferior topic. But without undervaluing the poetry of Mr. Dana, of which we think highly, we are not sure that he is entitled to claim the decided superiority, which might under other circumstances, result from his choice of subjects. We doubt in the first place, whether he has correctly conceived the form in which religion is employed to the greatest advantage as a theme for poetry. He seems to aim at an exposition of religious doctrine, and not unfrequently makes use of what may be called technical language. In this respect his manner is the same with that of Young. But the proper purpose of all poetry is to awaken and express feeling, and of all religious poetry to awaken and express devotional feeling. An exposition of doctrine, however important and however elegantly dressed in the garb of verse, is not poetry; and a poem that awakens devotional feeling is essentially religious, however destitute of any tincture of dogmatical divinity. Thus the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and Mr. Bryant's Thanatopsis realise the idea of a devotional poem more exactly than the Night Thoughts, or Mr. Dana's *Life of God in the Soul of Man.* We may add, that in all that belongs to the technical part of poetry, Mr. Bryant is much the more skilful artist of the two. Dana is always harsh, and at times incorrect, as for instance in the following couplet:

> Our sins our nobler faculties *debase*,
> And make the earth a spiritual *waste*,
> Unto the soul's dimmed eye.

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We are not sure that he is always free from affectation. In his Buccaneer he seems to have imitated some of the worst efforts of the worst of all models, Wordsworth. Bryant on the other hand, is always correct, easy, flowing and eloquent, and at the same time spirited and vigorous in his versification. His imagery is the true and lively expression of nature not transmitted through the pages of a thousand preceding writers, till it has become no better than a mere conventional jargon; but taken fresh at first hand from the breathing face of the divine original. His tone of thinking is pure, elevated, kind, generous, and religious, without the least tinge of gloom on the one hand, or looseness of principle on the other. It would be difficult, in fact, to find in the whole compass of poetry an equal amount by any writer combining so much merit with so entire an absence of faults of any kind whether in style or substance. Mr. Bryant does not aim at the 'highest heaven of invention,'—the exhibition of heroic characters in epic or dramatic action,—which has immortalized the genius of a few gifted spirits. In his lyric pieces he uniformly deals with the gentle affections, rather than the wild and stormy passions that sometimes convulse the moral world. His walk is therefore, technically, not the very highest; but in what he attempts he succeeds to perfection, and his style is one which recommends itself perhaps to a larger circle of readers than almost any other. His *Thanatopsis*, which has been more frequently noticed and quoted than any of his works, though one of the best, is not decidedly superior to many others. The following poem is copied by Mr. Cheever from the Talisman, with a note, which proves that though disposed to give a preference to another, he yet renders ample justice to the genius of this charming writer.

The Talisman has contained some very beautiful poetry, each year of its publication; but this,—we had almost said it is the sweetest thing in the language. Not in any one of the Souvenirs, either English or American, has there ever appeared a page of such pure, deep, finished poetry. It has all the characteristics of Bryant's style,—his chaste elegance, both in thought and expression,—ornament enough, but not in profusion or display,—imagery that is natural, appropriate, and, in this instance, peculiarly soothing,—select and melodious language,—harmony in the flow of the stanza,—gentleness of feeling, and richness of philosophy.

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TO THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
  That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
  Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
  Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
  Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
  Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
  Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
  Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
  Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
  Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
  To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
  His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
  Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
  That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
  Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
  Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

The *Damsel of Peru* is a lively and elegant specimen of the power of Mr. Bryant in narrative poetry, which he has less frequently essayed. It appeared, we believe, in the first instance, in the Atlantic Magazine.

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THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru:
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
As from the shrubbery glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight.
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north;
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden; the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair, sad face is gone;
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride;
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein;
There 's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane;
He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill:
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill.

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear;
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak:
'I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee.'

Daybreak is one of the best specimens in this volume of the poetry of Dana.

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DAYBREAK.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang." *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Now, brighter than the host, that, all night long,
In fiery armor, up the heavens high
Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song,
Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh.
Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

'Canst thou grow sad,' thou say'st, 'as earth grows bright?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, e'er the streaming light
Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source?
With creatures innocent thou must, perforce,
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.'

I feel its calm. But there 's a sombrous hue
Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still,—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song,—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead;—
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth
Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife;
And airs, and woods, and streams, breathe harmonies:—
Man weds not thes', but taketh art to wife;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

And 'tis because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;
Else why should she, in such fresh hour as this,
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face?—It is that man is mad!
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine,
When Nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st towards earth; but yet the heavens are thine;
While I to earth am bound:—When will the heavens be mine?

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If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful; then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering, humbly, why it is, and whence:
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad;—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour:—fresh life is near,—
But all my joys!—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm,—my spirit's torn;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I,—whom nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea,—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit;—who, as mine own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see,—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with Care, and passions fierce and wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth!—in crown of living fire
Up comes the day!—as if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire!
The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!
And pining Discontent, like them, expire!
Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

Percival's range is bolder and higher than that of Bryant. He has a wonderful freedom and facility of versification, but he has less felicity and less finish. He deals more in the conventional common-places of poetry, and gives of course to his thoughts and images a much less distinct and vivid expression than if he drew his materials directly from nature. His *Genius Slumbering* and *Genius Waking* are to us the most pleasing of his pieces in this volume. We copy the latter, which will be found, we think, to exemplify the beauties and defects which we have just specified as belonging to his manner. May we venture, without offending the feelings of

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the sensitive poet, to remind him that his own genius has of late been somewhat drowsy? Why should he consume his splendid powers on 'French translation?'

GENIUS WAKING.

Slumber's heavy chain hath bound thee;—
Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee;—
Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell, recall thee
From inglorious dreams?
O, could glory so appal thee,
With his burning beams!

Thine was once the highest pinion
In the midway air;
With a proud and sure dominion,
Thou didst upward bear.
Like the herald, winged with lightning,
From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
Where no fountain flows;—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the surging storm
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

O, what rare and heavenly brightness
Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
Lights a cavern's glooms!
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping,
But the tempest's gush.
Up again undaunted soaring,
Thou didst pierce the cloud,
When the warring winds were roaring
Fearfully and loud.

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Where is now that restless longing
After higher things?
Come they not, like visions, thronging
On their airy wings?
Why should not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss?
Surely danger cannot daunt thee
From a heaven like this.

But thou slumberest; faint and quivering
Hangs thy ruffled wing;
Like a dove in winter shivering,
Or a feebler thing.
Where is now thy might and motion,
Thy imperial flight?
Where is now thy heart's devotion?
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark! his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side,
Close, as when the storm-bird weathers
Ocean's hurrying tide.
Now his nodding beak is steady,—
Wide his burning eye,—
Now his opening wings are ready,
And his aim,—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly
Now is stretched for flight;—
Hark! his wings,—they thunder loudly,
And their flash,—how bright!
Onward,—onward over mountains,
Through the rock and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird, thy dream has left thee,—
Thou hast reached thy heaven;—
Lingering slumber hath not reft thee
Of the glory given.
With a bold, a fearless pinion,
On thy starry road,
None, to fame's supreme dominion,
Mightier ever trode.

Halleck is a favorite with us, although we do not rate him comparatively quite so high as some are inclined to do. He has less originality than Bryant, and less freedom and boldness than Percival, but combines much grace and sweetness with no inconsiderable power. He excels alike in the serious and the comic style; but is sometimes rather unfortunate in his attempts to combine the two in the same work. The following

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poem, for example, is in the main very pleasing; and it is really lamentable that the general effect should be marred by the tasteless and unmeaning mockery of the lines in Italics, which we earnestly exhort the author to expunge and supply with others better suited to the subject, in the next edition. *Fanny*, by which he was first known, is a well-executed, but easy and worthless imitation of the Beppo and Don Juan style. *Marco Bozzaris* is admired by some, but does not strike us as one of the best of the author's works. The elegy on Burns is much finer, and is altogether a very superior poem. We would gladly extract it entire, but must confine ourselves for the present to

SENTIMENTAL MUSIC.

Young thoughts have music in them, love,
And happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard,
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day,
Of sunshine and of flowers.

There's music in the forest leaves
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing.

There's music in the dash of waves,
When the swift bark cleaves their foam;
There's music heard upon her deck,—
The mariner's song of home,—
When moon and star-beams, smiling, meet,
At midnight, on the sea;
And there is music once a week
In Scudder's balcony.

But the music of young thoughts too soon
Is faint, and dies away,
And from our morning dreams we wake
To curse the coming day.
And childhood's frolic hours are brief,
And oft, in after years,
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eye with tears.

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To-day the forest leaves are green;
They'll wither on the morrow,
And the maiden's laugh be changed, ere long,
To the widow's wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows, and ask
Where are the forest birds;
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.

The moonlight music of the waves
In storms is heard no more,
When the livid lightning mocks the wreck
At midnight on the shore;
And the mariner's song of home has ceased,—
His corse is on the sea;
And music ceases, when it rains,
In Scudder's balcony.

Mr. *Willis*, of whom we see a good deal in this volume, is a young poet of great promise. The works which he produced while at college, were written in an excellent spirit, and were among the most remarkable of that class that have ever appeared. At that time he drew his inspiration from

——— Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.

In his subsequent effusions, he seems to have looked to a different quarter as the 'right academy;' and without meaning any disparagement to his taste, we must venture to tell him that he has not gained by the exchange. We are happy to remark in some of his late pieces a disposition to return to his former style. Mr. Willis has by some been accused of affectation,—perhaps not entirely without justice; but in youth a little affectation, though it were better avoided, is not an unpardonable nor an incurable sin. He has, we think, within him the materials of a great poet, and as he has made letters his profession, we trust that he will so cultivate and discipline his powers as to enable him to do himself and the country justice. He is evidently a favorite with Mr. Cheever, who appears to consider his *Spring* as the most finished of his poems. We copy it with the accompanying annotation.

This is a beautiful piece of poetry,—more exquisitely finished than any of Mr. Willis's poetry which we have seen. Even a prejudiced mind (and there seem to be many such) cannot but admire it.

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SPRING.

The Spring is here,—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours,—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods,
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet,—
Strange,—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone!

There's no contentment, in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

The following lines are as happy in the expression as they are correct in their moral tendency.

'LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED.'

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for Pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain:
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

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Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine:
Take not its madness to thy lip,—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich,—but grief and wo
Are hid those rosy depths below.

Hagar in the Wilderness is a good specimen of the author's better manner. The subject is one of the finest in the sacred volume, and has been often treated on canvass by the great painters of the age of Leo X. It was attempted unsuccessfully by Madame de Stael in the dramatic form, but in the hands of a master would furnish excellent materials for tragedy.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dies; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were caroling as life
Were a new thing to them; but, oh! it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood left them; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

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Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh! man may bear with suffering: his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One cord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
O no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once, it boots not how,
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow;
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning past, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,

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And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned:—

'God stay thee in thine agony, my boy;
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

'I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle among the flowers
Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

'Oh no! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee!

'And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!'

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed

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The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

Mr. Cheever quotes a good deal from *Wilcox*, a deceased poet, on whose works he appears, not without reason, to set a high value. One of the poems is accompanied with the following notice of his character.

He was a true poet, and deeply interesting in his character, both as a man and a Christian. He resembled Cowper in many respects;—in the gentleness and tenderness of his sensibilities,—in the modest and retiring disposition of his mind,—in its fine culture, and its original poetical cast,—and not a little in the character of his poetry. It has been said with truth, that if he had given himself to poetry as his chief occupation, he might have been the Cowper of New England. We pretend not to place his unfinished and broken compositions on a level with the works of the author of the Task; but they possess much of his spirit, and, at the same time, are original. Like Cowper, 'he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the developement of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth.' Amid the throng of imitators, whose names have crowded the pages of the annuals and magazines, his is never to be seen; and the merits of his poetry are almost unknown to those who regulate the criticisms of the public journals. But it is both a proof and a consequence of his original powers and his elevated feelings, that, instead of devoting his mind to the composition of short, artificial pieces for the public eye, he started at once upon a wide and noble subject, with the outline in his mind of a magnificent moral poem. The history, the scenery, and the public and domestic manners in this country, afforded scope for the composition of another Task, which, if the powers of the writer were equal to his subject, would be more for America, and the religious world, than even Cowper's was for England and his fellow men. Mr. Wilcox did not live to execute his design; but the fragments he has left us are so rich in a vein of unaffected poetry and piety, that they make us sorrowful for what we have lost, and indignant that his merits are so little known and appreciated beyond a small circle of affectionate Christian friends.

The following piece is a good specimen of the manner of Wilcox. The description of Andover in the accompanying note of Mr. Cheever, though prose in form, is substantially the finer poem of the two.

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SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

The sun now rests upon the mountain tops,—
Begins to sink behind,—is half concealed,—
And now is gone; the last faint twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.
Sweet to the pensive is departing day;
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpened to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,
A half hour's space above the mountain lie;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threatened rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears:
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,
Midway the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the etherial deep;
And here in this most lovely region, shines,
With added loveliness, the evening-star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

Above the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid gold seem half dissolved.
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
A stately colonnade with verdant roof;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass

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Scooped in the hither range, a single mount
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
And of a softer, more etherial blue,
A pyramid of polished sapphire built.

But now the twilight mingles into one
The various mountains; levels to a plain
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
Where every object to my sight presents
Its shaded side; while here upon these walls,
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks
Under thick foliage, reflective shows
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
Of the horizon parting heaven and earth!

NOTE.

Every person, who has witnessed the splendor of the sunset scenery in Andover, will recognise with delight the *local* as well as general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New England, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening, amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and sky. In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the situation of the hill, on the broad level summit of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution; the vast amphitheatre of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue mountains in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot,—these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of nature can never be weary with gazing. When the sun goes down, it is all in a blaze with his descending glory. The sunset is the most perfectly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just preceded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a sea of the richest purple. The setting sun shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered foliage appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Nearer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sparkling with fresh rain drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of sunlight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, 'fading, still fading,' till the stars are out in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its silence, shadows and repose. In the summer, Andover combines almost every thing to charm and elevate the feelings of the student. In winter, the north-western blasts,

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that sweep fresh from the snow-banks on the Grand Monadnock, make the invalid, at least, sigh for a more congenial climate.

There are several beautiful pieces in this collection by Mr. Longfellow, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin College, and one of the most promising scholars in the country. Mr. Cheever has the following remarks upon his poems.

Most of Mr. Longfellow's poetry,—indeed, we believe nearly all that has been published,—appeared, during his college life, in the United States' Literary Gazette. It displays a very refined taste, and a very pure vein of poetical feeling. It possesses what has been a rare quality in the American poets,—simplicity of expression, without any attempt to startle the reader, or to produce an effect by far-sought epithets. There is much sweetness in his imagery and language; and sometimes he is hardly excelled by any one for the quiet accuracy exhibited in his pictures of natural objects. His poetry will not easily be forgotten; some of it will be remembered with that of Dana and Bryant.

The poem to which these remarks are attached as a note, exhibits a noble strain of religious thought, and a fine and delicate observation of nature, expressed with great felicity and elegance.

EARTH, WITH HER THOUSAND VOICES, PRAISES GOD.

When first, in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue,
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and Elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord;—
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,
And prayer, and thanks to Him, the Eternal One,—
To Him, that, with bright inspiration, touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warmed the soul with new vitality.
A stirring energy through nature breathed;—
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.
The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit
Moved in the hearts of men to do him homage;
And when the Morning smiled, or Evening pale
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,

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They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,
Where the pale vine clung round their simple altars,
And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,
The bright and widely-wandering rivulet
Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots,
That choked its reedy fountain,—and dark rocks,
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there
The listless wave, that stole, with mellow voice,
Where reeds grew rank upon the rushy brink,
And to the wandering wind the green sedge bent,
Sang a sweet song of fixed tranquillity.
Men felt the heavenly influence; and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace;
And even the air they breathed,—the light they saw,—
Became religion;—for the etherial spirit,
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,
And mellows every thing to beauty, moved
With cheering energy within their breasts,
And made all holy there,—for all was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together,—
The moon, that hung at night in the mid sky,—
Dayspring,—and eventide,—and all the fair
And beautiful forms of nature had a voice
Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tide,
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice
Of awful adoration to the Spirit,
That, wrapped in darkness, moved upon its face.
And when the bow of evening arched the east
Or, in the moonlight pale, the gentle wave
Kissed, with a sweet embrace, the sea-worn beach,
And the wild song of winds came o'er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and wave
Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth
No pure reflections caught from heavenly love?
Have our mute lips no hymn,—our souls no song?
Let him, that, in the summer-day of youth,
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
And him, that, in the nightfall of his years,
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
His weary eyes on life's short wayfaring,
Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

The hymn at the consecration of Pulaski's banner, by the same writer, is exceedingly spirited and happy.

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HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole, who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner;—and, beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it,—till our homes are free,—
Guard it,—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him;—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him,—he our love hath shared,
Spare him,—as thou wouldst be spared!

Take thy banner;—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

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Our readers will begin to think that we have given them poetry enough for once; but we can assure them that there is much behind not inferior in merit to the best that we have quoted. The following exquisite lines are by the Rev. Mr. Peabody, of Springfield.

TO WILLIAM.—WRITTEN BY A BEREAVED FATHER.

It seems but yesterday, my love, thy little heart beat high;
And I had almost scorned the voice that told me thou must die.
I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits wild and free,
And infant grace and beauty gave their glorious charm to thee.

Far on the sunny plains, I saw thy sparkling footsteps fly,
Firm, light, and graceful, as the bird that cleaves the morning sky;
And often, as the playful breeze waved back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek displayed the red rose tint that Health had painted there.

And then, in all my thoughtlessness, I could not but rejoice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice,—
Now echoing in the rapturous laugh, now sad almost to tears;
'Twas like the sounds I used to hear, in old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little lovely boy,—
That memory of my youthful bliss, which Time would fain destroy.
I listened, as the mariner suspends the out-bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that breathes from off his native shore.

So gentle in thy loveliness!—alas! how could it be,
That Death would not forbear to lay his icy hand on thee;
Nor spare thee yet a little while, in childhood's opening bloom,
While many a sad and weary soul was longing for the tomb?

Was mine a happiness too pure for erring man to know?
Or why did Heaven so soon destroy my paradise below?
Enchanting as the vision was, it sunk away as soon
As when, in quick and cold eclipse, the sun grows dark at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was blessed; but, ere that day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful form in drooping illness bent,
And shuddered as I cast a look upon thy fainting head;
The mournful cloud was gathering there, and life was almost fled.

Days passed; and soon the seal of death made known that hope was vain;
I knew the swiftly-wasting lamp would never burn again;
The cheek was pale; the snowy lips were gently thrown apart;
And life, in every passing breath, seemed gushing from the heart.

I knew those marble lips to mine should never more be pressed,
And floods of feeling, undefined, rolled wildly o'er my breast;
Low, stifled sounds, and dusky forms, seemed moving in the gloom,
As if Death's dark array were come to bear thee to the tomb.

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And when I could not keep the tear from gathering in my eye,
Thy little hand pressed gently mine in token of reply;
To ask one more exchange of love, thy look was upward cast,
And in that long and burning kiss thy happy spirit passed.

I never trusted to have lived to bid farewell to thee,
And almost said, in agony, it ought not so to be;
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head shouldst lay,
And live beloved, when I was gone, for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close;
And almost envied, in that hour, thy calm and deep repose;
For I was left in loneliness, with pain and grief oppressed,
And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary are at rest.

Yes, I am sad and weary now; but let me not repine,
Because a spirit, loved so well, is earlier blessed than mine;
My fate may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore,
Since thou art where the ills of life can never reach thee more.

The *Disembodied Spirit*, by the same writer, is equally beautiful in a higher strain.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O sacred star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of Heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?—

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In everduring notes of praise?

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity?

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss?

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If our limits permitted, we would gladly give some specimens from the works of several other writers of merited distinction, who occupy a large space in the volume, such as Brainard, Hillhouse, Pierpont, Sigourney, Sprague, and Whittier. Many of the anonymous pieces have a great deal of merit. We presume that the authorship of them belongs, in part, to the accomplished editor. There are also many poems of great beauty by writers whose attention has been principally directed to other pursuits. Among them may be mentioned the *Dirge of Alaric the Goth*, by Edward Everett, and the *Paint King*, by Washington Allston, which are too well known to require to be extracted, with a number of very agreeable pieces by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, and Professors Norton, H. Ware, and Frisbie. *The Castle in the Air*, which we quote below, is a pleasing specimen of the manner of the last of these writers, whose early and lamented death was one of the severest losses that have yet occurred to the rising literature and philosophy of our country. We conclude by recommending the volume as a choice regale to the lovers of good poetry. The fine taste displayed in the selection of the contents, and the unexceptionable purity of moral sentiment that distinguishes them in every part, render it particularly suitable for the use of colleges, academies, and schools, in which we trust it will obtain a general circulation.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
  Inspires my waking schemes,
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravished sight,
  In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
  To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
  Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
  The sober thought you see;
Eyes, that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
  But most of all on me;

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A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
  Unconsciously doth please;
Manners, all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
  A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
  And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
  An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
  By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
  For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious gloom oppressed,
On the soft pillow of her breast
  My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
  And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;
  Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
  I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm;
  And, were its fury hurled,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
  Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
  To praise the Almighty name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upwards to her native sky,
  My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
  And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
  But live and love in Heaven.

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ART. II.—*Anglo-Saxon Language and Literature.*

1. *A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue, with a Praxis.* By ERASMUS RASK, *Professor of Literary History in, and Librarian to, the University of Copenhagen. A new Edition, enlarged and improved by the Author. Translated from the Danish.* By B. THORPE, *Honorary Member of the Icelandic Literary Society, &c.* Copenhagen. 1830. pp. 224. 8vo.
2. *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry.* By JOHN JOSIAS CONYBEARE, M. A. &c. *Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Edited with additional Notes, &c.* By his Brother, WILLIAM DANIEL CONYBEARE. London. 1826. pp. 286. 8vo.

The language and literature of the Anglo-Saxons must ever be a subject of lively and enduring interest to the descendants of that race, wherever scattered abroad over the many-peopled globe. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, this parent language deserves to be studied by those who would acquire a thorough knowledge of that tongue. To Englishmen, and their offspring in every land, the Anglo-Saxon is precisely what the Latin is to the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, or the Icelandic to the modern inhabitants of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Doubtless, the original language of England has received, in its passage through the long tract of time, great accessions of strength and riches from the tributary streams of Norman, French, and Latin; but its sturdiest roots are to be looked for and found in the Anglo-Saxon. Even the mere beauty of its idiom has often been impaired by these foreign accessions. The constant tendency of fashion has been to innovate upon its original simplicity. The affectation of writing a Latinized or Frenchified English is, indeed, now quite discredited by the public taste both here and in the parent country. Still we often find even the best writers and speakers using words and idioms of Latin and French origin, where those of Anglo-Saxon growth would have far more force and beauty. This tendency can only be corrected by a knowledge of the primitive tongue spoken and written by our ancestors not only before, but after the Norman conquest, when the *Romanz* or *langue d'ouil*, introduced by the English kings of the Norman line as the language of the court and

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the law, was justly considered by their English subjects as a hateful badge of slavery. The study of the Anglo-Saxon may, therefore, be considered as essential to a complete knowledge of modern English.

Still this study has not been cultivated with any very decisive success in England,—the country, of all others, most interested in its improvement. In vain have rich endowments been founded for this purpose at Oxford. England, with all her pride and magnificence of patronage, is still indebted to foreigners,—to learned natives of the cold and barren North, for the successful developement of her original national language. What is more, some of her scholars have not been ashamed to use the intellectual treasures gathered by the sagacity and unwearied industry of the Danish philologists, without the slightest acknowledgement or hint of the source whence they derived their information.

That great lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was fully sensible of the importance of assigning the Gothic portion of our language to its Gothic origin. Dr. Jamieson, in his Dictionary of the Scottish, has availed himself of the old Gothic tongues to illustrate that Doric dialect of the English language. So also J. Serenius, in the second edition of his Anglo-Swedish Dictionary, has traced several English words to their Gothic source; but the acquaintance of these writers with the old Gothic languages was too superficial to enable them thoroughly to develope their affinities with modern English. Much of this rich field still remains ungleaned by the students of our language.

We shall hereafter show that the Anglo-Saxon literature is of some intrinsic value, though it certainly cannot be considered as a rich literature in comparison with the Icelandic, or old Scandinavian, and still less with that of any modern civilized people. The original fountains of our laws flowed in this dialect. The light of Christianity first shone on the British island through its medium. The Saxon Chronicle and other writings are the earliest monuments of English history. But the Anglo-Saxon language and literature would have a still stronger claim to the general interest of the literary world, if that language could be shown to be the parent of the present living tongues of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; and if it could be proved that the Icelandic poetry, versification, and mythology, were all borrowed from the Anglo-Saxons, and

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have never been truly national on the Scandinavian continent, or in the Danish Archipelago. This theory has been maintained by the late Professor Rühas, of Berlin, and other German writers. To this contested point, Professor Rask has therefore applied himself with patriotic zeal, aided by his mighty philological powers and unrivalled knowledge of the anatomy and filiation of languages.

In the first place, the comparative poverty of the Anglo-Saxon literature affords a strong presumption against this speculation. We shall here seek in vain for such works as the Icelandic prose and poetic *Edda*, containing a greater mass of poetry, mythology, rhetoric, and philosophy, (not of classic origin,) than any other European nation can boast;* for a national history like the *Heimskringla* of Snorre Sturleson; for a biography like that of *Njála*;† or such a treatise on the offices of human life as *Kóngsskuggsjá*.‡

Professor Rask has fortified this ground by a strong historical argument.

'It is an acknowledged fact, says he, that nations bring their languages with them from the countries whence they migrate. Thus the Phenicians brought the Punic tongue to Africa; the Greeks, the Greek to Magna Græcia; and the Scandinavians, the old Northern (*Norræna*) to Iceland: but there exists no trace of our forefathers having migrated to our present settlements from England; on the contrary, it is known with much greater certainty, that Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, were inhabited by Scandinavian tribes long before the passing of the Anglo-Saxons into Britain, and that it was only after this emigration that they became united into one people, speaking a common language. It is, therefore, not to be conceived on what

* The author of the present article has given some account of these curious books in a former number of this Review. See N. A. Review, January, 1829.—Art. II.

† This is a biography of the celebrated Icelander, Njáll Thorgeirsson, and his sons, considered as a master-piece for its authenticity and style.

‡ *Kóngsskuggsja*, or the Mirror of Kings, is supposed to have been written by King Sverre, who reigned in Norway in the latter part of the twelfth century. It contains a treatise of the various offices of human life with reference to the different professions and civil conditions of that age, such as the courtier, clerk, merchant, &c.; presenting a very striking and instructive picture of the manners, customs and opinions of the North during the middle ages. The best edition of this work is that published by Halfdan Einarson, at Soræ, in 1768, with a learned introduction by the celebrated Erikson.

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historical authority the present Scandinavian tongues can be derived from the Anglo-Saxon, which was never spoken out of England. On the contrary, we are told by the Anglo-Saxons themselves, that they removed to England from the southern parts of Sleswig and neighboring tracts of Germany; so that with much more reason we might assume the converse of the proposition, and say, that the Anglo-Saxon is derived from the old Danish; this has not, however, to my knowledge, been asserted by any one; it would, moreover, be absurd and false; as it was not the Danes themselves, but their neighbors, who migrated; it was, therefore, not the Danish language, but their own Teutonic dialects, which they took with them.

It is also known, that these emigrants consisted of three distinct Gothic races, viz. Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. Whether the Angles or the Saxons were more numerous is not known with certainty; but the Angles finally conquered a larger portion of the country, and gave their name to the whole nation. It was they, perhaps, who were especially invited by the Britons; yet it is remarkable, that the English, to the present day, are called, both by the Britons in Wales and the Highlanders of Scotland, (*in Kymric* and *Gælic)* not *Angles* or Englishmen, but *Saxons.* The emigrant Saxons also founded three kingdoms; but whether we suppose the Saxons or the Angles to have been the more numerous, it is certain that the Jutes where the fewest; this is evident from a remarkable passage in the Saxon Chronicle, An. 449, where it is said:

Of Jótum comon Cantware and Wihtware, thæt is seó mæith, the nú eardath on Wiht, and thæt cynn on West-Saxum, the man gyt hæt Jútnacynn. Of Eald-Saxum comon Éast-Seaxan and Suth-Seaxan, and West-Seaxan. Of Angle comon (se át siththan stód westig betwix Jútum and Seaxum) Éast-Engle, Middel-Angle, Mearce, and ealle Northymbria.	From the Jutes came the inhabitants of Kent and of Wight, that is, the race that now dwells in Wight, and that tribe among the West-Saxons, which is yet called the Jute tribe. From the Old-Saxons came the East-Saxons and South-Saxons. From the Angle's land (which has always since stood waste betwixt the Jutes and Saxons) came the East-Angles, Mercians, and all the Northumbrians.

Thus the Jutes constituted a very inconsiderable portion of the emigrants, and even this was separated into three bodies; so that also upon this ground, we Scandinavians can ascribe to ourselves a very small share in the language; for whether the Angles are assumed to have been Scandinavian or Teutonic,

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the utmost we can thence conclude is, that the Danish tongue was introduced into the Anglo-Saxon, and not *vice versa*, as the Angles never returned; nor could the Danes have mingled with any that remained behind; for it is expressly said, that their emigration was so complete, that the land stood waste betwixt the Jutes and the Saxons. That the Saxons were Teutonic, and not Scandinavian, seems evident beyond a doubt, from their whole history, from their ancient habitation, and from the accounts left us by King Alfred, and other Anglo-Saxons. By a parity of reasoning, the Danish cannot be derived from the language of the emigrant Saxons; nor can the Danes and their language be said to be descended from those Saxons before their emigration; for there is not, as far back as history reaches, the faintest trace or hint of any Saxon emigration to the North; on the contrary, the Danes are, from the remotest times, distinguished from the Saxons, with whom they were in a state of constant warfare; so that when the Swedish King, Adils, requested aid of Rolf Krage, King of Denmark, against King Ale in the uplands of Norway, Rolf Krage, as we learn from *Skalda*, Chap. 44, could not go himself, because he was engaged in a Saxon war. The Danes are, moreover, from time immemorial, described as a great and powerful nation, that often threatened the independence of their neighbors; as in the times of Ivar Vidfadme, Ragnar Lodbrog, Canute the Great, the Valdemars, and Queen Margaret; and cannot, therefore, with the faintest show of probability, be considered as a Saxon colony. They are besides so clearly distinguished from the Saxons, that, as we are informed, there dwelt a small tribe of Angles between them. That these Angles were Teutonic, it is reasonable to infer from the circumstance of their being so closely connected with the Saxons, that the whole of them accompanied the latter in their emigration, whereas it can only have been detached families from Jutland, who having heard from report of the fortunes that were to be acquired, joined the others, in the hope of sharing the spoil. That the Angles were a Teutonic race is not only probable, but almost certain, from the fact, that the dialect of these invaders so soon coalesced into one common tongue, and assumed a character so decidedly Teutonic, that, with the exception of a few Normanisms, introduced in later times, there is scarcely a vestige deserving notice of the old Scandinavian, or of Danish structure, to be found in Anglo-Saxon; so that in this respect, even the Old-Saxon bears a stronger resemblance to the Scandinavian tongues.'—Preface, pp. viii—xii.

This diversity of origin is again illustrated by the difference of grammatical structure between the Anglo-Saxon and the

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old Scandinavian or Icelandic, with its offspring the Swedish and Danish. Thus, in the simple classes of nouns, the Anglo-Saxons inflected the plural and the definite form of the adjectives alike, as in the modern German. This analogy does not exist in the Icelandic, Danish, and Swedish. So also the Anglo-Saxons, like the Germans, had but one definite article, which is always placed before the substantive or adjective; whilst the Scandinavian tongues have all a second definite article, which is affixed to every substantive. The Anglo-Saxons made no distinction of genders in the nominative of adjectives, excepting a few feminines that end in *u*. In Danish, on the other hand, the neuter has its appropriate termination *t*, and in the old language the masculine ended in *er*, but the feminine never had any particular termination. The Anglo-Saxon also differs from the Danish in the termination of the tenses of the verbs, and in not having any passive form, which the Icelandic and its derivative languages have always possessed. There are many other particulars of contrast which it would be too tedious to enumerate.

This diversity is further illustrated by the fact, that the Angles and Saxons were the immediate neighbors of the Danes, a considerable number of whom accompanied them in their emigration to south-western Europe. Every thing then conspires to prove, that the Danish cannot be derived from any Teutonic language, since it differs so widely from that which is geographically the nearest to it, and in the formation of which the Danes may be supposed to have borne a part. This, again, is confirmed by the close analogy which has always existed between the Danish, and the Swedish and Norwegian. Indeed the languages of Denmark and Norway have been identical ever since the Danish has become a fixed and regular tongue. This has been the case ever since the union of the two kingdoms, and still continues, notwithstanding their separation and the annexation of Norway to Sweden. A comparison between old Danish and old Swedish also betrays their common origin in the Scandinavian, which unquestionably came from the south-east of Europe, if not from Asia.

'Thus the Anglo-Saxon cannot,' says Professor Rask, 'with the faintest semblance of truth, be assumed as the foundation of the Danish; such a hypothesis would be at variance with all historical accounts, and against all internal evidence derived from the structure of the language itself. On the contrary, the

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Danish is closely allied to the Swedish, and both, in the earliest times, lapse into the Icelandic, which, according to all ancient records, was formerly universal over all the North, and must therefore be considered as the parent of both the modern Scandinavian dialects.'—Preface, p. xxiii.

As to the literature;—it would be extremely rash to conclude, from the resemblance which exists between a few poetical Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon words, that all the poesy of the one nation is borrowed from the other. For several of the words which have been quoted as poetic are purely prosaic, and of daily common use in Iceland at the present time; and many of them are still familiar to the common people in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. Besides, most of the really poetic words which the Icelandic has in common with the Anglo-Saxon, are also to be found in the *Old*-Saxon, the Frankish, and the Mæso-Gothic. Several of these poetic words are moreover so interwoven in the Scandinavian tongue, that it is plain they must be as old in the North as the nations themselves. The inference is therefore more probable, that such poetic words, as well as the old poetic diction in general, were common to all the Gothic tribes from the remotest antiquity. It is, besides, difficult to conceive any reason why the Icelanders should have borrowed from the Anglo-Saxons more than their brethren on the continent; for they were not natives of Iceland, but Danes and Norwegians, who warred against, and ultimately subdued the island, which had before been conquered by the Saxons. The Icelanders were merely adventurers, (such as Egill and others,) who went occasionally to England, and took part in the wars as mercenaries, sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other. Their chief communication was with Norway and Denmark, not with England; whence the Icelandic phrase *at fara utan*, (to go out in, —i. e. towards the mainland,)—became synonymous with—*to sail to Norway or Denmark;* and the word *ytra*, (out beyond sea,) expresses nearly the same as *Copenhagen*.

The expressions in the poetical language of Scandinavia far transcend in fullness, richness, and variety, those of the Anglo-Saxon. A king, for example, is named after any celebrated royal house in the North or in Germany;—a bird, a fish, and a tree, are denoted by the specific name of any specific bird, fish, or tree. Traces still exist of this practice in the vulgar language of the Icelanders to this day; as in the proverb—*eplit*

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fellr ekki lángt frá eikinni, 'the apple falls not far from the *tree*,' (i. e. the *oak*.) This practice must necessarily have originated in the peculiar genius and character both of the people and language, and could not have been derived from any extraneous source. The old Scandinavian also contains a countless number of primitive words used poetically, and also of nouns substantive formed from words in common use, which have no correspondent expressions in any other language. It also possesses a vast poetical vocabulary;—an incredible number of periphrases for the most common objects, exclusively derived from the old history and mythology of the North, which have not the slightest relation to the Anglo-Saxon story and superstition. Thus the *earth* is called Odin's wife. *Gold* is called Ægir's (the sea's, river's, wave's,) light or fire; because Ægir, (the god of the sea, or Neptune of the Mythology,) when he entertained the Æsir, (celestial deities,) illuminated his hall with gold instead of tapers. The poetic Edda abounds in similar examples. Among these, Professor Rask quotes the following strophe from the *Bjárkamál hin fornu*:—the old Bjárkamál, a very ancient poem, of which several fragments still remain in the Skalda, in Snorre, and some of the Sagas. In this fragment, the king's munificence is described by many such mythic periphrases for gold.

Gramr hinu gjöflasti	The noble prince
gæddi hirth sina	gifted his people
Fenju forverki	with Fenja's labour,
Fafnis mithgarthi,	Fafner's earth,
Glasis gló-barri	Glaser's glittering leaves,
Grana fagr-byrthi,	the fair burthen of Grane,
Dravpnis dyrsveita,	Dropner's precious sweat,
dúni Grafvitnis.—	the Dragon's bed.
Ytti avrr hilmir,	The munificent king gave
alder vith-tóku	(the warriors accepted it,)
Sifjar svarth-festum	Sif's head-gear, (i. e. false hair,)
Svelli dal-nauthar	the ice of the hand,
tregum otrs-gjöldum	The extorted otter-mulct,
tárum Mardallar,	Freya's tears,
eldi Oronar	the fire of the flood,
Ithja glys-málum.	the giant's glittering words.

These remarkable figures of speech are quite peculiar to the language of the Northern Skalds, and cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Scandinavian Mythology.

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Their metrical system, too, is almost altogether different from that of the Anglo-Saxons. There are more than a hundred Icelandic metres, and of this great number there are only two or three to be found in Anglo-Saxon poetry. These metres are contemporaneous with the Scandinavian poetry, and can be traced back beyond the discovery and colonization of Iceland. They are to be found in the fragments of the *Bjárkamál* of Brage the Old, a Skald who certainly lived in Denmark, and is supposed to have been the author of Ragnar Lodbrog's famous Death-Song; of Thjodolf from Hoine, who was Skald, or court-poet to king Harald, the fair-haired, and the author of an historical lay called *Ynlingar-tal*, which Snorre has preserved in his history of the Norwegian kings; and of Eivind Skaldespilder, Skald to king Hakon the Good, who wrote, or rather *sung*, that fine lay called *Hákonarmál*, on the death and apotheosis of his royal master, who is admitted by Odin to the joys of Valhalla, notwithstanding his apostacy from the Pagan faith of his fathers. The imagery of all these fragments bears a much stronger family likeness to Oriental, than to any Western poetry with which we are acquainted. They resemble, for example, that of the Persians, who, we are told by Sir William Jones, delight in similar circumlocutions of poetic diction.* With this, too, all the early traditions of the ancient North agree;—that Odin and his followers introduced from the East, the religion, language, poetry, and alphabetic characters, which prevailed in Scandinavia for a thousand years before the introduction of Christianity. Even supposing that their emigration was preceded by that of other Gothic tribes who wandered to the North, crossed the Baltic and drove the original Celtic inhabitants of the Peninsula towards the Pole,—where the remnant of their descendants is still to be found in the Finnish tribes,—these traditions may be satisfactorily explained, on the hypothesis that the language did not become formed until the arrival of this last colony, which introduced the religion of Buddha, the oriental taste in poetry, and the Runic characters which were afterwards used all over the North.

The next question is, whether the old Northern poetry and mythology flourished only in Iceland, or have been original

*See Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar and Commentarius de Poesi Asiatica.

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in the countries from which Iceland was discovered and planted? The answer, if not already implied in the preceding remarks, will be found in what follows. Eivind Skaldespilder, author of the elegiac lay upon King Hakon the Good, called *Hakonarmál*, was unquestionably a Norwegian, and composed a panegyric on the Icelanders, who collected a contribution in silver at one of their public assemblies, and caused a curious ornament to be made of it, which they sent to Norway as a present to the Skald. His poverty, and a famine which ensued in Norway, afterwards compelled him to sell this gift of the people of Iceland, on which occasion he composed some pathetic lines, which have been preserved by Snorre. We are also told that the Norwegian King, Harald Hárdrád, (who invaded England and was killed in battle by Harold the Saxon, the rival of William of Normandy,) composed some verses, which are cited by Snorre, but with which the royal author was extremely dissatisfied as being too bald and simple,—not sufficiently enriched with poetic imagery. It is superfluous to dwell upon Ragnar Lodbrog's death-song, as an additional proof of the prevalence of this poetical literature upon the Scandinavian continent and the Danish isles.* There are also many other testimonies to the same fact to be collected in the early Swedish songs and sagas. In short, all the ancient memorials of the North abound in proofs and examples that the Icelandic poetry and mythology were common to all the Scandinavian nations.

Should it be objected that the alleged remains of this poetry have been preserved in Iceland alone, and are, therefore, liable to the suspicion of having been falsely imputed by the Icelanders to their Scandinavian ancestors, the answer is ready. In the first place, it is quite unnatural to suppose, that the Icelanders should repudiate their own poetical glory, assign its laurels to Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Skalds,—and make the deities and heroes of those nations figure in their lays, to the exclusion of their own national gods and chieftains, as well as those of the Erse and Anglo-Saxons. How should it occur to the Iceland poets to call *gold* after a Jötnish prince of Lessæ, or a Swedish slave-girl in Lejre, had not those persons

* The original text of this curious ancient lay, with Danish, Latin, and French versions, copious notes, glossary, and a specimen of the old music, was published by Professor Rafn, in 1826. It has been very much disfigured in other editions and translations.

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and events been known and appropriated to the language of Northern poetry before the settlement of Iceland? How, too, could these mythic images and figures of speech, which form so great a part of that language, have been borrowed from the Anglo-Saxons, who embraced Christianity centuries before the discovery of Iceland? In the next place, it may be observed, that there are native relics of the ancient poetry in Scandinavia itself, which have escaped the destroying hand of time. Thus, for example, on an old Runic staff still preserved in the Royal Museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, we find, after a prose introduction of three or four words, a perfect stanza of eight lines of the Skaldic metre, called *Dróttkvæthi*, with alliteration, line rhyme, and every other peculiar characteristic of that species of verse. Alliteration, which was the favorite artifice of the Skaldic muse, endured until long after the parent language had ceased to be spoken and written on the Scandinavian continent, and had been gradually transformed into the modern Swedish and Danish. It continued to exist in the national feeling and taste, and was unconsciously adopted by the versifiers during the middle ages. Examples of this are to be found in the Danish Rhyme Chronicle,*—in the *Kæmpevisir*,†—and in the old Swedish popular poetry. They also prove that the mythic tales, fables, and images, in both the prose and poetic Edda, have been preserved in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, ever since the abolition of Paganism, and down to the present day, though somewhat deflected from their original character by the lapse of time, and the gradual influence of Christianity.

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* The Danish Rhyme Chronicle is supposed to have been compiled by certain monks in the latter part of the fifteenth century, from an epitome of Saxo Grammaticus. A fine edition of this work was published in 1825, by Professor Molbach. It is a valuable monument of the language, though, as an historical authority, it cannot have much weight.

† The *Kæmpevisir*, or Heroic Ballads, form part of a collection consisting originally of a hundred pieces, first printed in 1591, by A. S. Vedel. This was reprinted in 1695, by the royal philologist, Peder Syv, with a hundred additional pieces. But the latest, and most perfect edition, is that of Abrahamson, Nyerup, and Rahbek, in 5 vols. 12mo. Copenhagen, 1812—14; which, besides being considerably enlarged, contains some interesting notes and illustrations, with the old melodies attached to several of the pieces. Some of these will soon appear in an English dress, in Dr. Bowring's forth-coming collection of the Songs of Scandinavia.

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'As the Anglo-Saxon, from what we have now seen,' continues Professor Rask, 'deviates so widely from the Danish and other Scandinavian dialects, so, on the other hand, it is intimately allied with the Teutonic; of this, proofs have already been given, which it is the less necessary to repeat, as no one has yet called so palpable a truth in question, though by many it has been exaggerated, who have considered the Anglo-Saxon and the Old-Saxon as the same tongue, though the difference between them is as great as that between Spanish and Italian; but that they should bear a close resemblance to one another is extremely natural, as the two nations were immediate neighbors, and both belonged to the same subdivision of the Teutonic stock. For the great Gothic family divides itself into two chief branches,—the *Scandinavian* and the *Teutonic* or Germanic; this latter is subdivided into the *Upper* and *Lower Germanic*. To the Upper, belong the ancient extinct tongues,—the Mæso-Gothic, the Allemanic, and the Francic; to the Lower, the Old-Saxon, the Frisic, and the Anglo-Saxon. They differ from each other chiefly in this, that the Upper Germanic is harsher and fuller, the Lower, softer and more flexible. All of them possess those characteristics, which so decidedly distinguish the Teutonic languages from the Scandinavian, namely, that they have no passive voice, and do not join the article to the nouns, &c. They have also a fixed, regular and beautiful grammatical structure; which, although somewhat more artificial in the declensions, and simpler in the conjugations, than that of the Greek and Latin, yet, in other respects, bears much resemblance to it. This structure was destroyed during the middle ages, when foreign words were introduced, the terminations were shortened and assumed the vowel *e;* many were confounded together, and, at length, totally forgotten; and it was not until after this fermentation, which lasted between four and five hundred years, that, at about the period of the Reformation, the modern tongues, the *German*, the *Dutch*, and the *English*, displayed themselves. Nearly the same process took place in the North, though the Teutonic nations were far more fortunate than the Scandinavian, having, instead of six ancient tongues, (and, perhaps, more, though we have no evident remains of any besides those already mentioned) acquired three new and simple, but copious and excellent languages; one for each of the three great nations into which they had dissolved: while the Scandinavians, though greatly inferior in numbers, have, for one ancient language, which was formerly echoed from Holmegård to "Vinland hit gode,"* acquired three

* *Holmegård* is the Icelandic name for *Cholmogori*, the seat of the ancient Scandinavian princes of the house of Ruric in the northern

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leading tongues; namely, the *ancient Scandinavian*, which continued in Iceland, the *Danish*, cultivated in Denmark and Norway during the long and happy union of the two kingdoms; and the *Swedish*, which extended itself to Finland, where it still continues to be the language of the cultivated classes. The difference, however, between the modern Scandinavian tongues is not greater than between Attic and Doric, Spanish and Portuguese, so that whoever understands the one may profit by the literature of both, and needs be at no loss in any of the Scandinavian countries.

But to return to the Anglo-Saxon. It appears, then, to have been, in its origin, a rude mixture of the dialects of the Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes; but we are not acquainted with it in that state, these dialects having soon coalesced into one language, as the various kindred tribes soon united to form one nation after they had taken possession of England. With the introduction of Christianity and the Roman alphabet, their literature began and continued during all the wars and dreadful devastations, which our rugged and warlike forefathers spread over the land; the nation itself, notwithstanding all its revolutions and misfortunes, having preserved a certain degree of integrity. Even under the Danish kings, all laws and edicts were promulgated in pure Anglo-Saxon, in which, with the exception of a few single words, no striking influence can be traced of the old Scandinavian or Icelandic, spoken by our forefathers at that period. On the contrary, the Anglo-Saxon rather exercised an influence on the old language spoken in the three northern kingdoms, particularly in Denmark. It was not till after the Norman conquest, that French and Latin were introduced as the language of the Court; whilst the Anglo-Saxon was despised, and sunk into a dialect of the vulgar, which, not till it had undergone a complete transformation, and been blended with the language of the old Northern settlers, and with the French spoken by the conquerors, whereby the ancient structure

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parts of Russia. From these princes and their followers the name of *Russians* was probably derived, after their native seat in Swedish Upland, *Rŕs-lagen*, which, from being an appellation given to the princes and *varangi* who accompanied them, was afterwards applied to the natives who had been previously called *Slavonians*. By these names (ῥῶσιοι and σκλαβίοι) the two races and languages were still distinguished by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the middle of the tenth century.

Wineland the Good, was the name given by the first Scandinavian navigators to that part of the coast of North America, discovered by them about the year 1000, from the wild grapes found there. A very circumstantial and credible account of this discovery is contained in Snorre Sturleson's Saga of Olaf Tryggvason.

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was almost entirely lost, and after an interval of some centuries, re-appeared as a new tongue,—*the modern English.* We thus find here the same changes, which took place in the languages of Germany and the North, though no where was the transition attended with such violence as in England, and no where has it left such manifest and indelible traces as in the English language. We have here an ancient, fixed, and regular tongue, which, during a space of five hundred years, preserved itself almost without change; for King Ethelbert adopted Christianity about 593—596, and his laws, which we may refer to about the year 600, are perhaps the oldest extant in Anglo-Saxon. In the year 1066, William the Bastard conquered England; but the highly cultivated, deep-rooted, ancient national tongue could not be immediately extirpated; though it was instantly banished from the Court. This King's laws even were issued in French. A fragment of the Saxon Chronicle, published by Lye, concluding with the year 1079, is still in pretty correct Anglo-Saxon; but in the continuation of the same Chronicle, from 1135 to 1140, almost all the inflections of the language are either changed or neglected, as well as the orthography, and most of the old phrases and idioms. We may, therefore, fix the year 1100 as the limit of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, whose structure we shall consider in the following work. About the same period, the ancient Scandinavian began to be corrupted in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; it remained, however, unchanged in Iceland; but the Anglo-Saxon was preserved no where but in ancient writings, and therefore is, and long has been a dead language, not very accessible to the learned themselves. The confusion that prevailed after 1100, belongs to the *old English* period. The characters introduced by the monks were, indeed, long preserved, but the language was no longer the same, nor, indeed, is it alike in any two authors during this whole period, which may be extended to the epoch of the Reformation in 1550, or, to give a round number, to 1600. During this interval, the older writings naturally bear much resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon, and the later to the present English. The case is similar with the old Norwegian, the Swedish, and the Danish, also the German and the Dutch.'—Preface, pp. xliv—xlix.

The chief characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon versification, like that of the other old Gothic nations, does not consist in syllabic quantity, but in *alliteration* or *alliterative* rhyme. Thus, where in two immediately successive and connected lines there occur three words beginning with the same letter, so that the third or last word stands first in the

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second line, and the two others in the first line; the initial letters in these three words are then called *rhyming letters*. The last of these is considered as the chief letter, after which the two letters in the preceding verse, which are called sub-letters, must be adjusted. As in the heroic lay of *Beówulf:*

Tha *w*æs æfter *w*iste	Then after the feast
*W*op up-a-hafen.	a cry was raised.

Here the *w* in 'Wop' is the chief letter, and the two others sub-letters.

If the chief letter be a vowel, the sub-letters must also be vowels, yet, if possible, not the same.

*E*otenas and *y*lfe
and *o*rceas.

The chief letter does not necessarily stand first in the second line, but is often preceded by some one or more short words, yet not by such as require the tone or emphasis in reading. There are several other peculiarities in this alliterative rhyme; among which we may notice, that the two lines connected by alliteration need not be connected also in sense. The Anglo-Saxon lays are seldom divided, like the Icelandic, into regular stanzas of six or eight lines each, but the verse generally runs on without any division into strophes. This circumstance often renders this poetry more difficult to analyze and explain than the Icelandic; in which last, some notion may be formed of the general sense and design, from the mechanical arrangement and connexion of the verses.

Besides alliteration, the Northern poetry appears from the earliest times to have possessed *line* rhyme and *final* rhyme. The former is when two syllables in the same line have their vowels and the consonants following them alike, which is called *perfect* rhyme. Thus, in the 'Riming Poem,' in Mr. Conybeare's Introduction, we find:

Flán man hwiteth	They dart the javelin,
Burg sorg biteth.	Sorrow biteth the city.

Where *flán* and *man*, *burg* and *sorg*, make such line rhymes, which he supposes to be analogous to the more modern system of Skaldic metre, and to have been introduced among the Anglo-Saxon poets, in the age of Canute.

Final rhyme is well known as the principal characteristic of modern versification.

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In Icelandic, or old Scandinavian, the various species of verse are divided into three principal classes: 1st. Narrative verse, *(Fornyrthalag,)* has alliteration only. 2d. Heroic verse, *(Dróttkvœthi,)* has both alliterative and line rhyme, with a stricter metre. 3d. Popular verse, *(Rúnhenda,)* which has alliterative and final rhyme.

The characteristics of narrative verse, are, 1st. The alliteration above explained, without any other sort of rhyme; and, 2dly. The number of emphatic syllables. The length of each line is not so accurately determined by feet as in Latin. The long or accented syllables alone influence the measure, of which there are two in a line, each of which is usually followed by one, two, or more short syllables, but these long and short syllables are arranged by the cadence of the verse merely; yet two or more accented syllables seldom occur unaccompanied by some short ones. Thus in the following lines from King Alfred's translation of Boethius:

Eálá thú *sci*ppend	O thou Creator
*sci*rra tungla	of the bright stars,
*he*ofnes and eorthan!	of heaven and of earth!
thú on *hea*hsetle	Thou on high seat
*e*cum ricsast;	ever reignest;
and thú *ea*lne præthe	and thou all the heaven
*heo*fon ymb-*h*weorfest;	swiftly turnest round;
and thurh thine *h*álige miht	and through thy holy might,
*t*unglu genydest,	compellest the stars
thæt hi the *t*ó-hyrath!	that they obey thee!

This narrative verse is the oldest national verse of the Gothic nations, as the hexameter is of the Phrygian nations. The resemblance between them is so striking, that the hexameter seems, as Professor Finn Magnussen has indicated, merely a variety of the old narrative verse. The first lines of the Æneid, for instance, arranged according to the rules of narrative verse, stand thus:

Arma virumque	Italiam
cano, Trojæ	fato profugus
qui primus ab oris	Lavinaque venit
littora: multum	multa quoque
ille et terris	et bello passus,
jactatus et alto,	dum conderet urbem,
vi superûm	inferretque
sævæ memorem	deos Latio,
Junonis ob iram.	genus unde Latinum.

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This decomposition produces the Gothic narrative verse so completely, that in these lines of Virgil, there is not a single deviation from its rules, and it reads just as fluently when arranged according to the Icelandic metre, as according to the laws of the Greek and Latin hexameter. The reverse of the process does not hold good, for narrative verse cannot be so easily turned into hexameter, the latter being subjected to greater restriction.

Narrative verse was the most prevailing metre among the Anglo-Saxons. The only deviation from, or rather variety of it, is a verse corresponding nearly to the Icelandic *Fornyrthalag*, which may be termed the *long* narrative verse, and which is sometimes used by Cædmon, along with the ordinary kind, as in that passage where he makes a sudden transition to this more solemn metre, to suit his verse to the grandeur of his subject, viz. the 'archangel ruin'd.' This passage consisting of twenty lines stands in immediate contact, both at the beginning and end, with the common narrative verse of the poem. The same practice is adopted by the Skald in the *Hákonarmál*, where the Icelandic six-lined narrative verse, is mixed with eight-lined, for the sake of variety.

It seems very questionable whether the Icelandic *Drótt-kvœthi*, or heroic verse, consisting of an union of alliteration with line rhyme, and of regular lines of equal length of four, six, or eight syllables, was known to and used by the Anglo-Saxons. The Icelandic *Rúnhenda*, or popular verse, consists also of regular divided lines of equal length, with alternate long and short syllables. It is divided into several species, according to the number of the long syllables, the shortest of which only have a complement, but all are distinguished by final rhyme. The paraphrase attributed to Cædmon, has been supposed to be composed in this metre; and it certainly bears a strong resemblance to the Icelandic poem, *Höfathlausn*, by the celebrated hero and poet, Egill Skalla-Grimsson. In the more modern language, which arose out of the corrupt Anglo-Saxon, and thus formed the old English, the ancient versification, especially the narrative and popular kind, was long preserved and only gradually changed. The following specimen is taken from the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, written by Robert Langland, in 1350.

I *l*ooked on my *l*eft halfe
as the *l*ady me taught,

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and *w*as *w*are of a *w*oman
*w*orthlyith clothed,
pur*f*iled with pelure
the *f*inest upon erthe,
*c*rowned with a *c*rowne
the *k*ing hath no better;
*f*estislich her *f*ingers
were *f*retted with gold wiers,
and thereon *r*ed *r*ubies
as *r*ed as any gléde,
and *d*iamonds of *d*earest price
and *d*ouble maner saphirs, &c.

This species of verse, however, fell at last into disuse, and the popular verse, or *Rúnhenda*, became the foundation of the modern poetry, so far as this last is not a mere imitation of the classic models. This again gradually underwent a change, the alliteration, except in single lines, being dropped, and the final rhymes being used in lines not immediately successive, and sometimes only in alternate lines; examples of which are also to be found among the other ancient Teutonic and Northern nations. The following is a specimen much older than the preceding one, of the language in its intermediate state, between the true ancient Anglo-Saxon and the modern English. The passage relates to the attributes of God. Here the old regular structure, though much impaired, is not entirely subverted.

He wot hwet thencheth and hwet dóth,
alle quike wihte,
nis no Louerd swich is *C*rist,
ne no *k*ing swich is Drihte.

Heuene and *e*rthe and *a*ll that is,
biloken is *o*n his honde,
He déth all that his wille is,
on seá and éc on londe.

He witeth and wialdeth alle thing,
he is*c*óp alle *sc*eafte,
he wrohte *f*isc on ther sae,
and *f*ogeles on thar lefte.

He is *o*rd abuten *o*rde,
and *e*nde abuten *e*nde,
he is *a*fre on éche stede
*w*ende (the) wer thú *w*ende.

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He knows what think and what do
all living beings,
no Lord is such as Christ,
no King is such as God (the Lord.)

Heaven, and earth, and all that is,
Is enclosed in his hand,
He does all that is his will
on sea and eke on land.

He weighs and sways all things,
he created all creatures,
he wrought (made) fishes in the sea
and fowls in the air.

He is beginning without beginning,
and end without end,
He is ever in every place
wend thee whichever way thou wendest.

The relics of Anglo-Saxon poetry which have escaped the destroying touch of time, may be classified as follows: 1. Hymns and other minor Sacred Poems. 2. Heroic or Narrative Poetry, derived from historical or traditional sources. 3. Heroic Poetry of a lyric character and Elegies. 4. Narrative Poetry derived from Scriptural sources. 5. Moral and Didactic. 6. Miscellaneous fragments. We shall briefly notice a few of these.

1. One of the earliest specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetical literature now extant, is the Hymn of Cædmon on the Creation, preserved by king Alfred in his translation of the venerable Bede's ecclesiastical history. The account given by Bede of the first developement of Cædmon's poetical talent, presents a singularly interesting trait of ancient manners, deeply tinged with the prevailing superstition of the age. 'Cædmon,' says Bede, 'was to an advanced period of life, so totally ignorant of verse, that being accidentally present at a feast where the guests sang in their turn *Lætitiæ Causæ*, so soon as he saw the harp approach himself, he quitted the table abruptly, and returned home. In the course of the following night, he dreamed that a stranger accosted him and requested him to sing: he pleaded his inability, adding, that he had been compelled on that account to retire from his friend's table. "You have the power," replied the stranger. "What then," asked the cow-herd, (for that was Cædmon's occupation,) "would

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you have me sing?" "The Creation," returned the stranger: and Cædmon immediately found himself gifted with the faculty of composing and singing a short lay on that subject, which, on waking, he fully retained in his memory.' A circumstance so marvellous could not long be concealed from the superiors of the monastery, in whose service he was employed; and after some further trial of his skill, he was persuaded to adopt their habit and dedicate himself entirely to the composition of religious poetry. Being at last instructed by his brethren in Scripture history and the truths of religion, he versified them with a success, which, according to the venerable Bede, defies all future competition.

This hymn is subjoined by Bede in Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon original is given by king Alfred.

Nú we sceolan heregean	Now should we praise
heofon-rices weard	Heaven's guardian king,
metodes mihte	our Maker's might
and his mód-gethanc;	and wisdom,—
weorc wuldor-fader!	Father of glorious works!
Swá he wundra gehwæs	Thus he of every (varied) won-
éce drihten!	Eternal Lord! [der,—
ord onstealde.	'stablished the origin.
He áerest scop	First he created
eorthan bearnum	for (us) the sons of earth
heofon tó hrófe,	Heaven's canopy,—
hálig scyppend	Holy Creator!
thá middangeard	Then this middle reign
moncynnes neard	for mortal habitation,—
éce drighten!	Eternal Lord!
æfter teóde	Next framed
firum foldan,	for men,—the earth,—
fred ælmihtig!	Ruler Omnipotent!

This fragment will hardly be thought to justify the extravagant praise bestowed by the venerable historian upon the father of Anglo-Saxon poetry. We have here little more than that simple mechanism, which, by the accumulation of parallel passages, has thus expanded to the length of eighteen lines the proposition: 'Let us praise God, the maker of Heaven and earth.' This artificial arrangement of the several members or clauses constituting a sentence, is quite characteristic of all the surviving remains of Anglo-Saxon poetry. It resembles the parallelism of the Hebrew poets, as explained by Bishop

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Lowth. The other Sacred poems afford innumerable instances of this figure or mechanism. A paragraph, for example, in the description of the deluge, is thus rendered line for line, and almost word for word, by Mr. Conybeare.

(a) Bethought him then, our God
(b) Of him that plough'd the wave,
(a) The gracious Lord of Hosts
(b) Of Lamech's pious son,
(c) And of each living soul
(c) He saved amid the floods,
(a) All glorious fount of life,
(c) High o'er the deep abyss.

Among the fragments contained in the Exeter MS., forming a part of the donation of books given by Bishop Leofric, (A. D. 1046—1073,) to the library of his cathedral at Exeter, is a hymn of thanksgiving of no inconsiderable poetic merit, a portion of which Mr. Conybeare has translated in the form of the irregular ode, and thus preserved more faithfully the abrupt transitions of the original, than could have been done in blank verse.

'Befits it well that man should raise
To Heaven the song of thanks and praise,
For all the gifts a bounteous God
From age to age hath still bestow'd.
The kindly season's temper'd reign,
The plenteous store, the rich domain
Of this mid-earth's extended plain.
All that his creatures' wants could crave,
His boundless power and mercy gave.
Noblest of yon bright train that sparkle high,
Beneath the vaulted sky,
The Sun by day, the silver'd Moon by night,
Twin fires of heaven, dispense (for man) their useful light.
Where'er on earth his lot be sped,
(For man) the clouds their riches shed,
In gentler dews descend, or opening pour
Wide o'er the land their fertilizing shower.'

2. But the most remarkable monument of Anglo-Saxon poetical literature, is the heroic lay, or epic poem, concerning the exploits of *Beówulf*, a Gothic hero of the royal race of the *Skjoldungr*, or first dynasty of the kings of Denmark. The only manuscript of this curious old poem still extant, was rescued

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from the fire which consumed the greater part of the Cottonian library, and is now deposited, with the other remains of that fine collection, in the British museum. It was copied in 1786, by *Thorkelin*, an eminent Danish antiquary, then on a visit to England, who had prepared, with great labor and expense, a translation and glossary, which were unfortunately destroyed, together with the greater part of the learned editor's literary treasures, during the British bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. The indefatigable veteran again resumed his labors, and published in 1815 an edition of the poem, which is analyzed by Mr. Turner, in the last volume of his excellent history of the Anglo-Saxons.* This edition bears but too many marks of the unfavorable circumstances under which it was given to the world, and the student of literary history might still have remained comparatively ignorant of the real scope and character of this Gothic epic, without the aid afforded by the translation into Danish, published at Copenhagen, in 1820, with copious notes and a glossary, by that accomplished Anglo-Saxon scholar, the Rev. Mr. Grundtvig.† A complete analysis of the whole poem, with a free English translation, or rather paraphrase of select passages, has also been since made by the late ingenious Mr. Conybeare, successively professor of Anglo-Saxon and of poetry in the University of Oxford. The metre adopted by Grundtvig appears, however, to be more nearly allied with the genius of the original, than the heroic or hexameter verse used by Conybeare in his otherwise very beautiful translation. The original manuscript is apparently of the tenth century; it relates to historical events, which probably happened in Denmark in the fourth or fifth century; but the poem itself, in its present state, must be attributed to the period between the Danish and the Norman conquests of England, or what has been called the Danish-Saxon literary period. Its author was unquestionably a Christian, but his work may have been, as Thorkelin and Conybeare have conjectured, a translation or *rifacimento* of some earlier production of the Northern muse. It abounds in images and allusions belonging to the

* De Danorum rebus gestis secul. iii. et iv. Poema Danicum Dialecto Anglo-Saxonica; edidit versione Lat. et indicibus auxit Grim Johnson Thorkelin Eques Ord. Danebrogici auratus, &c. Havniæ, 1815.

† Bjouwulfs Drape. Et Gothisk Helte-Digt, fra forrige Aar-Tusinde af Angel-Saxisk paa Danske Rüm, ved Nik. Fred. Sev. Gruntvig, Præst. Kjobenhavn, 1820.

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Scandinavian mythology and tradition; and in one part a Skald is introduced, who, like Demodocus in the Odyssey, entertains the warriors at Hrothgar's table, with the tale of the slaughter of the dragon, and the seizure of the treasure, by Sigmund the Wælsing, so famous in the Edda and the Volsungr-Saga of the North, as well as in the Teutonic heroic lay of the Niebelungen. Still the main story of Beówulf seems to belong to a class perfectly distinct from the mythic or mythic-historical *cyclus* of the Edda. Mr. Conybeare closes his analysis of this curious composition with the following remarks.

'It can scarcely have escaped notice, that the Scandinavian bard, in the general style and complexion of his poetry, approaches much more nearly to the father of the Grecian epic, than to the romancers of the middle ages. If I mistake not, this similarity will readily be traced in the simplicity of his plan, in the air of probability given to all its details, even where the subject may be termed supernatural; in the length and tone of the speeches introduced, and in their frequent digression to matters of contemporary or previous history. It may be observed, too, that the song of Béowulf, especially in its latter cantos, affords an additional argument, if any such were wanting after the labors of Percy and Ellis, against the theory which would attribute to the fictions of romance a Saracenic origin. The dragon furnished with wings, and breathing flame, the sword which melts at the touch of the Jutish blood, the unearthly light which pervades the cave of the Grendel, and beams from the magic statues presiding over that of the Fire-drake, had they occurred in a poem of later date, would in all probability have been considered by the eminent author of that theory as undoubted importations of the Crusaders. But the opinions of Warton, even when erroneous, were not taken up without apparent grounds. The fictions in question do assuredly bear, if it may be so termed, an Oriental rather than a Northern aspect; and the solution of this phenomenon will be most successfully sought for in the hypothesis more recently suggested by those continental scholars, who, regarding the Gothic and the Sanscrit as cognate dialects, and identifying the character and worship of Odin with that of Buddha, claim for the whole of the Scandinavian mythology, an Asiatic origin of far more remote and mysterious antiquity.' p. 79.

3. The Anglo-Saxon lay, on the battle of Brunanburh fought A. D. 938, between Athelstan the first Saxon monarch of all England, and Constantine King of Scotland, and Onlauf King of Ireland, with a confederacy of Norman Sea-Kings,

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has been translated by Mr. Price, and published in his recent edition of Warton's History of English Poetry.* This translation is remarkably well adapted to give the mere English reader an adequate notion of the peculiar style and character of Anglo-Saxon poetry, by closely rendering the grammatical inflections of the original, and connecting the narrative by explanatory words supplied in parentheses, so as to preserve the original idiom as nearly as possible, without at the same time producing obscurity.

Want of room prevents our noticing at large the lay on the death of Byrhtnoth, alderman of Northumbria, who was slain in repelling an invasion of the Danes, A. D. 991. Mr. Conybeare, who is perhaps influenced by that prepossession natural to a scholar in favor of any branch of literature on which he has bestowed considerable time and labor, finds here again, in the general features of the composition, a near approximation to the war scenes of Homer.

'If names like Byrhtnoth and Godric,' says he, 'could be substituted for Patroclus and Menelaus, it might be almost literally translated into a cento of lines from the great father and fountain of poetry; and, as it is, it reads very like a version from one of the military narratives of the Iliad, excepting its want of the characteristic similes.' *Introduction*, p. lxxxviii.

4. Among the narrative poetry derived from Scriptural sources, is the History of Judith, a fragment of which Mr. Turner has translated some passages, and which, he justly remarks, deserves to be considered an original narrative poem, since the outline only of the story is borrowed from that apocryphal book;—the coloring and filling up having been supplied by the Saxon poet. This class also includes a metrical paraphrase of the book of Genesis, the Exodus of the Israelites, the story of Daniel, &c. ascribed to Cædmon,—of whom we have an unquestionable fragment, which has been already noticed. The paraphrase itself ought probably to be attributed to some more modern author, and perhaps assigned to the Danish-Saxon period. Still it bears a strong likeness, in the general features of its style, to that undoubted relic of the father of Anglo-Saxon poetry. The *exordium* of the paraphrase, for example, conveys the same thoughts, clothed in nearly the same language with the Hymn of Cædmon to the Creation.

After this exordium, the pride, rebellion, and fall of Satan

* Vol. I. Dissert. I. Note, p. lxxxvii.

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with his companions, is related, with an account of the creation of the world of man, in order to supply the place of the angelic host. This account bears a considerable resemblance to the prose narrative of the same events, contained in the Norwegian work before mentioned, *Kóngskuggsja*, or the Royal Mirror; thus indicating the identity of the theological ideas prevalent among the Northern nations during the middle ages. This remark is especially applicable to the speech ascribed to Satan, which also bears a strong similitude to the Miltonic strain, as will be apparent from the following passage faithfully translated by Mr. Conybeare.

'Is this the hateful place (unlike, indeed,
Those seats we once in Heaven's high kingdom knew)
To which the conqueror chains me, never more,—
Expelled by him, the Almighty One, to gain
That realm! How hath he wrong'd us of our right,
That the dread flame of this infernal gulf
Pours full upon us, and denies us Heaven!
That Heaven, alas! he destines to receive
The sons of men: 'tis this that grieves me most,
That Adam, he the earthborn, should possess
My glorious seat; that he should live in joy,
And we in hell's avenging horrors pine.
O that my hands were free, that I might hence
But for a time, but for a winter's day!
Then with this host: but that these knotted chains
Encompass, that these iron bands press on me.
O! I am kingdomless; hell's fetters cling
Hard on each limb: above, beneath, the flame
Fierce rages: sight more horrible mine eyes
Ne'er yet have witness'd. O'er these scorching deeps
The fire no respite knows: the strong forged chain,
With ever-biting links, forbids my course.'

5. The style of King Alfred's metrical version of the poetical portions of Boethius *de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, is distinguished from that of the Cædmonian school, by its greater simplicity of diction and comparative want of poetical phraseology. It is more properly a paraphrase than a translation. The great object of the illustrious scholar in rendering this work into his vernacular tongue, was the improvement of his people. It was prepared for their instruction, and adapted to their capacities. Hence he has sometimes expanded the original into inordinate length, and at others entirely omitted

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whole passages, which he deemed less adapted to his patriotic purpose. Still it may be considered as a very interesting monument of the language in its purest age, and an object of literary curiosity, as the earliest translation extant of an ancient classical writer, into any modern European tongue.

6. The Song of the Traveller, contained in the Exeter manuscript, is a poetical narrative of the adventures of a wandering Skald, bard, or minstrel, not unlike those related in the Icelandic Saga of Gunnlaug. Mr. Conybeare refers its original composition to some unknown continental author, about the middle of the fifth century, although he supposes it may have been wrought into its present shape at some later period. It contains a minute and not very poetical account of the numerous widely scattered tribes and nations visited by the author; and concludes with a flattering picture of the honors heaped upon the votaries of the muse, by the princes of the Gothic race, similar to those claimed and received by the ancient bards of Greece.

'So sped the Bard, by kings and heroes sought,
And wide as o'er the nations still he roved,
One constant truth his long experience taught,
Who loves his people is alone beloved.
Thus north and south where'er they roam,
The sons of song still find a home,
Speak unreproved their wants, and raise
Their grateful lay of thanks and praise.
For still the Chief, who seeks to grace
By fairest fame his pride of place,
Withholds not from the sacred Bard,
His well-earn'd praise and high reward.
But free of hand, and large of soul,
Where'er extends his wide control
Unnumber'd gifts his princely love proclaim,
Unnumber'd voices raise to Heaven his princely name.'

Conybeare, p. 26.

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ART. III.—*Life of Henry Clay.*

Biography of Henry Clay. By GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Esq. 12mo. pp. 304. Hartford, Conn. 1831.

In our last number we offered a succinct notice of the principal events in the life of an eminent British statesman, who has elevated himself by the mere force of talent, industry and good conduct, with little aid from favorable circumstances, and generally in opposition to the strong tide of executive and aristocratic influences, from the rank of a private citizen to the highest legal and political dignities in one of the mightiest empires of the world. We now propose to lay before our readers, a rapid sketch of the career of a not less distinguished citizen of our own country, who, in like manner, unaided by circumstances, and depending entirely on his own intellectual and moral resources, has risen from obscurity to eminence, but who, from acting in concert with prevailing parties, and in the administration of the Government, has exercised a more direct influence on the progress of affairs, and who is probably destined to reach hereafter a station of still more exalted official dignity. Such examples are among the most effective and interesting forms in which the great moral lessons that ought to regulate the practical conduct of life, can be inculcated on the community. The history of what such men have done or attempted, in promoting the great cause of improvement and human happiness, is an excellent guide to the efforts of the young and ardent, while their well-earned fame and popularity furnish the strongest incentives to persevering and vigorous exertion. Even their occasional disappointments and reverses, compensated as they have been or will be, by eventual triumph, are fraught with encouragement, inasmuch as they prove that an honest, consistent and dignified course, is, after all, the only road to ultimate success; and that the miserable, time-serving policy, which bends to every caprice of popular or princely favor, is as ineffectual for the promotion of its own selfish objects, as it is disgraceful to the sordid spirits who can stoop to practise it. The frequent contemplation of such characters improves and elevates the tone of public feeling. It represses the vulgar appetite for sensual pleasure, wealth, and the mere names of office. It makes men see and feel that there are objects in life not only more important in

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themselves, but more attractive in the pursuit, and more glorious in the attainment, than any of these. It inspires the generous ambition of acquiring distinction, not by a paltry system of intrigue and party management, but by the persevering and active employment of high intellectual endowments, for the promotion of the public good. It is only by the general prevalence of such sentiments among the young and active portion of the citizens, that our republican institutions can be preserved in their present vigor and purity. They constitute that *public virtue* which has been justly described as the vital principle of popular governments,—the conservative power which alone can secure them from the abuses to which they are peculiarly prone, abuses even more frightful and disgusting than those of any other form of polity.

We deem it more especially important to hold up to the view and imitation of the public these high examples of worth and talent, at a time when there seems to be in certain quarters a disposition to discourage all exertions but those which are directed to merely selfish objects. We are sometimes told, that it is of little importance by whom the Government of the country is administered; that our political agents in the exercise of their limited powers can do but little good or harm, and that individuals may as well devote their attention exclusively to their own concerns, and leave those of the public to take care of themselves. We have heard persons of education, talent, leisure and good intentions, remark, with a sort of satisfaction, that they did not go to the polls once in three years. Such errors are dangerous, and if they became general, would be fatal to the prosperity of the country. The people of the United States have taken into their own hands the immediate superintendence of all their social and political interests. The agents of evil are always busy; the promotion of their purposes requires and produces a restless and indefatigable activity. If their efforts are not resisted by the upright and well-meaning with corresponding energy, they of course triumph, and their triumph is followed, at a greater or less interval of time, by the ruin of the community. Life is, and was intended to be, a perpetual and active warfare between the adherents of good and evil. Those, who from indolence or selfishness withdraw from the struggle, are every where the most dangerous allies of the latter party; and as they share their guilt, so they always sooner or later partake of their

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reward. Their darling wealth, to the augmentation of which they sacrifice every higher consideration, is torn from them in the indiscriminate rage of civil commotion. Conscriptions, proscriptions, forced loans, political and personal persecution under the forms of law, visit them in the retirement of the compting-room and the dwelling-house, and they are crushed, at last, under the load of miseries incident to the last stages of misgovernment; all of which might, and in most cases would, have been averted, had this class of men regularly gone to the polls, while they had it in their power. Hence it was, that the Athenian lawgiver wisely ordained, that in all political divisions, every citizen should take either one side or the other; and it may be said with perfect truth, that without a pretty general observation of this principle, the forms of popular government are impracticable.

It is, therefore, of high importance, that eminent examples of public virtue should be constantly kept before the view of the people; and it is also but just to the individuals themselves, who have given these examples, that their services should be requited during their lives, at least by public acknowledgements of respect and gratitude. A citizen who devotes himself to the public service, especially in this country, is a standing mark for outrage and calumny, which are the more virulent in proportion to the purity and elevation of his character. It is the duty of those who approve his conduct, to sustain and encourage him, by express testimonials of approbation, and not to leave his vindication entirely to the slow award of posterity. For these reasons, we have deemed it proper and useful to devote a few pages to a rapid sketch of the political life of Mr. Clay. The materials for such a sketch, which are of course for the most part in possession of the public, are arranged in a methodical and agreeable form in the work before us, which also contains some interesting particulars, not so generally known, of his earlier life.

Henry Clay was born in Hanover County, Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777. His father was a clergyman of talent and respectability. He probably superintended himself the education of his son, who had received no other public instruction than such as is afforded by the common schools, when he was placed in the office of Mr. Tinsley, Clerk of the High Court of Chancery at Richmond, Virginia. In this situation

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he of course came into personal contact with the most distinguished men in the State, and attracted their attention so strongly by his talents and amiable qualities, that some of them, particularly Chancellor Wythe and Governor Brooke, persuaded him, at the age of nineteen, to undertake the study of the law. The state of society and of the bar rules at this period afforded great facilities for entering on the profession, and Mr. Clay, after a year's study, was admitted to practice at the age of twenty. He removed soon after to Lexington, Kentucky, where he has since resided. He continued his studies at this place about a year longer, and during this period exercised himself in speaking at the meetings of the Debating Society. At his first attempt he exhibited the fluency and fervor, which have since formed the character of his maturer eloquence. 'He rose,' says Mr. Prentice, 'under some embarrassment, and addressed the President of the Society by the title of *Gentlemen of the Jury*, but he gradually gained confidence from his own efforts, and, finally, concentrating all his powers upon the subject in debate, he surprised his audience with a beauty and compass of voice, an exuberance of eloquence and a force of argument well worthy of a veteran orator. A gentleman who heard this speech has assured us, that it would hardly suffer in comparison with the most brilliant efforts made by its author in after life. His reputation as a speaker was of course established, and he became immediately a leading champion in all the debates of the Society.'

The bar of Lexington was at this time highly respectable, comprehending among its members such men as George Nicholas, John Breckenridge, James Brown, James Hughes, William Murray, and several others, all of whom would have figured as leading attornies at any Court. But, notwithstanding the number and ability of his competitors, Mr. Clay came at once into extensive practice, and was intrusted with more suits than any other practitioner. He particularly distinguished himself in the management of criminal cases, and it is remarked by his biographer, that not one of his clients was ever sentenced to death. The following anecdotes afford a striking illustration of the extent of the influence which he exercised as an advocate, even in the earlier periods of his professional career.

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'An interesting criminal case in which Mr. Clay was engaged, was tried in Harrison County. Two Germans, father and son, had been indicted for murder, and Mr. C. was employed to defend them. The deed of killing was proved to the entire satisfaction of the Court, and was considered as an aggravated murder. The whole of Mr. C's efforts were consequently directed, not to the entire exculpation of the defendants, but to the saving of their lives. After a warm and unintermitted struggle of five days, he succeeded. The Jury found a verdict of manslaughter. Not satisfied with this signal triumph, Mr. C. moved an arrest of judgment, and, after another day's contest, prevailed in this also, and, of course, the prisoners were discharged, without even the punishment of the crime of which the Jury found them guilty. During the whole of this long trial, an old, ill-favored German female, who was the wife of the elder prisoner and mother of the younger, had been sitting in one unvaried posture, watching the countenances of the Jury, and listening to the spirited contest of the counsel, though she probably understood little of the language in which it was conducted. After the success of the final motion in arrest of judgment, a gentleman, who had been observing her, approached the place where she sat, and whispered in her ear, that her husband and son were acquitted. Her sudden rapture broke over all restraint. She threw up her arms in a wild excess of joy, ran to Mr. Clay, and, clinging with desperate strength to his neck, almost smothered him with her kisses. The young advocate, no doubt, would willingly have dispensed with these tokens of female favor; but the hearts of the spectators were so touched by the contemplation of the happiness they witnessed, that, if a smile rested for one moment upon the lip, it was a smile not of derision but of sympathy.

Among the cases in which Mr. Clay distinguished himself during the early part of his legal practice, was that of Mr. Willis, a citizen of Fayette County, who, as was supposed, had committed a murder under circumstances of peculiar cruelty and cold-bloodedness. From representations made previous to the trial, Mr. C. consented to undertake his defence, and by a mighty effort, succeeded, in almost direct defiance of testimony, in creating a division of the Jury as to the nature of the defendant's crime. This was the object at which he specifically aimed. At the next session of the Court, the Attorney for the Commonwealth moved for a *venire facias de novo*, in other words, a new trial, which was granted by the Court. Mr. Clay made no opposition to this motion, but reserved all his strength for the argument before the Jury. When his turn came for addressing them, in reply to the arguments of the Attorney for the Commonwealth, he rose, and commenced with assuming the

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position, that, whatever opinion the Jury might have of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, it was too late to convict him, for he had been *once tried*, and the law required, that no man should be put twice in jeopardy of his life for the same offence. The Court was startled at this assumption, and peremptorily prohibited the speaker from proceeding in the argument to maintain it. Mr. Clay drew himself proudly up, and remarking, that, if he was not allowed to argue the whole case to the Jury, he could have nothing more to say, made a formal bow to the Court, put his books into his green bag, and, with Roman dignity, left the hall, followed by his associate counsel. The consequence was as he had foreseen. He had not been at his lodgings more than five or ten minutes, when he was waited on by a messenger from the Court, requesting his return, and assuring him that he should be permitted to argue the case in his own way. Instantly he made his re-appearance in the hall, pressed, with the utmost vehemence, the point he had before attempted to establish, and, on the ground that his client had once been tried, prevailed on the Jury to give him his liberty, without any reference whatever to the testimony against him. Such a decision could not now be obtained in Kentucky,—and, at the period in question, was obviously contrary to law.'

Although frequently employed in criminal cases, he was, says his biographer, not less successful in civil suits. The decision and promptitude of his practice are curiously illustrated in the following anecdote.

'In suits that involved the land laws of Virginia and Kentucky, he had no rival. But it would be in vain to attempt even an enumeration of the cases, in which, during the early years of his practice, he gathered a rich harvest of gold and fame. In a short biographical notice that was given of him about three years ago, we find mention of an incident in his professional life, which was certainly a striking illustration of the rapidity of his intellectual combinations, and his power of seizing intuitively upon the strong points of a case. We give it as a single specimen of what he could do. In conjunction with another attorney of eminence, whose name we have forgotten, he was employed to argue, in the Fayette Circuit Court, a question of great difficulty,—one, in which the interests of the litigant parties were both deeply involved. At the opening of the Court, something occurred to call him away, and the whole management of the case devolved on his associate counsel. Two days were spent in discussing the points of law, which were to govern the instructions of the Court to the Jury, and on each of these

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points Mr. Clay's colleague was foiled by his antagonist. At the end of the second day Mr. Clay re-entered the Court. He had not heard a word of the testimony, and knew nothing of the course which the discussion had taken, but, after holding a very short consultation with his colleague, he drew up a statement of the form in which he wished the instructions of the Court to be given to the Jury, and accompanied his petition with a few observations so novel and satisfactory, that it was granted without the least hesitation. A corresponding verdict was instantly returned by the Jury; and thus the case, which had been on the very point of being decided against Mr. Clay's client, was decided in his favor, in less than half an hour after Mr. Clay entered the Court-House.'

We pass rapidly over the professional career of Mr. Clay, and come at once to his political life, which is the chief object of the present sketch. His active concern in the affairs of his own State began almost as early as his admission to the bar. The people of Kentucky were then engaged in framing a new Constitution, and one of the features of the plan which had been submitted to them was a provision for the gradual emancipation of the slaves. In opposition to the known prejudices of a majority of the people, Mr. Clay stood forward as the ardent and vigorous advocate of this principle. His pen was busy in the journals, and his voice was fearlessly raised at public meetings in favor of the election of members of the Convention, who would procure its adoption. So early in life did he profess, in relation to this most important and delicate question, the principles to which he has ever since adhered, and which form so honorable a trait in his moral character. The advocates of an opposite system prevailed, and Mr. Clay suffered, in consequence of the part he took on this occasion, a temporary unpopularity, which was, however, removed the next year by his exertions on the popular side of the great political questions which then agitated the Union. 'A gentleman who was present at one of the public discussions of these questions, informed us,' says Mr. Prentice, 'that it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the effect produced.' The populace had assembled in the fields in the vicinity of Lexington, and were first addressed by Mr. George Nicholas, a gentleman of distinction, and a powerful speaker. After he had finished, the name of *Clay* was shouted from all parts of the assembly. The young orator made his appearance, and, under the disad-

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vantage of following so able a leader, acquitted himself with perfect success. One or two gentlemen then attempted to sustain the opposite opinion, but found some difficulty in getting a hearing. When the meeting was over, the people took Nicholas and Clay upon their shoulders, and, forcing them into a carriage, drew them through the streets with shouts of applause. This was in the year 1798, when Mr. Clay was of course twenty-one years of age. The triumph of an orator who happens to be sustaining a popular cause, is, no doubt, comparatively easy; but it is impossible not to recognise in the facility with which Mr. Clay took his station, at so early an age, among the leading men of the State, and in the influence which he already exercised over his fellow-citizens, the result not merely of superior talent and eloquence, but of a bold and commanding energy of character, which could not fail, if at all favored by circumstances, to give him, as it has done, a place among the most distinguished statesmen of the Union.

In 1803, Mr. Clay was elected a member of the Legislature of the State. The circumstances attending his election were highly honorable to him, and evinced, like those which have just been mentioned, the strong hold which he had already obtained upon the confidence of the people. It was at that time, as it is now, the practice in Kentucky and the other Southern and Western States, for gentlemen to present themselves as candidates to the legislative bodies, and to attend at the polls and harangue the electors during the progress of the canvass. We are not sure that this method, which is also employed in the mother country, is not, on the whole, a better one than the *caucussing* system which prevails in the Northern and Middle States, and that it is not one of the reasons why the sections of the Union, in which it is in use, are, on the average, better represented than the others. The caucussing system, by reducing the effective electors to a small and secret cabal of thirty or forty persons, carries with it most of the inconveniences and abuses of the British practice of borough-mongering, while the necessity which the candidate finds himself under, on the other plan, of sustaining for two or three days before the people, the severe ordeal of an open discussion, affords some security that merit and talent will not be made to give way to imbecility, supported by management and intrigue. Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Clay, in opposition to the general practice in his own State, was

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nominated in his absence, by his friends, and did not appear at the polls until nearly the close of the election. In the mean time, other candidates, of more advanced age and of higher pretensions, had offered themselves, and were busily engaged in gaining friends. On the third day, the young orator appeared upon the ground, and addressed the people with so much effect, that his election was carried by acclamation.

On his first appearance in his legislative capacity, he distinguished himself in a debate upon a question of local politics, in which he was opposed by Mr. Felix Grundy (since a conspicuous politician in the neighboring State of Tennessee and in the councils of the Union,) and carried his point against his able antagonist. About this time he acted as the leading counsel for Aaron Burr, on his trial before the District Court, and procured his acquittal. He had been induced to undertake this cause by a letter from Burr, in which he declared, in the most positive terms and on the honor of a gentleman, his entire innocence of the charges brought against him. Having afterwards ascertained, to his full satisfaction, that these charges were well founded, Mr. Clay considered himself as having cause of complaint against Burr, on account of the unequivocal assurances he had given him to the contrary, and, on meeting him accidentally in a court-room at New York, some years after, refused to take his hand when it was offered before the court and assistants. Such is the brief outline of the relations between Mr. Clay and Colonel Burr, which have sometimes been urged by the enemies of the former as a topic of reproach against him.

In the year 1806, General Adair, one of the Senators of the State in Congress, having resigned his place, Mr. Clay was elected to occupy it for the remainder of the term, which was only one year. It was in this capacity that he first appeared at Washington. At the moment of his arrival, a question was under debate respecting the expediency of authorizing the erection of a bridge over the Potomac to Georgetown, which, for reasons not mentioned by the biographer, seems to have been opposed. Mr. Clay, immediately upon taking his seat, made a brilliant and effective speech in favor of the bridge, which is said to have settled the question, the votes before having been equally divided. It is worthy of remark, that his first effort in Congress was thus made in support of the great principle of *Internal Improvement*, the favorite object of so many of his later labors. The leading question at this session of Congress,

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was the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, for the purpose of enabling the Government to arrest Colonel Burr. Considering himself as restrained by the delicacy of his position as counsel for Burr during his late trial, Mr. Clay took no part in the debate on this subject. On his return to Kentucky, after the expiration of his term in the Senate, he was immediately re-elected to the State Legislature, and at the opening of the next session was chosen Speaker of the General Assembly by a large majority, and remained in that capacity for several successive years. The peculiar talent which he displayed for the performance of the difficult and delicate functions of this office, probably contributed a good deal to his subsequent elevation to the corresponding station in the House of Representatives of the United States. He often descended from the Speaker's chair to take a part in the debates, and particularly distinguished himself at the next session after his return from Congress, by a powerful speech on a very important question connected with the administration of justice. A motion was made to prohibit the reading in court of any British decision or elementary work on law. It was understood that a large majority of the Assembly were in favor of it. Mr. Clay moved to amend the resolution by limiting it to such decisions as took place previously to the declaration of Independence, and thus leaving the common and statute law, as they stood at that period, in force. The amendment was warmly opposed, but, after a long and spirited contest, Mr. Clay prevailed. By his efforts on this occasion, he no doubt rendered a great and permanent service to the State of Kentucky. As he has been sometimes represented by his enemies as a mere demagogue, whose only means of producing effect was to join and lead in the popular clamor of the day, it may be proper to remark, in connexion with this subject, that, from the commencement of his political career up to the present time, his greatest efforts have been made as frequently in opposition to, as in concurrence with the popular feeling, and apparently in both cases with equal success. We have seen, that his first appearance in Kentucky in the political field, was in the character of an advocate of the unpopular doctrine of the emancipation of the slaves. On the occasion just mentioned, he placed himself in direct opposition to the popular sentiment. In the subsequent party division between the friends of the Old and New Court, which for so many years disturbed the State, Mr. Clay acted in like manner

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with the party which was considered unpopular, but which he finally sustained by his great eloquence and talent against all opposition. Lastly, on the interesting occasion of the election of President of the United States by the House of Representatives, in 1825, he employed his influence, and gave his vote in favor of the candidate who might have been fairly considered as the least popular of the three, whose names were before the House. These remarkable cases, occurring at different periods in the course of his life, sufficiently evince that in the regulation of his political conduct, he has been governed by fixed principles, and not by a selfish regard for temporary popularity.

The account given in the work before us of the speech of Mr. Clay in support of the Common Law, on the occasion just mentioned, is highly interesting, and affords another striking illustration, in addition to those already given, of the prodigious effect which at this period of his life attended the displays of his eloquence. It may also convey some useful lessons to those persons among us, who are rather too fond of declaiming against all existing institutions, and representing respect for antiquity as a mere prejudice. Respect for antiquity, although, like every other principle, it may be occasionally abused, and although it must be sometimes superseded in practice by other considerations of more immediate urgency, is doubtless one of the most correct and wholesome, as it is also one of the most natural motives of conduct. Those who represent it as a dangerous prejudice, only show that they have yet to learn the elements of political science.

'This effort of Mr. Clay has justly been considered by himself and his friends as one of the greatest intellectual achievements of his life. The prejudices of the multitude against the common law are almost universal; and at the time of which we have spoken, they existed in Kentucky in all their strength. The common people have heard, that this law, consisting as it does of all the reported decisions of the British courts, fills hundreds of volumes, and they do not readily comprehend how the men of the present day can become acquainted with it, and much less give it a practical application in this country. They are apt to look upon it as a mere shapeless mass of incongruities and absurdities, that has been accumulating for years and centuries. They imagine that it is half made up of frivolous precepts and ludicrous distinctions, which have no better effect than to set common sense and common justice at nought, by the conviction

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of the innocent, and the discharge of the guilty. They are not aware that the common law is the embodied wisdom of ages, and that, although it may appear irregular at first view, it will be seen, when viewed in the light of a few plain principles, to be a system of unrivalled symmetry, beauty, and magnificence. They do not know, that its fundamental rules are so simple and well established, that the most unlettered can readily learn them, but suppose that the whole system, ancient and mighty as it is, might advantageously give place to a few hasty statutes devised by the discordant spirits of a State Legislature. It was against such prejudices and such misapprehensions, that Mr. Clay was obliged to contend, and he did it with a power of argument and eloquence, that almost surprised himself. He did not "check his strength in mid volley,"—the whole was put forth, for the time demanded it. In portraying that spirit of Vandalism, which mocks at the wisdom of the "world's grey fathers," and would wantonly make wreck of a system fraught with the intellectual wealth of centuries, and whelm its last fragment beneath the wave, Mr. Clay was great beyond expression. A gentleman, who was in the lobby of the House, and who has since risen to distinction, has averred, that all his subsequent ideas of perfect eloquence have been formed upon that one model. It surpassed any thing which he has since heard or had before conceived. Every muscle of the orator's face was at work, his whole body seemed agitated, as if each part were instinct with a separate life, and his small white hand, with its blue veins apparently distended almost to bursting, moved gracefully, but with all the energy of rapid and vehement gesture. The appearance of the speaker seemed that of a pure intellect wrought up to its mightiest energies, and brightly glowing through the thin and transparent veil of flesh that enrobed it. Our informant represents himself as having gazed upon the orator, and listened to his moving and impetuous eloquence, till he half lost his sense of individual existence, and, on the first return of perfect consciousness, he found that tears, in spite of his manhood, were streaming down his cheeks. Ashamed of his weakness, and unaware that nearly the whole audience was in the same situation with himself, he dried his tears, and, with feelings partially indurated by resolution, again gave his attention to the speaker. In a few moments, he found that the waters of emotion had gushed out anew from their fountain, and he now suffered them to flow uncontrolled, for he saw that he wept not alone. This great effort of Mr. Clay was materially different from those of more modern date. It was probably accompanied by a degree of physical exertion, which, in his recent condition of bodily debility, he would have been unable to endure even for a short period of time.'

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In the year 1809, Mr. Thruston, another Senator in Congress, having resigned his place, Mr. Clay was called upon to occupy it for the remainder of his term, which was two years, and took his seat accordingly in the Senate at the close of that year. As the first speech which he had made during his former service as Senator, was in favor of *Internal Improvement*, so it happened, by a rather singular coincidence, that the first which he made during his second term was in support of the encouragement and protection by Government of *domestic manufactures*. The hostile attitude assumed by some of the great foreign powers towards the United States, had at this time induced our leading politicians to calculate the probability of war, and to see the necessity of making preparations for it in advance. With this general purpose, a bill was brought into the Senate to appropriate a sum of money for procuring supplies of cordage, sail-cloth, and other articles of use in war. During the progress of this bill through its different stages, an amendment was proposed, providing that a preference should be given to articles of American growth and manufacture, wherever it could be done without material detriment to the public service. At the present day, when the great advantages resulting from the possession of home manufactures are so generally admitted, it will hardly be thought possible that such a proposition should have been resisted, and least of all by the representatives of this quarter of the Union. The amendment was, however, urgently opposed by a Senator from Massachusetts, and a long debate ensued upon the general question of the expediency of the protecting policy, in which Mr. Clay maintained the same opinions which he has ever since supported with so much zeal, talent, and success, as to have acquired the honorable title of the Father of the American System. We shall presently advert again to this subject, and will only now remark, that it is curious, on looking back to this debate, to find how completely the original objections to the protecting policy have been abandoned, and others taken up, which were not then thought of. The objections which were urged at this period, were founded in the supposed unfavorable influence of manufactures, as an occupation, upon the morals of the persons engaged in them, as evinced by the corrupt state, in this respect, of the manufacturing establishments of the old countries. Experience has long since shown the error of this supposition, and the opponents of the protecting policy, abandoning every

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other ground, have for some time past entrenched themselves on that of unconstitutionality, which was never suggested until the year 1824, when the system had already in its favor a prescription of thirty years, enough of itself to settle the principle, if there is ever to be any thing settled in the practice of the Government. It is also curious to see how completely the geographical character of the parties respectively sustaining, and opposing the protecting policy, has changed since this time. It was then opposed by the Eastern States, who thought they saw their interest in an exclusive devotion to navigation; and was sustained with great vigor by the South. It is now as vigorously sustained in the East, where the people have learned to understand better the true principles of their own prosperity, and resisted by the South with the same zeal with which it was formerly supported there. Would it be too uncharitable to suggest, that the lines of policy pursued by the South at these two periods,—directly opposed as they are to each other,—may be reconciled by attributing the adoption of them, in part at least, to the jealousy of Northern influence, which has sometimes, perhaps unjustly, been supposed to prevail in some other sections of the Union.

The subject had not, however, at this time obtained the importance in public opinion, which has since been attached to it. The leading questions of the two sessions of 1810 and 1811, were the occupation of West Florida and the renewal of the charter of the Bank. Our confined limits prevent us from entering in detail upon these subjects, of which the former has since, in the progress of events, lost its importance, while the latter is again at this moment, and is likely to be for several years to come, one of the most important subjects of public discussion. On this and all the other topics that came before the Senate, Mr. Clay distinguished himself as one of the leading members of that body, and one of the most effective champions of the party then in power. At this time, he opposed the re-chartering of the Bank. When the question of establishing another came up five years after, he used his influence in favor of it. How far this apparent inconsistency is to be accounted for by a change of opinion, and how far by the difference between the principles on which the two Banks were respectively constituted, is an inquiry into which we have not space to enter, and which, as there can be no suspicion in either case of any improper motive, is of no import-

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ance. Mr. Clay is understood to be at present in favor of sustaining the Bank on the same footing on which it was reorganized in 1818, and has ever since existed with so much benefit to the country. On the expiration of his term of service in the Senate in 1811, he returned to Kentucky, and was immediately after elected a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, where he took his seat in the winter of the same year.

Mr. Clay was at this time about thirty-five years of age, a period of life when the intellectual powers of most men have just attained their full maturity, and are beginning to mark out for them the place which they are to occupy in the opinion of the world. So much, however, had Mr. Clay anticipated the usual progress, and such already was the extent of his influence, not merely in his own State, but on the wider theatre of national politics, that, on his first appearance as a new member in the House of Representatives, he was chosen Speaker by a vote of nearly two to one over two opposing candidates. No mark of respect and confidence at all equal to this has ever been bestowed by the House of Representatives upon any other person, and the best proof that it was not the result of any combination of accidental circumstances or momentary caprice, is to be found in the fact, that the confidence thus bestowed was never afterwards withdrawn or shaken. During the long period of Mr. Clay's congressional career, which lasted, with two short intervals, from this time till his entrance into the Department of State in 1825, he was regularly elected Speaker of each successive House of Representatives, we believe, without opposition. It is admitted, in fact, by all, that in discharging the arduous and honorable duties of this place, he was singularly successful. Though eminently prompt, firm, and decisive, the frankness and urbanity of his manner prevented any one from taking offence, and rendered him a general favorite. The place of Speaker, when occupied by a person whose talents and character qualify him to do it justice, is one of the most important stations in the Government. It does not, according to the practice of our legislative assemblies, preclude the person holding it from taking an active part in the debates of the House. Indeed, his influence in debate is increased by the consideration which attaches itself to his ordinary functions. These, on the other hand, including as they do the appointment of committees, and the regulation of

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the course of proceedings, give him to a certain extent the control of the whole business, that is, of the whole legislation of the country. The public opinion respecting the comparative importance of particular official stations in our Government, is determined in part by that which prevails in Europe concerning the corresponding ones abroad. But where the essential principles of Government are different, the same names and forms do not always indicate the same things; and when the importance of our various political stations shall have been settled, as it eventually must be, by their ascertained influence in practice, it will probably be understood that the Speaker of the House of Representatives is second in political consequence only to the President of the United States. Such at all events may be, and has been his position, when his personal qualifications have enabled him to bring out fully into view the capacities belonging to the post which he occupies.

There is commonly in all countries some one person, who at each particular period, gives for the time being by the force of his own character, or the weakness of those on whom he operates, an impulse to the progress of political affairs. It does not always happen, that the highest ostensible functionary is also the actual director. In the corrupt courts of the old world, and we wish we could say that this state of things is exclusively confined to them, the main-spring of the political machine is sometimes to be found in the *bureau* of some nameless subaltern, or perhaps in the *boudoir* of a female of doubtful character. In England and this country, where the road to public employment is open to all, and where the public business is transacted in the broad daylight of a free press, such cases are necessarily rare; and in general the talent which enables the individual to give a direction to the public policy, will also place him in some high and responsible office. After the triumph of the democratic party in 1800, Mr. Jefferson was the active and ostensible leader while he remained in office, and Mr. Madison after him exercised the same influence. That of Mr. Monroe was less decisive, and in his hands the office of President lost some of its importance. From the time when Mr. Clay was elected to the House of Representatives, and especially after his return from Europe, at the close of the war, until his retirement from political affairs, in 1825, he may perhaps be fairly considered as having been the most influential statesman in the country. During

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the war, and while Mr. Madison was in office, Mr. Clay was the acknowledged leader in the House of Representatives, and of course exercised more influence than any other person in giving effect to the plans of the Government. Randolph had appeared on the same theatre a few years before with extraordinary brilliancy, and had he pursued a steady and consistent course, would probably from his more advanced age, and equal if not superior natural powers, have taken the lead out of Mr. Clay's hands. But the wayward and capricious temperament of this singular personage threw him almost immediately out of the sphere of useful activity, and degraded him for life from the station of a political leader to that of a sort of Ishmael, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. Mr. Clay assumed at once the direction which might have fallen into Mr. Randolph's hands, and as we remarked above, exercised from that time forward, more influence than any other person in the House of Representatives. This too, was probably the time when his eloquence had reached its highest degree of perfection, and being also put forth under greater excitement, exhibited itself in speeches which have not been surpassed or perhaps equalled by any of those of subsequent date. But although his influence in carrying into effect the plans of Government was of this decisive nature, his personal responsibility for the character of these measures is less complete, than for those which were adopted after his return from Europe. Our controversies with foreign powers and among ourselves, which grew out of the French revolution, and terminated in the war with England, had assumed a definite form before the entrance of Mr. Clay into public life. The share which he took in them was determined of course by circumstances in part accidental, and while these controversies lasted, his course, however brilliant and elevated, was regulated by impulses which had been given ten or fifteen years earlier, and before he commenced his political career. It is only for the great measures, which have constituted the prominent features of the policy of the country from the conclusion of peace up to the present day, and to which we shall immediately advert, that Mr. Clay is individually responsible. These measures are important innovations or improvements on the preceding policy of the country, proposed by himself, and recommended to public favor chiefly by the effect of his talent and influence.

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His warmest friends need not fear to stake his reputation as a statesman upon the judgment which his contemporaries and impartial posterity have formed and will form upon the character of these measures.

For this reason, as well as from a want of space to enlarge upon every portion of a long and eventful life, we shall refrain from following in detail the course of the debates upon the declaration and conduct of the war. When we now look back to this stormy period, although we cannot but regret the occasional exhibition, on all sides, of intemperance, degenerating sometimes into personal outrage, we have yet reason to be proud, as Americans, of the manner in which these great affairs were conducted, and must admit that the prominent statesmen of the day displayed powers corresponding with the importance of the crisis at which they were called to act. Clay, Calhoun, and Cheves, on one side, Randolph, Webster, and Quincy, on the other, with their respective associates, composed an array of talent, which has rarely been assembled, at the same time, within the walls of any deliberative body. The debates were conducted, as all will recollect, with great violence. Charges of corruption, foreign influence and personal malignity, were bandied about with a good deal of freedom. Mr. Clay was the acknowledged leader of the democratic party, took an active part in all the principal debates, and sustained his opinions with the warmth and zeal that are natural to his character; but such was the kindness and frank urbanity of his manner, that he seems to have retained, without diminution, the respect and esteem of the House. At the beginning of the year 1814, he was appointed one of the Commissioners to treat for peace with Great Britain, and having accepted the trust, retired, of course, from the Speaker's chair. The circumstances attending his resignation, which are stated in the following extract, strongly evince the extent of his influence over his political associates, and his general popularity with the members of all parties.

'The official duties which now devolved upon Mr. Clay, required him to resign the Speaker's chair. At this time, his influence in the House of Representatives was equal to that which he had exercised, some years before, in the Legislature of his adopted State. His friends and his enemies agree in the remark, that his power was almost unlimited. His party was a majority in the House, and, so unbounded was the confidence

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which its members reposed in his wisdom and integrity, that he could sway them by a motion of his hand. Whenever the course of a discussion failed to meet his approbation, he descended from the chair, and, by mingling in the debate, gave, at once, a new character to the proceedings. His resignation was tendered on the sixteenth of January, and accompanied by a beautiful and affecting speech, which touched every heart in the assembly, and unsealed many a fountain of tears. In the generous feelings of the hour, even the federalists wept freely, that a master-spirit was going out from among them. A resolution, thanking him in fervid language for the impartiality with which he had administered the arduous duties of office, was passed almost unanimously; —only eight or nine members voting against it. Probably there was no other man in the nation, who, at that stormy period, could have presided with such signal energy over the deliberations of the popular branch of Congress, and yet have commanded the approbation of so vast a majority of both political parties.'

The leading part in the conduct of the negotiations with Great Britain, which terminated in the treaty of Ghent, devolved, of course, upon the veteran diplomatist who was placed at the head of the commission, and it is therefore unnecessary to our present purpose to enlarge upon this subject. A difference of opinion is understood to have existed between Messrs. Adams and Clay, on some of the topics of minor importance, which came under discussion. This fact, taken in connexion with the extraordinary harmony which prevailed between them throughout the whole of the last administration, serves to show how easily men who have the good of the country at heart, can overlook those inferior considerations, of a merely private character, which so often distract the councils of selfish politicians. During his absence on this business, Mr. Clay visited several of the most interesting parts of Europe, and received every where the attention to which his reputation and official character entitled him, and which the warmth and frankness of his manners were so well fitted to secure. On his return to the United States, he was greeted with great enthusiasm, particularly in his own State. He had been re-elected to Congress, during his absence, but some doubts having been raised,—very unnecessarily as it would seem,—respecting the legality of this choice, another was ordered, which resulted in a similar expression of the feelings of his constituents.

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From this time, until his retirement from public life, Mr. Clay, as we have already remarked, may be regarded as the leading statesman in the councils of the Union. The principal objects of our foreign and domestic policy, during this period, were the establishment of our relations with the emancipated Spanish Colonies, and the prosecution with increased vigor and energy of the system of protecting domestic manufactures, and developing the resources of the country by judicious plans of internal improvement, which had been acted on, to a greater or less extent, ever since the adoption of the Constitution, but of which the expediency had been more urgently pressed upon the public attention, by the experience of the late war. In the series of measures adopted in reference to both these objects, Mr. Clay took the lead, and carried the country along with him. On other questions of high importance, but of an incidental character and passing interest, such as those which grew out of the admission of the State of Missouri into the Union, and the election of Mr. Adams to the Presidency by the House of Representatives, we find him acting the same prominent part. These are the measures for which we consider him as fully responsible, and they are sufficient to establish his reputation as a bold, far-sighted, judicious, and high-minded statesman. It is indeed remarkable, that notwithstanding the persevering obloquy, with which Mr. Clay has been assailed by adherents of the party which came into power on his retirement from the administration, this party have not thought it expedient to deviate, in regard to the two great systems of measures alluded to, from the line of policy which he had marked out; so that he may be said with propriety, to govern, as it were, in spite of themselves, from the depth of his retirement, the councils of his opponents. Without pursuing chronologically the course of Mr. Clay, during the period now under consideration, we shall advert successively, in a cursory manner, to the part he took in reference to the several subjects above alluded to, and first, the establishment of our relations with the Spanish American Colonies.

The emancipation of these Colonies was one of the most remarkable results of the new direction, which had been given to the course of political affairs by our own revolution, and constituted of itself a very critical epoch in the history of the Christian world; the whole importance of which, as of all other really momentous events, will not be apparent until the

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lapse of time has given them their full developement. To this country it was particularly interesting. It opened to our commerce the ports of a vast continent, with its dependant islands, situated in our immediate neighborhood, already extensively peopled and cultivated, and capable of increasing its resources to an indefinite degree, which had been hitherto closed by the commercial monopoly of the mother country. Politically viewed, it entirely changed our position in the commonwealth of nations. Instead of being an isolated power, separated from every other by a thousand leagues of ocean, we were to have in future a number of independent States at our own doors, with which our relations would, of course, be hostile or friendly, according to the degree of judgment with which they were in the first place established. The task of forming these relations, which devolved upon the Government immediately after the close of the war with England, was, therefore, one of extreme delicacy and high importance. The manner in which it was executed does great credit to the individuals, who exercised at this time the greatest influence in the executive and legislative departments. Although the advantages which were naturally to be expected from the judicious and generally successful conduct of the negotiations on this subject, have not yet been fully realized, in consequence of various untoward events occurring in the new States, the correctness of the line of policy pursued by this country is not the less certain, and the proceedings of the Government in relation to it will form one of the most honorable chapters in our political history.

Had the principles of the old diplomacy of Europe, which considered neighboring nations as naturally hostile to each other, been adopted among us, we should have expected to find in the nations formed out of the Spanish Colonies, a cluster of enemies and rivals, and should, probably, have attempted to prevent their emancipation. Such was in fact the policy recommended to us by the great powers of Europe. The people of the United States, and the Government which represented them, pursued a more generous, and doubtless, in the end, a far more advantageous course. They sincerely sympathized with communities situated precisely as we had been half a century before, and evidently acting under the influence of our example. A disposition was exhibited from the first in all quarters to afford our struggling neighbors all the

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countenance which could be granted to them, consistently with prudence and our obligations to Spain. It was natural, however, for the Government to hold itself a little in the rear of public opinion. It was proper that the people should express themselves in clear and decisive language, before the Executive took the decisive step of a formal acknowledgement of the independence of the new States. In the work of maturing and expressing the public opinion upon this great question, Mr. Clay was, undoubtedly, far more active and efficient than any other person in the country. As early as the year 1817, President Monroe had despatched Commissioners for the purpose of ascertaining and reporting upon the situation of Spanish America. This was intended as a preliminary measure to the formation of our relations with the new States. The next winter, when the Appropriation Bill was before the House, Mr. Clay moved to amend it by inserting an article, providing for the salary of a Minister Plenipotentiary to the United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, and accompanied his proposition with a powerful speech in support of an immediate recognition of the independence of that Government. The feelings of the House were not yet prepared for this measure, and the amendment was rejected by a large majority. Not discouraged by this result, Mr. Clay renewed his motion in the next Congress, and, after a warm debate of two or three weeks, in which he exhibited anew the vast and various resources of his eloquence, succeeded in carrying it by a handsome majority. This expression of the opinion of Congress was followed at once by decisive action on the part of the Executive. Five Ministers Plenipotentiary were immediately appointed to the principal Spanish American States, and the line of policy then entered upon has since been pursued with undeviating steadiness by all branches of the Government, excepting so far as the proceedings of the Executive were paralyzed for a short time by the impolitic opposition made in the Senate to the appointment of a Minister to the Congress of Panama. No inconvenience was found to result from the course adopted. Spain, who might have found a pretext in it for making war upon us, contented herself with an empty protest; England soon after followed our example. The great continental powers, who had at one time contemplated an avowed interference in favor of Spain, concluded to abandon the project, and the crisis passed off in the most satisfactory way. Spain

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has not yet made up her mind to give in a formal adhesion to the new state of things; but after the delay, which in all important matters is considered essential to the dignity of that ceremonious Government, must finally, though perhaps too late to secure any of the advantages, which would have attended an earlier acknowledgement, take this step, and thus put the last finish to the fabric of American independence.

A celebrated British statesman, who had directed the proceedings of his Government upon this subject, remarked some years after in a public speech in allusion to them, that he had 'called a new world into existence.' This was a boast somewhat too bold and large to be made with propriety by any mere mortal in respect to this, or any other great movement in the political world. The revolutions of empires,—those tremendous moral tornadoes, that change the aspect of whole continents and affect the interests of millions of men,—can never be the results of the agency of single individuals. They are always the fruits of deeply seated, slowly working, general causes, and all that the highest efforts of individual action can effect, is to modify, in some degree, their outward forms. The emancipation of Spanish America was an event of which it is easy to trace the origin, and which was in fact foreseen and announced in 1783 by the ministers of Charles III., as one of the necessary consequences of our Revolution. The most that any individual of the present age could do, was to exercise influence, more or less decisive, in fixing the precise time and circumstances of its occurrence. The person whose influence was, in fact, most sensibly felt in this way, and who, if any one, may be said to have called a new world into existence, was not George Canning, but Henry Clay. His exertions gave its character to the policy of the United States, which again operated powerfully, if not decisively, in determining that of Great Britain and the Continental allies, and thus settling the whole question. The services of Mr. Clay have been accordingly acknowledged with enthusiastic gratitude by the patriots of Spanish America. His speeches in Congress were repeatedly read at the head of their armies, and the thanks of their Legislative Assemblies were publicly offered him on several occasions. Among the various testimonies of approbation bestowed upon his course on this subject, one of the most emphatic and honorable proceeded from an eminent citizen of this Commonwealth.

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Some time after the event we have just noticed, in the year 1825, a Representative in Congress from a Southern State, who had been from the beginning violently opposed to the recognition of the independence of Spanish America, thought proper to allude in terms of severe censure to the influence which Mr. Clay had exercised in their behalf. His remarks upon this subject drew from Mr. Webster the following powerful and pointed reply.

'Pains have been taken to prove, that the whole policy of our Government respecting South America, is the unhappy result of the influence of a gentleman formerly filling the chair of this House. To make out this, reference has been made to certain speeches of that gentleman delivered here. He is charged with having become himself affected, at an early day, with the "South American fever," and with having infused its baleful influence into the whole councils of the country. If, Sir, it be true, that that gentleman, prompted by an ardent love of civil liberty, felt, earlier than others, a proper sympathy for the struggling Colonies of South America; or that, acting on the maxim, that revolutions do not go backward, he had the sagacity to see, earlier than others, the successful termination of those struggles; if, thus feeling and thus perceiving, it fell to him to lead the willing or unwilling councils of his country in her manifestations of kindness to the new government, and in her seasonable recognition of her independence; if it be this, which the honorable member imputes to him,—if it be by this course of public conduct, that he has identified his own name with the cause of South American liberty, he ought to be esteemed one of the most fortunate men of the age. If all this be as is now represented, he has acquired fame enough. It is enough for any man thus to have connected himself with the greatest events of the age in which he lives, and to have been foremost in measures, which reflect high honor on his country in the judgment of mankind. Sir, it is always with great reluctance, that I am drawn to speak, in my place here, of individuals; but I could not forbear what I have now said, when I hear in the House of Representatives, and in the land of free spirits, that it is made matter of imputation and reproach, to have been first to reach forth the hand of welcome and of succor to new-born nations, struggling to obtain and to enjoy the blessings of liberty.'

But whatever glory may hereafter attach to the name of Mr. Clay on account of the share which he has had in the promotion of Spanish American independence, he has acquired a still

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stronger claim to the gratitude of his countrymen of this and future generations, by his vigorous, persevering, and successful exertions in the cause of Internal Improvement, and the encouragement of domestic industry. The appropriate appellation of the *Father of the American System*, which, as we remarked above, has been bestowed upon him by the country as a reward for these exertions, will remain like that of the *Author of the Declaration of Independence*, which Mr. Jefferson wished to have inscribed on his tomb-stone, a permanent and substantive distinction of the most honorable character, when the empty titles of the Old World, and even the official dignities of the New, will no longer be valued or even understood. The establishment of the American System was, in fact, neither more nor less than the completion of the great work of the emancipation of the country, which had been so happily commenced by the patriots of the Revolution. They secured to us the form of political independence; but 'the true sovereigns of a country,' as is well observed by one of our highest literary authorities, 'are those who determine its mind, its modes of thinking, its tastes, its principles.' While we neglected the developement of our resources, and looked to the mother country as the standard of opinion and usage in morals, politics, and all the departments of public and private economy, our national existence was a mere name, and for all substantial purposes, we were as much colonies as before. It is only by establishing at home our workshops in all the departments of useful and ornamental labor, and, especially, the literary and scientific institutions, which are the great laboratories of thought, that we have really become, or are fast becoming, an independent people. The statesman, who has had the honor of connecting his name with this change in the condition of the country, may justly be regarded as the second founder of our national independence.

The first of the two great divisions of this system, which seriously engaged the attention of the Government, was that of Internal Improvement; by which phrase, although it is, of course, susceptible of a much larger application, has been generally intended the construction of roads and canals, and the clearing away of obstructions in the channels of the water-courses. The *expediency* of carrying into effect a system of measures of this description was early perceived by the Government, and has never been disputed by any person or party;

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it has also been pretty generally felt, that the business could not be left entirely to the States or to individuals, but that the co-operation of the General Government was, in many of its most important parts, absolutely necessary. The principal question on this branch of the subject has therefore been, whether the Government might go on under the Constitution, as it now stands, and make such internal improvements as might appear expedient, or whether it was necessary, in the first place, to obtain an amendment, conferring a specific authority for this purpose. This may appear at first view a comparatively unimportant difference, but, considering the difficulty, and, in fact, impossibility of carrying through any amendment of much importance, and which affects a variety of interests, the question was the same under another form, as whether the General Government should or should not take any part in the work of Internal Improvement.

Mr. Jefferson, though strongly in favor of the general principle, inclined to the negative on the point of constitutional authority, and contemplated the necessity of an amendment. Mr. Madison's course was somewhat singular. In his message at the opening of the session of Congress of 1816—17, he 'particularly invited their attention to the expediency of *exercising their existing powers*, and, when necessary, of resorting to the prescribed mode of enlarging them, in order to effectuate a comprehensive system of roads and canals, such as will have the effect of drawing more closely together every part of our country by promoting intercourse and improvement, and by increasing the share of every part in the common stock of national prosperity.' In pursuance of this recommendation, Congress, a short time before its adjournment, (on the motion of Mr. Calhoun) passed a bill, appropriating for purposes of Internal Improvement, the *bonus* which was to be paid to the General Government by the Bank of the United States, and sent it to the President for his signature on the last day but one of the session. A rumor was soon spread that Mr. Madison intended to return the bill to the House with his *veto*. Mr. Clay, on hearing this, immediately addressed to him a letter, in which he urged him not to reject the bill, but rather,—if he could not conscientiously sign it,—to leave the matter open to his successor, who was to be inaugurated on the following day. Mr. Madison,—in the discharge of what he no doubt believed a positive duty,—returned the bill on the last day of his ad-

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ministration, with a message, in which he stated his belief, that the General Government had not the constitutional power to make internal improvements. Whether he had changed his opinion subsequently to the opening of the session, or whether he had in some way reconciled in his own mind the tenor of his opening and closing messages, are points which we need not here examine. The course of his successor was, probably, somewhat influenced by these proceedings. It is understood, that Mr. Monroe had included in the draft of his inaugural speech, a strong and unqualified recommendation of internal improvements under the authority of the General Government; but that after reading Mr. Madison's message, he was induced, whether from deference to his authority or acquiescence in his reasoning, to modify what he had written, and present his views in the qualified form in which they appear in the published speech. In the interval between his inauguration and the opening of the next session of Congress, he had made up his mind, that the exercise of the power in question was not authorized by the Constitution, and declared in his message, that he should put his negative upon any bill that might be passed for this purpose. His opinions seem to have subsequently undergone another change. In a long and argumentative message, which he addressed to Congress in the session of 1824—5, he took the singular, and plainly untenable ground, that Congress could appropriate money for making internal improvements, but that the money so appropriated could only be expended under the direction of the State Governments. Mr. Monroe's course on this subject during his administration, though uncertain and vacillating, was, therefore, on the whole, unfavorable to the adoption by Congress of a system of Internal Improvement.

The friends of this great measure, like those of Spanish American Independence, were therefore compelled, in the first instance, to encounter the opposition of the Executive department of the Government, which represented at this time a party completely predominant through the whole country. In both cases, Mr. Clay was the principal champion, and had the honor in both of carrying his measures against this powerful counteracting influence. The general outline of the argument is, probably, familiar to most of our readers. It was admitted, on both sides, that the power was not specifically given by the Constitution, and also that Congress had, in addition to the

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powers specifically given, the right of making all laws 'necessary and proper for carrying these powers into effect.' The question was, whether the making of internal improvements, and particularly the laying out of roads and canals, was an exercise of power necessary and proper for carrying into effect any of the specific powers granted by the Constitution. Mr. Clay contended, that it was necessary and proper for carrying into effect the power to establish post-offices and post-roads, and also the power to raise armies and carry on war. This proposition seems, in fact, to be almost too plain for argument. It was, however, asserted by the champions of the opposite opinion, that though, perhaps, convenient for these purposes, it was not indispensably and absolutely necessary. The General Government, instead of laying out new roads, might order the mail to be carried over those which had been laid out by the States, and where there were none, it was natural to suppose that no mail was wanted. The clauses of the Constitution conferring power on the General Government, are to receive the strictest possible construction, and on such a construction, it is evident, that the power now claimed is not to be deduced from them. Such was the logic of the party opposed to improvement. The obvious and unanswerable reply to it was, that the language of the Constitution in all its parts is to receive neither a strict nor a latitudinarian, but a fair and natural construction, and that the general clause alluded to above, when construed in this way, evidently authorizes laws that are suitable and convenient for carrying into effect the great objects of the Government, even though they may not be indispensably necessary.

The objection was, therefore, entirely untenable. It appears to have been suggested, under an honest conviction that a strict construction of the Constitution is essential to the preservation of the liberty of the citizens. It was supposed, that the assumption by the General Government of a power in any way questionable, was a step towards consolidation, and one that threatened the subversion of our free institutions. This view of the subject is continually pressed upon the public mind, no doubt with good intentions, but with very injurious effects. The impression made by it has repeatedly been fatal to plans of acknowledged utility; and has produced at times an almost feverish excitement in particular sections of the country, as, for example, at present in South Carolina. It seems to us to

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involve an important error, the nature of which we shall attempt very briefly to indicate.

The General Government is, undoubtedly, a Government of limited powers, which are distinctly defined in the Constitution, and it is highly proper and expedient, that the various departments of the Government should keep themselves strictly within the line of their respective authorities, according to a fair and natural construction of the terms of the instrument. But we hold it to be quite apparent, that no assumption by the General Government of powers not granted by the Constitution, can be in any way dangerous to the liberty of the citizens or to the preservation of our institutions, for the plain reason, that the only powers of which the use or abuse can ever be dangerous to liberty, are directly and specifically granted. These are the powers of levying taxes, raising armies, and carrying on war. The purse and the sword are the only instruments that are wanted or can ever be employed for the accomplishment of any ambitious purpose. Having abandoned these to the discretion of the General Government, with what propriety can we apprehend danger from the exercise by that Government of the power of founding a University,—establishing a bank,—laying out a road, or building a bridge? This would be about as reasonable, as if a lady, who had granted to one of her admirers the name and essential privileges of a husband, should afterwards consider it hazardous, on the score of delicacy, to accompany him on a journey, or take his arm in a public walk. Did Cæsar, Cromwell, or Bonaparte, subvert the institutions of their respective countries by establishing banks or laying out roads? We have no desire that these or any other powers should be exercised by the General Government, unless they are deducible from the Constitution by a fair and natural construction of its terms; but we say, that whether they are, or are not exercised by the Government, is a matter of perfect indifference to the liberty of the people. The abuse of powers acknowledged to be granted, and not the assumption of such as are doubtful, is the real source of danger. The clamor, which is occasionally raised about the encroachments of the Federal Government, too often serves, if it be not intended, to divert the public attention from the real existing evil of *mal-administration*. The truth is, that the Constitution gives, and was designed to give to the General Government, all the ordinary political powers that are not

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inconsistent with the form of a Republic. It gives, in the first place in terms, the great substantial powers, which may be said to compose the essence of all government, and which are those of laying taxes, carrying on war, administering justice, and making appointments; and then, after specifying various others of less importance, it finally gives the power of making all laws necessary and proper for carrying those powers into effect. It is difficult to conceive of any measure in itself expedient, and not prohibited by express restrictions, that may not constitutionally be adopted under these extensive grants; and it is,—we repeat,—by the abuse of these powers, and not by the assumption of new ones, that we shall finally, if ever, be deprived of our liberties. A single injudicious war tries the institutions of this, or any other country, more than they would be tried by the exercise of all the powers that have ever been objected to as doubtful for a thousand years. We have been led to make these remarks, because we think it important, that the people should distinctly perceive where the danger really lies, and not be induced by false alarms,—whether spread by the ignorance of friends or the arts of secret foes,—to bestow their attention on matters of minor consequence, while they leave the posts that require defence at the mercy of the enemy. But without dwelling any longer on this subject, which, however, would admit of a much fuller developement, we proceed to resume the course of our narration.

In the first Message which President Monroe transmitted to Congress at the opening of the session of 1817–18, he stated, as we have remarked above, that the General Government did not possess the power of making internal improvements. In the March following, Mr. Clay moved in the House of Representatives a resolution, declaring that the General Government has power under the Constitution to appropriate money for the construction of post-roads, military roads, and canals. The two opinions were thus fairly put in issue before the great council of the nation, and the subject was debated for several days with a zeal and perseverance proportioned to its real or supposed importance. Mr. Clay finally carried his motion by a majority of ninety to seventy-five, and from that time forwards, the question may be considered as having been settled. The friends of Internal Improvement proceeded for several years, in the face of a strong opposition, to carry their principles

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into practical effect, and particularly to lay out and complete the great Cumberland road. Mr. Clay was the moving spirit in all these measures, and is fairly entitled to the credit, whatever it may be, of their adoption and success. On the 16th of January, 1824, just before the close of Mr. Monroe's administration, and his own entrance into the department of State, he made his last speech in Congress upon this subject, and immediately on a bill authorizing the President to effect certain surveys and estimates for roads and canals. On this occasion, Mr. Monroe brought forward, in a long and elaborate Message, the singular doctrine alluded to above, that the General Government has the power of appropriating money for internal improvements, but not of expending the money so appropriated, which can only be laid out under the direction of the States. It is needless to point out the palpable errors and inconsistencies of this theory, which was triumphantly refuted by Mr. Clay, and which made no impression on the House or the people. Under the late administration, of which Mr. Clay was a prominent member, the system of Internal Improvement obtained, for the first time, the advantage of an Executive sanction, which with some vacillations, attributable to mere party manœuvring, has been continued to it under the present administration, so that it may now be regarded as the settled policy of the country. As a proof of the high estimation in which the efforts of its great champion are held in the West, it may be mentioned, that a large and beautiful monument of stone has been erected on the Cumberland road, surmounted by a figure representing the Genius of Liberty, and inscribed with the name of HENRY CLAY.

If the objection of a want of constitutional power were not tenable in its application to the making of internal improvements,—where it has a shadow of plausibility,—it was obviously still less so in its application to the other great branch of the American System, commonly called the Protecting Policy, where even this shadow is altogether wanting. The policy had in fact been avowed and acted on by every administration, for a period of thirty years after the commencement of the Government, before it was even questioned,—a length of time sufficient, as we remarked above, to give it the authority of prescription, if there is ever to be any thing settled in our political practice. The objection, though now insisted on to the exclusion of every other by the opponents of this policy, was taken for the first

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time by Mr. P. P. Barbour, of Virginia, at the close of the debate in the House of Representatives, on the tariff of 1824, and does not appear to have been considered at that time as a leading point in the argument. As the force of all other objections founded in considerations of expediency, has been destroyed by the experience of the advantages accruing from domestic manufactures, this has gradually come to be regarded by their opponents as the principal one, and has at last, by being viewed under a strong excitement, been so much magnified, that the pretended encroachments of the Federal Government in this particular, are represented by a pretty numerous party in one of the States as a sufficient justification for open resistance. The futility of the objection may be made apparent in a very few words. The power of laying taxes is not incidental, or inferred by implication from any of the general clauses, but specifically given by the Constitution. The exercise of it from improper motives, or for improper purposes, is therefore not the assumption of a power not given by the Constitution, but the abuse of one that is given. Instead of being the 'deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by the compact,' which, in the language of the Virginia resolutions, would justify a resort to *nullification*, it is an exercise of the first named, and one of the most important of the powers specifically granted by the compact.

It is said, indeed, that the purposes for which taxes are to be laid, are specified in the Constitution; that the protection of domestic industry is not among the number, and that duties imposed with that view, though in form constitutional, are therefore inconsistent with the spirit of the national compact. Those who make such remarks apparently forget, that the objection of a want of constitutional power is in its nature wholly formal, like a plea to the jurisdiction in a court of law. The moment they admit that the protecting policy is consistent with the form of the Constitution, they waive the objection of a want of constitutional power, and place the question on its proper ground of expediency,—has the power of laying taxes, which is given by the Constitution, been rightfully exercised, or has it been abused? But independently of this consideration, let us look at the limits supposed to be set to the power of laying taxes, by the language of the Constitution. 'Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes for the purpose of paying the public debts, and *providing for the common defence and general*

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welfare.' To decide what measures will promote the general welfare, is left entirely to the discretion of the Government. Is it possible to conceive of a grant of power more complete and unlimited? Here is no construction,—no implication. The plain letter of the Constitution gives to the General Government the right of laying taxes for any purpose which they may deem expedient for the promotion of the general welfare. How, then, is it possible, for gentlemen, with their eyes open, and the Constitution before them, to raise the suggestion of a want of constitutional power to impose taxes for the promotion of domestic industry? If, as they say, the protection of domestic industry does not serve to promote the general welfare, Congress, in imposing duties for this purpose, have made an improper exercise of the discretion committed to them by the Constitution. What is the remedy? The same that is provided against the effects of the improper exercise of any constitutional power,—of an unjust war,—a ruinous treaty,—an unprincipled proscription of faithful public servants. The remedies are the ballot-box,—impeachment,—and, if the urgency of the case require a resort to it,—rebellion.

The objection of a want of constitutional power, has not, therefore, in its application to the protecting policy, the slightest appearance of plausibility. It is even admitted, that it could not be sustained in a court of law. Is it not wonderful, then, that gentlemen of distinguished talent, should be found, on the occasion of the exercise by the General Government, of a power specifically granted by the letter of the Constitution, recommending a course, which,—on their own theory,—is only to be resorted to, in the case of 'a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by the compact?' Why not rather say at once, that the case is one of so flagrant an *abuse of power*, as to justify the citizens, who are aggrieved by it, in open resistance? This is what is really meant. This assertion, however groundless in fact, would at least be couched in plain, manly, intelligible language. But then avowed resistance, if unsuccessful, brings upon those who are engaged in it, certain awkward consequences, which we need not here specify, and which the nullifiers would willingly avoid. Like Macbeth in the play, they 'would not play false, and yet would wrongly win.' The object, in short, seems to be to invent a new kind of rebellion, which, if successful, will redress their supposed grievances; if unsuccessful, will permit them to

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sleep quietly in their beds as before. This was not the conduct nor the language of their noble progenitors of 1776, from whom they seem to have degenerated as much in manly firmness, as they have in patriotism, good sense, and a correct understanding of the principles of natural and constitutional liberty.

So much for the objection to the protecting policy now so loudly insisted on, which is founded in the supposed want of constitutional powers in Congress. That of inexpediency, though latterly almost abandoned, and in itself far from being very plausible, is yet, in our opinion, somewhat more so than the other, and may perhaps be thought to deserve on this occasion a passing notice. We are told then on the one hand, that it is inexpedient to endeavor to protect and encourage manufactures, because manufactures are themselves unnecessary. It is of no importance whether the cultivator sells his products abroad or at home, provided he get a good price for them. On the other hand we are told, that if manufactures be,—as is affirmed,—really a profitable and useful employment of labor and capital, they do not need protection and encouragement, because individual capitalists will engage in them with a view to their own interests. Every establishment that is really useful to the community, must, and will exist, by the mere force of circumstances, and without any aid or intervention of Government. To one or the other of these propositions, may be reduced, we believe, all that has been said in the way of objection to the protecting policy, on the score of inexpediency.

The fallacy of both these is easily shown. As to the former, let us imagine two bordering States of the same extent, fertility and of course capacity for supporting population. Let us suppose them to be both agricultural communities, but that one is devoted exclusively to agriculture, while the other contains the manufactures which supply the demand of both; and let us further suppose, that there exists between them a perfect and unshackled freedom of intercourse, unembarrassed by the smallest duty. What would be the consequence? The cultivators of both these States, after consuming themselves such of their products as they had occasion for, would send the surplus to the manufacturing State. Suppose, for argument's sake, that this surplus is one third of the whole produce, and how would the account stand? The manufacturing community

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would consume two thirds of the whole produce of both, while the exclusively agricultural community would consume only one. Their respective degrees of population and wealth would be of course in the same proportion; that is, the exclusively agricultural State, with a territory of equal extent and fertility, and of course with an equal capacity for supporting population and acquiring political power, would possess just one half of the population, wealth, and political power belonging to its more sagacious neighbor. What, again, would be the further consequence? The exclusively agricultural community would be politically at the mercy of the other; and in the course of events would naturally be conquered by it, and become its appendage. And yet the cultivators in both, through all the stages of their progress, sell their produce at the same price. The respective situations of these two supposed communities, are in fact very nearly those of Great Britain and Ireland. These two islands are nearly equal in geographical extent and fertility of soil; but the former has a population about twice as large as that of the latter, a superiority in wealth still more decisive, and so complete a preponderance of political power, that for several centuries past, Ireland has been no better than a conquered province. The only reason, that can be assigned for these differences, is the greater extent to which the resources of Great Britain have been developed by an assiduous cultivation of all the various departments of art and science.

So much for the proposition, that it is of no importance to the community whether the cultivator sell his produce abroad or at home, provided he get a good price for it. The other is,—as we have stated it above,—the ancient *let-me-alone* doctrine of the French merchants. If manufactures be really a profitable and useful employment of capital, they do not require protection, because individuals will engage in them with a view to their own interests. Every citizen, if left to take his course, will do better for himself than the Government can do for him. The answer to this objection is now as familiar as the objection itself. The individual will, no doubt, manage his own concerns better than the Government can manage them for him, and under any given circumstances, will in general make the best possible investment of his property. But he can only look to his own interest, and cannot consult the good of the community any farther than it is necessarily implied in his own. The

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object of Government, on the other hand, in making laws on economical subjects, is to enable the individual, with equal profit to himself, to invest his capital in a manner more beneficial to the community than he otherwise would. The result of the principle contended for, if carried out fully into practice, would be to abolish entirely all government and all society, and to place men in a state of individual independence, which has sometimes, though very improperly, been called a state of nature, but which, in fact, never did and never can exist any where in practice. Man is by nature a social as well as an individual being. There is no part of the conduct of individuals which it is not the right and the duty of society, to a certain extent, to control and regulate; and so far are their economical concerns from forming an exception to this remark, that they are precisely those which constitute every where the leading object of legislation. The principle contended for is, therefore, false in itself, and even as far as it is true, is wholly inapplicable in practice. It may be admitted, that capital and labor, if left to themselves, will in general take the direction, best fitted, under the circumstances of the case, to promote the interest of the individual; but this is one of those barren generalities which are of no use in practice, for the obvious reason, that capital and labor never are, or can be left to themselves, the direction they are to take being continually disturbed by a thousand accidental causes. The history of the world, past, present and to come, always has been, is, and always will be, made up of a series of political changes, more or less violent in their character; of which the less important exercise a decisive influence on the course of individual industry, and the more important change it altogether. In the midst of this chaos of conflicting elements, the Government of the United States are called upon to legislate, as if this country were alone in the world, and as if the course of individual industry would always find its natural level. It is also true in physical science, that water has a tendency to find its level; but what should we think of a ship-master, who, on the strength of this truism, should affirm that the surface of the ocean is in fact always smooth, that the mountainous waves, which at times appear to cover it, are optical illusions, and that the true art of seamanship is to carry full sail in all weathers, blow high or low? He would of course be considered a madman. Yet such is exactly the principle of legislation recommended by the

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opponents of the protecting policy to the Government of the United States. Nor is there the slightest foundation for the suggestion, that protecting duties are a tax upon the other classes of the community for the benefit of manufacturers. It is well known to all who have learned the elements of political economy, that all taxes, in whatever form imposed, operate equally upon every description of labor, and that no tax can be laid,—with whatever intention,—which shall press more heavily upon any one portion of the community than it does upon all the rest. The object of the protecting duties is to promote the general good, by enabling capitalists to invest their capital with safety in a branch of industry, which it is of the highest public importance that we should have at home. To the capitalist himself, it is a matter of entire indifference, whether his capital is employed in one way or another. He can never obtain from it, in any employment, any thing more than the average returns, which are the same in all. When, however, on the faith, and under the encouragement of legislative protection, he has in fact invested his capital in a particular branch of industry, the community are bound by the most solemn obligations, not to make this employment of it unproductive by unnecessary and capricious changes of policy.

Such is the outline of the argument upon this great question. It had been discussed in the Senate of the United States before the war, when the bill was brought in for providing ammunition and public stores; and on that occasion, Mr. Clay, as we have said above, made his first speech in Congress. The return of peace, the stagnation of foreign trade that naturally attended it, and the destruction of our infant manufactures, which had been rapidly growing up during the preceding periods of commercial restriction and war, clearly indicated the insufficiency of the protection heretofore given to domestic industry, and the absolute necessity of proceeding still farther in the same line of policy which had been marked out, at the commencement of the Government, by Washington and Hamilton, and practised upon, ever since, to a greater or less extent, by all their successors. Through the whole progress of this great work, Mr. Clay again stood forward, as the open, fearless, persevering, uncompromising champion of the cause of the country. In the earlier period, his efforts were at times partially, and even for the moment, wholly unsuccessful. In 1816, the duty on woollens, which he had succeeded in obtain-

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ing in Committee of the Whole, when it came to the House, where he could not speak, was reduced. In 1819–20, the whole bill, which, with incredible exertions, he had carried through the House, was rejected in the Senate. In 1824, the struggle was renewed under better auspices, and ended in the complete triumph of the American System. On that occasion, Mr. Webster was among the principal opponents of the protecting policy in the House of Representatives. He seems, in his argument against it, to have relied chiefly upon the example of liberality, which had recently been set by Great Britain in the adoption of the Huskisson policy, without, perhaps, having sufficiently remarked,—what has since been avowed by the authors of that policy,—that their liberality extended, and was meant to extend, no further than it was consistent with a complete protection of domestic industry, in all its branches, against foreign competition. In the year 1828, this question once more came before Congress, and this time with an earnest recommendation of the policy of protection by the Executive department of the Government. Mr. Clay was no longer in Congress, but such had been the advance of public opinion since the subject was last discussed, that his absence was not felt. Notwithstanding the unwearied attempts of a violent opposition, to embarrass the measure by every means in their power, and among others, by the insertion of provisions, which they disapproved themselves, in the hope of making the whole bill unpopular in particular sections, it was carried in both Houses by handsome majorities. The geographical character of the two parties upon this subject, had,—as we have already remarked,—materially changed in the course of the discussions. The New-England capitalists, on the faith and under the encouragement of legislative protection, had made large investments in manufactures, and experience had already shown, that the prosperity of this part of the country depends exclusively upon the progress of this branch of industry. It was found, accordingly, that the Representatives from New-England,—who, on former occasions, had generally opposed the protecting policy,—were now, almost unanimously, in favor of it. Mr. Webster, in particular, now supported the bill in the Senate. On the other hand, the Representatives of the South,—who were the original advocates of the protecting policy,—partly from their habitual jealousy of the North, and partly from a mistaken apprehension that the foreign market

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for their staple productions would be injured by the growth of manufactures at home, now opposed the system with a sort of passion; and at length, after exhausting in vain every other argument against it, discovered at the close of some of the last discussions, that it was unconstitutional. This opposition has been renewed, with greater or less vigor, at each subsequent session of Congress, in attempts to obtain the repeal or reduction of the protecting duties, and will probably be continued for some time to come. In the course of the debates to which these attempts have led, the Southern members have broached, upon the floor of Congress, the wildest novelties in political economy,—some of which have been adverted to in former numbers of this journal,—and have not scrupled to affirm, that if the Government did not, without a moment's reflection, adopt these chimerical fancies, as the basis of a complete reform in the economical legislation of the country, the citizens who deemed themselves aggrieved by the existing system, would be justified in open rebellion;—for such, as we have seen, is the real sense of the newfangled and barbarous term, *nullification*. An opposition, so violent and unreasonable as this, may be expected to exhaust itself pretty soon,—if it have not done so already,—by its own efforts. The protecting policy is fitted to promote all the great interests of the country, agricultural and commercial, as well as manufacturing, and including,—whatever they may think of it,—that of the Southern planters, whose market is obviously extended, instead of being contracted, by the growth of home manufactures. It must of course, in the end, receive the support of all these interests, as it now does of by far the greater proportion of them, and be unanimously recognised as the true policy of the country.

We have dwelt more particularly upon those parts of the American System, which dictate the expediency of opening communications by roads and canals between the different sections of the country, and of affording a legislative protection to home manufactures, because they are those to which the public attention has been, and is more particularly directed, and which are naturally the first in the order of practical application. The material wants of society, though inferior in essential importance, claim the precedence over those which belong to our moral nature, because the satisfaction of the former is an essential preliminary to that of the latter. But we should do injustice to the lofty and patriotic views of the Father of the

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American System, and of those who before and since he stood forth as the champion of this great cause, have labored in support of it with more or less efficiency, if we supposed that the only object of it is to naturalize among us the production of the material comforts of life, and that the only questions connected with it, are whether the General Government have or have not a right to lay out roads and canals, and to impose duties for the protection of domestic industry. The scope and aim of this system are far more large and noble. Its leading principle is the developement of all the resources of the country, political, intellectual and moral, as well as economical. The means by which it proposes to accomplish its object, is the concurrent action of every member of the body politic, in all the various capacities in which he is called upon to exercise influence,—whether through the medium of the General, State, or Municipal Governments,—of voluntary associations for whatever end, or finally within the limited circle of his own personal concerns. A new world of boundless extent and unrivalled natural advantages, capable of maintaining a population of hundreds of millions, spreads its broad bosom before us. This is our inheritance, and with it the noble birth-right of liberty. That single attribute of our nature, by which we claim some distant resemblance to the Divinity, and rise above the control of every earthly power, except the inborn moral law of our own hearts, is here unrepressed by the vicious political institutions that have trammelled and fettered it in every other part of the world. With these unparalleled natural advantages,—with these munificent gifts of Providence at our disposal,—shall we be content to gaze forever in stupid admiration on the products of skill and science that are brought to us from other countries far less favorably situated? Shall we even, like the ignorant natives of our continent, allow foreigners to impose upon us,—as they too often do,—their glittering and worthless trinkets for the real jewels of art and science? The ultimate objects to which our efforts should be directed are, after all, the developement and freedom of the mind. Are the thoughts, the opinions, the feelings that are generated in the impure atmosphere of Europe, fit to be the guides of life in this young, rising, and generous republic? Shall we drink in forever as our daily nutriment, the selfish, sordid, poisonous doctrines that have corrupted the whole literature of the old world, and are wafted to us in ship-loads

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by every wind that blows from that quarter? Shall we practically confess, that we can do nothing more than produce the rude material,—the physical, unimproved man,—and that we must leave it to the superior capacities of enemies and rivals to put on the stamp and fashion,—to breathe in the spirit that gives understanding? Shall we, in short, with the name of national existence, be forever, in substance,—in all that relates to the higher departments of our nature,—the Colonies of Europe? If not, by what means can we accomplish our emancipation? Is it by eternally contending among ourselves about minute points of difference concerning the respective limits of the authorities of the General and State Governments, when the common objects for which both are to be exerted are substantially the same? Is it not rather by the vigorous, untiring, concurrent exertions of individuals, corporations, constituted bodies politic within their respective appropriate spheres? In the vast vineyard in which we labor, there is ample and honorable employment for all. There are numerous objects, which can only be effected by the direct agency of the Federal Government, and for the accomplishment of these the Federal Government has been clothed with all the necessary powers. But is there no room left for the activity of the States? We know what they can do by seeing what they have done. Is the CLINTON CANAL a less magnificent, by which we mean a less really useful achievement, than the Cumberland road? Instead of wasting their time, their labor, their talents, their best and highest feelings in the truly unprofitable attempt to *prevent* each other from concurring in the accomplishment of the common objects of all, let the respective friends of State Rights and of the Federal Constitution rather aid, encourage, and stimulate each other to do as much as possible, and the great work of Internal Improvement will then go on steadily, rapidly, harmoniously, to its final consummation in the complete intellectual, moral, economical, and political independence of the country.

These two important measures, or rather schemes of policy, —the foundation of our relations with the Spanish American States, and the establishment of the American System,—in both which, as we have seen, Mr. Clay took the lead,—must affect essentially and permanently the condition of this continent, and will recommend his name to the respect and gratitude of posterity. In other affairs of equal or even still supe-

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rior temporary interest,—particularly in that of the admission of a portion of the territory of Missouri into the Union as a State,—his influence was equally conspicuous. Mr. Prentice has a very interesting chapter on this subject, of which we would gladly give an abstract; but the length to which this article has already extended, makes it necessary that we should hasten to a close; and we must content ourselves with referring the reader for information on this and several other curious topics to the work itself.

Having stood before the country for at least ten years as the acknowledged leader in the House of Representatives, and having served with success in other stations of the highest trust, it was not unnatural, that when Mr. Monroe retired from the Presidency, Mr. Clay should have been among the persons proposed as his successor. He was, however, still somewhat young to appear as a candidate for that office, and encountered of course the competition of other statesmen more advanced in age. The acknowledged talents and various accomplishments of Mr. Adams,—his long and faithful labors in the diplomatic service, terminated and crowned as they had been by his brilliant and successful negotiations at Ghent, which extorted at the time the reluctant admiration not only of hostile statesmen abroad, but of his bitterest and most rancorous personal enemies at home;—his able administration for eight years of the Department of State, signalized by the establishment of our relations with Spanish America, in regard to which he had acted in the Executive branch of the Government the same part which Mr. Clay had performed in Congress,—by the settlement of the Southern boundary and the acquisition of Florida;—his known generosity of spirit and inflexible uprightness of purpose;—gave him an almost irresistible claim to the suffrages of the people, which, in the minds of all good men, was strengthened by a grateful recollection of the revolutionary services of his venerated father. On the other hand, the glare of military success,—which always exercises so powerful an influence on the uninformed and unreflecting part of the community,—had invested the name of General Jackson with a good deal of popular favor. Of the qualifications which recommended Mr. Crawford as a candidate for this transcendent dignity, we are not particularly informed. After a very short career, in which he had exhibited no pre-eminence of talent, either as a Senator or a diplomatist, he had been placed in the

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Treasury Department by Mr. Monroe, where he had done nothing more than to go through,—not always in the most accurate manner,—with the habitual and easy *routine* of the place. His personal pretensions were of course insignificant; but his political principles were understood to be of a *radical* cast, and this circumstance probably recommended him to certain managers as a person under whose auspices they might attempt, with some prospect of success, to wield the machinery of the old democratic party. Another Southern statesman of distinguished talent and elevated character, but much younger than even Mr. Clay, was exhibited for a moment as a candidate, but was almost immediately withdrawn by his friends. In this conflict of opposing claims,—each sustained by strong sectional interests,—it was of course impossible that a choice should be made by the people. The question, which of the four principal candidates should be brought before the House of Representatives, was naturally determined in part by accident; and it so happened that Mr. Clay,—whose personal pretensions were second only to those of Mr. Adams,—was not among the number. His great influence in the House of Representatives rendered him in a manner the arbiter between the three more successful competitors. The choice was, however, a very easy one. There could be no hesitation about the comparative qualifications of General Jackson and Mr. Adams for the Presidency of the United States; and had the case been different with respect to Mr. Crawford, (which it would not have been, in the mind of any competent judge,) the state of his health was such, as to put him entirely out of the question. The doctrine since contended for by some, that the House were bound to elect the individual who had the highest number of votes, is too absurd to require refutation. Mr. Clay decided, as every other person of common sense and common integrity would have done, under the same circumstances. His character and position in the country designated him as the only candidate for the Department of State, which was offered him by Mr. Adams, as it would have been by any President, and which he accepted. By force of management, a large proportion of the adherents of the three disappointed candidates were induced to unite in opposition to the new administration, which, at the next following election, —not much to the credit of the people of the United States

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on the score of good sense,—they succeeded in overthrowing. Posterity will read the history of these transactions with the same sentiments with which we now read that of the ostracism of Aristides, or the disgrace of the Duke of Marlborough. In the course of the controversy that arose on this subject, the opposition presses,—with the usual recklessness of party animosity,—made no scruple of charging Mr. Clay with corruption. It was obvious to all, who were not completely blinded by passion and prejudice, that any other course than that which he took, would have afforded unequivocal evidence of corruption of the basest kind. The charge was of course not believed for a moment by any impartial man, and the complete and most satisfactory refutation of it which Mr. Clay condescended to furnish in several publications, was, for all such persons, entirely superfluous.

It is not our purpose, however, to enlarge on topics connected with the personal disputes of the day; and as the details of the administration by Mr. Clay of the Department of State are familiarly known to our readers, we shall here close this rapid survey of his political life. Whether it will be his fortune to end it in uninterrupted retirement, or to appear again upon the political theatre in a still higher character than any which he has yet sustained, is a question of small importance to himself, although, in our opinion, of much to the country. In the ordinary peaceful progress of events, which we may venture to hope will not be disturbed for many years to come, a President of the United States has but little opportunity of extending the reputation by which he has raised himself to that dignity. Mr. Clay has already recommended his name to the future historian as a leading actor in the most important political revolutions of the age,—as the founder of a new era in the economical policy of his own country. The honor of the Presidency,—eminent as it undoubtedly is,—can add nothing to such distinction. His name is one, of which the absence from our list of Presidents would be remarked in after times much more than its presence there; as the philosophic Roman historian observes of the statues of Brutus and Cassius, which one of the profligate emperors was afraid to produce in some procession, where he paraded those of most of the heroes and patriots of the Republic, that they were only the more conspicuous from not being seen. *Eo magis refulgebant, quod non videbantur.*

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It may, perhaps, be expected, that we should offer before we close, some remarks upon the peculiar characteristics that distinguish Mr. Clay as a statesman and an orator; but we doubt whether much can be added in this way to the impression produced by a survey of his political career. The only test of eloquence is effect, and the talent of a statesman is best shown by an account of the principles he professes and the measures he recommends. It may be said, however, in general, that Mr. Clay is particularly remarkable, as a politician, for a large and comprehensive scope of mind. He looks at his subject from an elevated point,—takes in at one view all the various considerations that bear upon it, and is thus enabled to give to each its proper relative importance. This faculty is in him the more commendable, inasmuch as it is not the natural result of the professional pursuits to which a large part of his life has been devoted. The ordinary effect of long practice at the bar, is rather to encourage the habit of minute distinctions founded in a nice observation of details, which, though unimportant to the merits of a case, are sometimes decisive of its fate in a court of justice. It has, accordingly, often been remarked in England, that the most eminent lawyers have rarely sustained in Parliament the reputation which they had previously acquired at the bar; and it can hardly be doubted, that it is in consequence of the large number of gentlemen of this profession in Congress, that the regular course of business is so often interrupted by captious and quibbling debates upon questions of constitutional power. A large and comprehensive view of political affairs is also of necessity the only correct one. Setting aside the case of actual corruption, which occurs much less frequently than is commonly supposed, the ordinary source of error is a partial and limited view of the subject under consideration. Personal, local, sectional interests and feelings, absorb the attention and direct the conduct of men of narrow minds. It is only by rising above this limited sphere of vision, and looking exclusively to the general good of the whole, that we are able to discover, under any given circumstances, the true course of policy. This faculty has been,—as we have said,—exhibited in a remarkable manner by Mr. Clay. The eloquence by which he acquired so much influence over his contemporaries, and for a long time swayed in a manner at will the debates in the House of Representatives, is of a warm and

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popular, rather than strictly argumentative cast. His published speeches, probably, do but little justice to it. Some of the best which he ever made,—as, for example, those upon the Missouri Question,—have never been reported; and of those that are reported at length, few, we believe, have been corrected by himself. Even when a speech is reported with care by the speaker himself, and supposing him, which is seldom the case, to be equally distinguished for written and oral eloquence, his work will after all afford a very faint notion of the means, which produced the mighty effect. Who can undertake to represent in written forms of words, the flashing eye,—the quivering lip,—the graceful gesture,—the rich, deep, impassioned tones that thrill with a sort of super-human power to the inmost recesses of the heart? These are, after all, the life and spirit of eloquence; the published speech is a mere skeleton. Those of Mr. Clay, however inadequately they may represent the spoken originals, will compare advantageously with the best specimens of this kind of composition. They have not the deep philosophy of Burke and Mackintosh, nor the high rhetorical finish of Canning; but belong rather to the school of natural and practical orators, which comprehends in England such men as Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, and Burdett, and in this country almost all who have at any time obtained a reputation for eloquence. One of the most elaborate and substantial of Mr. Clay's reported speeches, is that upon the tariff of 1824. It is, in fact, a complete treatise upon the subject, and though the doctrine may not be in every part free from exception, presents, in the main, a masterly view of the true economical policy of the country. The work before us contains a number of extracts from this and the other speeches, selected in general with much judgment; but such fragments hardly give a better idea of the entire work, than the single brick in the Greek fable of the house from which it was taken, and of which it was to serve as a specimen. Rather than attempt to satisfy in this way the expectations that may have been raised in the minds of any of our readers by the present article, we would refer them for the only fair representation that can be conveyed in print,—and that a very imperfect one,—of the speeches of this accomplished orator, to the published collection, of which they will find some notice in a preceding number of this Journal.

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ART. IV.—*Mount Auburn Cemetery.*

Report of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society upon the establishment of an Experimental Garden and Rural Cemetery. Boston. 1831.

There is no feeling in our nature stronger or more universal than that which insists upon respect for the dead. It is found in every age and nation. The savage shows a kindness and reverence to the dead, which he never pays the living; and enlightened man ranks it among the most sacred of his duties, to offer the last sacrifice of affection at the grave. If the belief prevailed now, as in ancient days, that the spirits of the unburied suffered for the neglect of their friends, this feeling might be more easily accounted for; but it does not seem to partake of superstition; it is rather sentiment, enlightened, just, and manly sentiment, influencing not only the intelligent, but many beside, who in general seem to be strangers to strong and delicate feeling. The light-hearted soldier, at the grave of his comrade, feels a heaviness which makes him a better man for the time; the rough seaman leans thoughtfully over the side of his vessel, till the waters which the plunge of the corpse has broken, are calm and unconscious again. At every village funeral, when the dead lies in the midst of the living, with a fixed and calm serenity on his brow,—with an unsearchable depth of meaning in his features, which no mortal eye may read,—if it be only a child perishing in the daybreak of its existence, whose loss will be as little felt in the world at large as the withering of a garden-flower,—still he is for the time invested with the commanding majesty of death; children join their hands and look timidly around them; old men lean upon their staves and ponder; though *among them*, he seems no longer *of them;* the air of gentle and firm reserve on his countenance gives the impression that he sees what we cannot see, hears what we cannot hear, and is already acquainted with those mysteries of the future, which the living desire and yet tremble to know.

Neither does this interest in the dead cease when they are hidden from our eyes. It follows them to the grave, and makes us regard as sacred the place where we have laid them. The burial-place is the retreat of the thoughtful; the shoes of care and passion are put off by those who enter the lonely ground.

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It has a good effect upon the feelings; it makes the unfortunate more reconciled to this world, and the gay more thoughtful of another. The cold ghastliness of the sculptured marble,—the grey stone sinking, as if weary of bearing its unregarded legends of the ancient dead; the various inscriptions showing, sometimes, what the dead were, but still oftener what they ought to have been, subdue the heart to sadness, though not to gloom. And what a lion in the path is the public feeling, to all who would disturb the repose of the tomb! It is easier to rifle the mansion of the living, than the narrow house of the dead; for the living can protect themselves, and therefore are less regarded, while the whole moral force of a wide region is at once in arms to resent an insult offered to the dead. This feeling may be excessive,—perhaps it is,—but no one can deny that it is energetic and strong. We do not condemn nor defend it; but the thirsty vengeance with which it pursues offenders, shows how deep is the reverence of the living for the dead.

One reason why the home of the dead is thus sacred, is, that this is the place where we lose them. Up to this place we follow them through the changes of life and death; but at the gates of the tomb, they are taken and we are left. We are forcibly driven back, and the mind loses itself in earnest conjectures respecting their destiny,—what it may be, now it is thus widely separated from ours. The most striking view we ever saw of the great cataract of our country, represented simply the waters above, and the long line where they lean to dash below; the rest was left to the imagination, which made out for itself a more profound impression of the grandeur of the scene, than representation or description by measure could possibly have given. Thus it is with the surface of the ground where the dead are laid; hitherto we come, but no further; we see not how nor where they are gone; this is the boundary, beyond which the living cannot go nor the dead return; and it arrests and chains the imagination, like the place in the ocean where some gallant wreck went down.

This will account for the universal interest which the cities of the dead inspire; but not for all the tenderness with which the dead are regarded. This is owing to what Adam Smith calls our sympathy with the dead. Where and what they are now we do not know; we therefore still represent them to our minds with feelings like our own. It seems to us as if they

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must be conscious when the light step of affection moves above, as if the stranger, rudely trampling above them, might disturb their profound repose. We are glad when we see a sunbeam on the green roof of their narrow mansion, as if it could light up the darkness below; and if we see a tree or a flower planted above them, we feel as if they must revive and rejoice in the pledge that their memory is still treasured by some who loved them. We feel bound to remember them, as we would wish ourselves to be remembered, after we have gone in that narrow way where there are no traces of returning feet.

Allow that all this is imagination. Still it is universal; it must and will be regarded. The man will lose the respect of the living, who does not venerate the dead. However much we disdain these feelings and fancies of our nature, we must submit to them, or the great verdict of mankind will be against us. If a stranger enter a village, he judges the character of its inhabitants by the aspect of their burial-ground; and if he see a place abandoned to decay, surrounded by a coarse enclosure of decaying materials,—a place where nature throws her verdure and flowers luxuriantly, as if upbraiding the cold neglect of man,—his most natural feeling is contempt for the living, and compassion for the dead. So too in our cities, where we see the place of death upon the busy street, where the sounds of life are brought into rude contrast with the silence of the grave, where towering mansions overlook the field, as if waiting impatiently for the elements to waste the marble of the tombs, that they may usurp the inheritance of the dead, it gives us a double feeling of regret, that the founders of the city had not foreseen it, and that the present inhabitants do not bring trees and flowers to take away the desolation of the spot, while they resolve to place the dead in future beyond the possible reach of violation.

It is interesting to observe the effect of this reverence for the dead in different ages of the world. How many mansions of death remain, when ancient houses of the living are gone! The tombs of Hadrian and Metella have outlasted the palaces of the Cæsars; the Egyptian tomb of the kings remains perfect, when the pyramids are nameless ruins. Even in this country, the moss-grown stone outlasts the most durable habitations of our fathers. It would seem as if man desired to re-assure himself, in the presence of death, that he is not all frailty, by raising monuments, which long after he is gone, may resist the waste

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of time. Generally, the place selected for the repose of the dead has been chosen, in consistency with the sympathy of which we have spoken; in places lonely, but not deserted, where the beauty of nature is heightened by the care of man, where the gloom of death cannot sadden the hearts of the living, nor the labor of life stand in too close contrast to the stillness of the dead.

We find in the earliest authentic history of the human race, that Abraham, when Sarah died, buried her in a place of this description. There is a beautiful simplicity in the account of his intercourse with the children of Heth on this occasion. In their respect for his excellence and greatness, they besought him to take any of their sepulchres, but he declined the proposal. When he had signified what spot of ground he desired to have, the owner entreated him to accept it as a gift; but this also he declined; and the proprietor consented to accept four hundred pieces of silver for the field, and all *the trees that were within its limits and on its borders.* This circumstance, thought worthy of being noticed in a history so general, shows that he had some regard to the beauty of the place; and with a similar taste, groves and gardens seem to have been chosen as the burial-places of all the Hebrews, who were rich enough to possess them. When Jacob was dying in Egypt, he could not bear the thought of being committed to the earth in the distance and solitude of a foreign land, and he charged his children to secure to him the privilege of sleeping with his fathers. Joseph, when dying, exacted a similar promise from his children. Doubtless, this earnestness was in part inspired by associations connected with the place of death.

It is not improbable that the Israelites learned this reverence for the dead in Egypt, which Abraham had visited in his earlier days. It is certain that they borrowed the practice of embalming, in which the Egyptians excelled all other nations. This singular practice, doubtless, originated in a desire to preserve the features of the departed for the satisfaction of their descendants, and may have been serviceable in keeping up the memory and example of virtue. It is said, that the mummies were sometimes introduced at their festivals. Doubtless the bodily presence of those who were distinguished in their day, must have exerted a powerful influence on those who saw them; but the thought of death must be presented in such a manner as makes it welcome; if it come when unbidden or

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unsuited to the place and time, it does more injury than good. And this is a reason for placing the tomb in the midst of the beauty and luxuriance of nature, from which the soul is always ready to look to the grand and solemn vision of death. The great Egyptian Cemetery was in a place of this description. It was on the farther shore of the lake Acherusia, near Memphis, ornamented with trees and water-courses, and answering to the Elysian fields of later times. On the nearer side of the lake was assembled the celebrated court, which sat in judgment on the dead. The more wealthy Egyptians sacrificed this true taste for nature to their ambition of splendor; their mummies were gathered in catacombs, whence, after an immortality of three thousand years, they are stolen as curiosities or plundered of their aromatic gums. The tomb of the kings, discovered by Belzoni, abounded in magnificence, and the plastering on its walls was so fresh and brilliant, that his richest colors were pale beside them. The pyramids do not seem to have been intended exclusively, if at all, as monuments of the dead. When Belzoni opened the second, bones were found in a *sarcophagus* in the central chamber, which turned out to be those of a sacred animal, and not of man.

What importance was attached to the rites of sepulture among the Hebrews, appears from the well known vision, in which Isaiah described the downfall of the Assyrian king; prophesying, how he should sink in all his glory beneath the mightier arm of death. The prophet represents the whole earth as rejoicing in his overthrow, and saying, with its thousand voices, 'How hath the oppressor fallen! the golden city fallen! The fir-trees, (which were the chiefs of Israel,) rejoice, saying, now thou art cut down, no destroyer will come up against us.' And where is he, whose ruin causes all this exultation? His corpse is cast out by the way-side, and thus visited with the deepest dishonor; there, way-farers find him, and triumph over him, as he lies helpless before them. They gaze earnestly upon him, saying, 'Is this the man that made the earth tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world a wilderness?' They taunt him with his being thus cast out by the way-side like an accursed thing, and compare him with those whose remains enjoy the honors of the tomb. 'The kings of the earth,' they say, 'lie in glory, every one with his sword under his head; but thou art cast out from the grave, because thou hast destroyed thy land and slain thy people.'

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And when, in the continued vision, he arrives at the entrance of the vast cavern, in which the embalmed remains of his royal race were laid, the whole realm of death rises up to meet him; chiefs and kings break the slumber of years; they bend their stern brows on their degenerate son, the last and most unworthy of their mighty line, and say, in anger and scorn, 'Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? How art thou fallen from Heaven, bright morning-star!' That the Assyrian oppressor should be thus deprived of funeral honors, is described as the last vengeance of the Almighty. 'The worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.' The whole vision shows in an impressive manner, what a reproach and misfortune it was then considered, to lose the shelter of the grave.

There is no doubt, then, of the importance attached by the Hebrews to the burial of the dead; and this, as well as their patriotism, is a feeling which stands out in contrast to their usual hardness. In fact, the grave, in all countries and times, is the place where the best feelings are awakened; the conflicts of passion cease there, and all other feelings are lost in sympathy and concern for those who sleep within its narrow bounds. Before Christianity came, it was all the world had to remind them, that all must be equal at last, and that the rich must come from his palace and the poor from his labor, to sleep side by side in death. And to their honor be it said, they welcomed the thought, and took pleasure in being reminded of their duties.

But while all ancient nations united in doing the utmost honor to the departed, there was no uniformity in the selection of their places of rest. Among the Hebrews, the sepulchre was sometimes, like our Saviour's, in a garden; sometimes under a tree, and sometimes hewn from the sides of the rock. They were as various as the wealth and the ambition of the people; but it seems clear, that where the ground would not admit of cultivation, they kept up a simple and expressive custom of strewing the grave with flowers. The Greeks and Romans, likewise, buried their dead in groves and gardens, sometimes by the borders of the public roads, where their names might be often brought to the remembrance of those who passed by. The Athenian Ceramicus, the cemetery which received those who had lived or died in the service of their country, was ornamented in such a manner as to make it a pleasant resort for all who wished to borrow inspiration to noble deeds. In the

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registry of all antiquity, we find the same evidence of the fact, that death carried with it a title of respect; the king of terrors imparted something of his own majesty to all the victims of his power. The grave was the place where the living looked their last upon the dead; and to surround it with proofs of the interest with which it inspired them, was thought the least that affection or esteem could do.

On one point, the testimony of the ancient world seems to have been unanimous and decided; we mean as to the propriety of removing the dead from the immediate vicinity of the living; not that they apprehended injurious effects upon the health of their cities; but guided by sentiment and propriety alone, they agreed in the necessity of this separation. The rule seems to have been generally observed, except in case of those whose wealth and vanity enabled them to break through it, or of public men, who were thought to have earned a right to sleep in the midst of the city for which they had shed their blood. Burying in churches is an invention of comparatively modern times. Constantine is said to have been the first, who ordered his sepulchre to be erected within the consecrated walls, and the superstition which attended the imperfect Christianity of the earlier ages, led others to follow his example; the church being regarded as a fortress, whose spiritual defences would keep off the evil spirits, which were always striving to break the rest of the dead. We cannot speak confidently with respect to the danger to health which arises from such practices. It has probably been over-rated, if, indeed, it exist at all. But, apart from this, there are reasons of a different character, why the dead should be removed from the intrusive and engrossing neighborhood of the living, where their memory is sure to perish, and their remains, after being allowed to rest so long as friends can remember and defend them, are at last trampled under feet.

We know there are those, who say it is of little importance where dust returns to dust; who say they care not what becomes of the body, when the soul has left it. But this philosophic contempt of such things is not a natural feeling. The least thing associated with the remembrance of a departed friend, is consecrated in every good mind; and whoever treats such memorials with indifference, however he may boast his own freedom from prejudice, shocks the moral sense of mankind. If there are some, who reason themselves into indifference, with

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many these thoughts are full of power. We know that Christianity has exalted the claims of the mind, and taught its disciples to deem lightly of the suffering and even the destruction of the body, compared with the welfare of the immortal part. But religion is never at war with nature; and the same religion, which requires the sacrifice of every thing at the call of duty, allows the fullest indulgence to every natural and innocent feeling.

There are examples in modern history, which show how important it is to guard and respect the quiet of the grave. It was an evil hour for the Stuarts, when their unmanly vengeance cast out Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw from their tombs; it turned the moral feeling of the world against them. And we doubt not that much of the interest which still attaches to the name of Napoleon, is owing to the circumstance of his lonely sepulchre in the heart of the seas, as if his remains were banished from the presence of men. Far better would it have been to let him rest in *Père-la-Chaise*, where the enthusiasm of his adorers could spend itself upon his grave. In his character, there was very little to admire or love; but his imprisonment on a rock in the ocean had made many feel for him as an exile, who cared nothing for his glory. They feel, too, as if the dead who can offend no longer, might be permitted to sleep in the land which is still covered with the blaze of his renown. Such, if we may depend on an ancient history, was the judgment of Louis XI., by no means the worthiest of the kings of France. No one can believe that he was influenced by any generous feeling; but when he was solicited to deface the monument of Bedford, the great Regent of France, he indignantly refused. 'What honor will it be to me,' said he, 'to deface the sepulchre of a man, whom my fathers could not prevail against while he lived; a man, whose wit and valor shame the proudest of us all? I rather say, May God have mercy on his soul!' This accomplished hypocrite had wisdom enough to know, that policy and his own interest, setting aside generosity, required of him to respect the dead.

The Report which has led us into these reflections, is signed by the President of the Horticultural Society, and it could not appear under better auspices; this gentleman, and those associated with him, having secured the respect of many in every part of our community, by their liberality in giving all kinds of aid to those, whose pursuits are similar to their own.

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Their object is a very important one; it is to teach those who have wealth and leisure, how they may make themselves happy not only without injuring others, but with direct benefit to their fellow-men; to show them that in order to secure enjoyment for themselves, there is no need of inventing new pleasures; that they have only to learn to value those which are always under their eye; and that Nature,—'this beautiful visible world,'—opens a never-failing paradise to those who are content to be innocent and well employed. The plan proposed to the community in this Report, comes naturally within the sphere of their liberal exertions. The design is, to teach the community to pay more respect to the dead. In this particular we are certainly behind other countries. In most nations of Europe there are at least a few public cemeteries, which a stranger can visit without feeling that the dead are neglected. We are told in the Report, that the Turks, half savage as they are, have long made it a practice to plant evergreens in their place of tombs. The modern cities of Europe have begun to feel, that it is not well that infidels should triumph over them in this respect. *Père-la-Chaise* in Paris is now celebrated throughout the world. The impression which it makes on the mind of every traveller, is the best proof of the good taste which designed it. The larger cities of England are beginning to follow this good example. In our country, New-Haven has the merit of making the first approach to this kind of improvement; but the example was not followed. The burying-place continues to be the most neglected spot in all the region, distinguished from other fields only by its leaning stones and the meanness of its enclosure, without a tree or shrub to take from it the air of utter desolation. We cannot but hope that the cemetery about to be established will put our cities and villages to shame, and spread a better taste and feeling in this respect throughout the whole country.

The place selected for the cemetery is Mount Auburn, in Cambridge, about three miles from Boston, and easily approached either by the road or the river which washes its borders. It affords every variety of soil and elevation, which trees or flowers would require, with streams and meadows, from which ponds may be made for plants which love the water. The plants of every climate may find there a suitable home. It might be thought that it would require many years to cover it with verdure; but Nature has anticipated this objec-

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tion; it being already clothed with trees and shrubs of almost all descriptions, which grow in this part of the country. The most striking part of this tract is a conical hill of considerable height, which commands an extensive and beautiful prospect. This is reached by a gentle ascent, which winds like a road round the hill, with valleys on each side, and is so exact in its bearing, that it is difficult to persuade one's-self that man had no agency in forming it. The top of the height is an admirable place for a monument intended to be seen at a distance, and the sides will afford room for the resting-place of many generations. The whole country would not afford a better spot for the purpose than this. It is consecrated already by many delightful associations in the memory of most of those, who have left the University for many years past; and the plan proposed, instead of breaking up this favorite resort, would only render it better suited to aid the inspirations of science, feeling, or imagination. There is something unpleasant to many, in the idea of cultivating the place of death. This may be owing to the old prejudice, which regards nature and art as opposed to each other. Nature, under all circumstances, was meant to be improved by human care; it is *unnatural* to leave it to itself; and the traces of art are never unwelcome, except when it defeats the purposes and refuses to follow the suggestions of nature.

We trust that the public spirited authors of this design will consider themselves as giving a direction to the public taste; and that they will therefore not suffer the ground to be disfigured with dungeon-like tombs, which are only suited to the cellars of churches and burying-places in cities, where the dead cannot find room to lie dust to dust. The monuments also deserve regard. The stiff and ungainly head-stone should be banished to give place to the *cippus*, or some simple form suited to resist the elements, and receive inscriptions. But the ornaments of the sepulchre should be trees and flowers. Let the monuments be found in the noble forests of our land; let them not be such as the elements waste, but such as time only strengthens and repairs.

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ART. V.—*Indian Biography.*

The Fall of the Indian, with other Poems. By ISAAC McLELLAN, JR. 12mo. Boston. 1830.

The poems contained in this little volume evince a highly cultivated taste, and no inconsiderable power in the young author. As a juvenile production, they can hardly be subjected with fairness to the test of formal criticism; but should Mr. McLellan devote himself to poetry, we think we can assure him, that with due diligence and a careful study of the best models, he may attain an enviable rank among the masters of the art. Should circumstances, as is more probable, give a different direction to his future pursuits, the same vigor and vivacity of genius which prompted these essays will, we doubt not, raise him to an honorable standing in one of the learned professions. The subject of the principal poem, which gives its title to the volume, is one among other evidences of the interest that is now felt among us in the history and character of the original inhabitants of our continent. This is a topic of high importance, under various points of view, and it is particularly desirable that it should be thoroughly examined, while the last remnants of this unfortunate race are still lingering round the tombs of their ancestors. Much has been done within a few years by the learned labors of Duponceau, Heckewelder, Pickering, Cass, and others, to illustrate their institutions, language, and history; but much more is yet to be effected, and before the subject is exhausted, there is room to fear that the unfortunate policy of the Government may have anticipated the fate, which seems to have been reserved in the decrees of Providence for these children of the forest. With a view, however, of gratifying what we conceive to be the public feeling on the subject, and of exciting others to more methodical inquiries, we propose on the present occasion to offer in a desultory form, a few anecdotes of some of the most remarkable of the original inhabitants of this quarter of the country.

The clearest, if not the completest classification of the New-England Indians, at the date of the settlement of Plymouth, includes five principal confederacies, each occupying their own territory, and governed by their own chiefs. The Pequots inhabited the eastern part of Connecticut. East of them were the Narraghansetts, within whose limits Rhode-Island, and various smaller islands in the vicinity were comprised.

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The Pawtucket tribes were situated chiefly in the southern section of New-Hampshire; the Massachusetts tribes around the bay of their own name; and between these upon the north and the Narraghansetts upon the south, the Pokanokets claimed a tract of what is now Bristol county, (Rhode-Island) bounded laterally by Taunton and Pawtucket rivers for some distance, together with large parts of Plymouth and Barnstable.

This confederacy exercised some dominion over the Indians of Nantucket and Martha's-Vineyard, and over several of the nearest Massachusetts and Nipmuck tribes;—the latter name designating an interior territory, now mostly within the boundaries of Worcester county. Of the Pokanokets, there were nine separate cantons or tribes, each governed by its own petty sagamore or squaw, but all subject to one grand-sachem, who was also the particular chief of the Wampanoag canton, living about Montaup. This celebrated eminence (frequently called, by corruption of the Indian name, Mount-Hope) is a mile or two east of the village of Bristol. It is very steep upon all sides, and terminates in a large rock, having the appearance to a distant spectator, of an immense dome. It was the favorite residence of Philip, Alexander, Massasoit,* and the long line of royal ancestry who probably preceded them; and they could scarcely have chosen one more creditable to their taste. It commanded a magnificent prospect of Providence and the surrounding country and bay.†

The first knowledge which we have of Massasoit and his Wampanoag subjects, is furnished in the collections of Purchas, on the authority of a Captain Dermer, the Master Thomas Dirmire spoken of by John Smith in his *New-Eng-*

* We have given the most simple orthography of this word. It is frequently written Massasoyt, Massasoiet, Massasowat, &c. Mr. Belknap says, (American Biography,) that contemporary pronunciation made it a word of four syllables, with the accent on the second,—Mas-sass-o-it. The sachem subsequently assumed another name, which has undergone still more various modifications,—Oosamequin, Woosamequin, and Ausamequin, are some of them.

† And such too, it may be added, was the location of Sassacus, the chief sachem of the Pequots. His principal fortress, on a beautiful hill in the town of Groton, (Connecticut,) commanded, as Dr. Trumbull observes, one of the finest prospects of the Sound and the adjacent country which is to be found upon the coast. His other strong hold was a few miles east of this, near Mystic river, upon a beautiful eminence, gradually descending toward the south and south-east.

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land Trialls, as 'an vnderstanding and industrious gentleman, who was also with *him* amongst the Frenchmen.' Dermer was sent out from England in 1619, by Sir F. Gorges, on account of the President and Council of New-England, in a ship of two hundred tons. He had a Pokanoket Indian with him, named Squanto, one of about twenty who had been kidnapped on the coast by Captain Hunt, in 1614, and sold as slaves at Malaga for twenty pounds a man.* Squanto and a few others of the captives were either rescued or redeemed, by the benevolent interposition of some of the monks upon that island. 'When I arrived,' says Dermer in his letter to Purchas, 'at my savage's native country, finding all dead, I travelled along a day's journey to a place called Mummastaquyt, where, finding inhabitants, I despatched a messenger a day's journey further west, to Pacanokit, which bordereth on the sea; whence came to see me two kings, attended with a guard of fifty armed men, who being well satisfied with that my savage and I discoursed unto them, (being desirous of novelty) gave me content in whatsoever I demanded. Here I redeemed a Frenchman, and afterwards another at Masstachusitt, who three years since escaped shipwreck at the northeast of Cape Cod.' One of these two kings,—as the sachems were frequently entitled by the early writers,—must have been Massasoit, so well known afterwards to the Plymouth settlers; and probably the second was his brother Quadepinah. Mummastaquyt was no doubt the place where Edward Winslow speaks of tarrying, on his embassy to Massasoit in 1623, by him called Namaskhet, and now known as a part of Middleborough. As to 'finding inhabitants,' Winslow concluded that he was near the residence of Massasoit here, because 'the inhabitants flocked so thick upon every slight occasion amongst them.' The 'native country' of Squanto was the vicinity of Plymouth, where the Indians are understood to have been

* It is gratifying to learn from Smith that Hunt was punished, though not according to the baseness of his infamous crime. 'He betraied foure and twentie of these poore Saluages aboord his ship, and most dishonestly and inhumanely for their kinde usage of me and all our men, carried them with him to Maligo, and there for a little priuate gaine sold those silly Saluages for Rials of eight; *but this vilde act kept him ever after from any more imploiement to these parts.*'—Generale Historie of New-England, published in 1632.

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kidnapped. Thousands of them, there as well as elsewhere along the whole coast of New-England, had been swept off by a terrible pestilence.

The first appearance of Massasoit after the settlement of Plymouth, was upon the 22d of March, 1621, a week previous to which some information concerning him had been gathered from an Indian named Samoset, who entered the village with great boldness, and greeted the inhabitants with a 'welcome.' On the second occasion, he came in with four others,—having engaged to introduce some of the Wampanoags, to traffic in furs,—among whom was Squanto, at that time probably the sole remaining native of Plymouth. This party brought a few fish and skins to sell, and informed the English that the great sachem, with his brother and his whole force, were near at hand. Massasoit soon appeared upon the neighboring hill, with sixty men. As they seemed unwilling to approach nearer, Squanto was despatched to ascertain their designs; and they gave him to understand, that they wished some one should be sent to hold a parley. Edward Winslow was appointed to this office, and he immediately carried presents to the sachem, which were willingly accepted. He addressed him also in a speech of some length, which the Indians listened to with the decorous gravity characteristic of the race, ill-explained as it was by the interpreter. The purport of the speech was, that King James saluted the sachem, his brother, with the words of peace and love; that he accepted him as his friend and ally; and that the Governor desired to see him, and to trade and treat with him upon friendly terms. Massasoit appears to have made no special reply to this harangue, for the sufficient reason, probably, that he did not precisely comprehend the drift of it. He paid more attention to the sword and armor of Winslow while he spoke; and when he had ceased speaking, signified his disposition to commence the proposed trade forthwith by buying *them*. They were not, however, for sale; and so, leaving Winslow in the custody of his brother, he crossed a brook between him and the English, taking with him twenty of the Wampanoags, who were directed to leave their bows and arrows behind them. Beyond the brook he was met by Captain Standish and another gentleman, with an escort of six armed men, who exchanged salutations with him, and attended him to one of the best houses in the village. Here, a green rug was spread

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upon the floor, and three or four cushions piled on it for his accommodation. The Governor then entered the house, followed by several soldiers, and preceded by a flourish of a drum and trumpet,—a measure probably recommended by Standish, and which answered the purpose of delighting and astounding the Wampanoags, even beyond expectation. It was a deference paid to their sovereign, which pleased as much as it surprised them. The sachem and the Governor now kissed each other, and after the interchange of certain other civilities, sat down together, and regaled themselves with what Neal calls an entertainment. It consisted, it seems, chiefly of 'strong waters, a thing the savages love very well; and the sachem took such a large draught of it at once, as made him sweat all the while he staid.' Other historians represent him as having been under some alarm during the conference, which was manifested by his trembling; but the latter fact, if it be one, may possibly be attributed to some other cause. A treaty was concluded upon this occasion, the terms of which were as follows.

1. That neither he, nor any of his (Massasoit's) should injure or do hurt to any of their people.

2. That if any of his did any hurt to any of theirs, he should send the offender, that they might punish him.

3. That if any thing were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored, and they should do the like to his.

4. That if any did unjustly war against him, they would aid him; and if any did war against them, he should aid them.

5. That he should send to his neighbor confederates, to inform them of this, that they might not wrong them, but might be likewise comprised in these conditions of peace.

6. That when his came to them upon any occasion, they should leave their arms behind them.

7. That so doing, their Sovereign Lord, King James, would esteem him as his friend and ally.

'All which,' says Morton,—and some other annalists agree with him,—'he liked very well, and withal, at the same time, acknowledged himself content to become the subject of our Sovereign Lord the King aforesaid, his heirs and successors; and gave unto him all the lands adjacent, to him and his heirs forever.' This acknowledgement of the sovereignty of the

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King, if it really made a part of the agreement, certainly deserved a place as a distinct article; being by far more important than all the others. The grant of land,—and this grant constituted the entire title of the Plymouth settlers, as against the natives,—is confirmed by subsequent transactions, and especially by the acts of Massasoit. But his submission to the authority of King James, as a subject to a sovereign, is more doubtful; nor does it by any means accord with the seventh express article. That the treaty itself also was not preserved precisely as it was probably understood, may be inferred from the variations of it given by Mourt in his Relation. According to *his* sixth article, for example, a just reciprocity is maintained, by providing that the English should leave their *pieces* behind them in their interviews with the Indians. This distinction between alliance and subjection,—at least in the mind of one of the parties,—seems to have been too much overlooked; especially by those writers, who also confound the renewal of an old treaty,—as Alexander and Philip are understood to have renewed this,—with the making of a new one in conformity to constructions which a single party might gratuitously put upon the old. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether there is any other foundation than this same mistake, for the freedom with which Hubbard, Mather, and several others, characterize the last named Prince particularly, as a treacherous and perfidious caitiff,—a notorious traitor,—the villain,—and the grand REBEL.

Such, however, was the first treaty made with the Indians of New England,—a passage in its history of great interest. It was made upon peaceable and honorable terms. The Indians came in voluntarily to make it; and though they received as a consideration for the immense territory granted at the time, only a pair of knives, and a copper chain with a jewel in it for the grand sachem; and a knife, a jewel to hang in his ear, a pot of strong water, a good quantity of biscuit, and some butter for Quadepinah,*—yet were all parties satisfied with the substance as they were gratified by the ceremonies of the agreement. It is pleasing to learn from history, that this simple negotiation was remembered and adhered to

* So minutely is the transaction described in *The Journal of a Plantation at Plymouth*, preserved by Purchas, and re-published among the Historical Collections of Massachusetts. There is reason to think that Winslow was the author.

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on both sides for the unparalleled term of half a century; nor was Massasoit, or any of the Wampanoags during his life-time, convicted by the harshest revilers of his race, of having violated, or attempted to violate, any of its plain, just, and deliberate provisions.

The two parties seem to have regarded each other on this occasion with a curiosity of equal interest and minuteness; for while the sachem was inspecting the armor of Winslow, and his Wampanoags exerting themselves to blow the trumpet in imitation of their hosts,* the English by-standers, on the other hand, were making their own observations. The writer of the *Journal of a Plantation settled at Plymouth*, describes Massasoit as 'a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech.' In his attire, he is said to have differed little from the rest of his followers, excepting that he wore a large chain of white bone-beads about his neck, which was, probably, one of the royal *insignia;* and that he had suspended from it behind, a little bag of tobacco, which he *drank*, says the writer, 'and gave us to drink.' His appearance otherwise does not seem to have been particularly elegant; his face being painted of a sad red, like murrey, and both head and face so oiled that he 'looked greasily.' His only weapon was a long knife, swinging at his bosom by a string. His attendants were probably arrayed for this great occasion with peculiar attention to etiquette; some of them being painted black, others red, yellow, or white; some wearing crosses and 'other antick works;' and several of them dressed in furs or skins of various descriptions. Being tall, strong men also, and the first natives whom most of the Colonists had ever seen near at hand, they must have made to them a somewhat imposing, as well as interesting spectacle. Leaving a few of their number among the whites, as hostages, the Wampanoags retired to the woods about half a mile distant and spent the night; and Winslow acted as *their* hostage. The English were not yet prepared, it would seem, to put faith in the professions of savages; for they kept strict watch all night, besides retaining the security just named. Their guests, on the contrary, enjoyed themselves quietly in the woods; and there were some of their wives and children

* 'He marvelled much at our trumpet, and some of his men would sound it as well as we could.'—*Journal.*

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with them, who must have come upon this courteous visit from a distance of forty miles. The sachem sent several of his people the next morning, to signify his wish that some of his new friends would honor *him* with their presence. Standish and one Alderton* 'went venturously' among them, and were cordially, if not royally welcomed with an entertainment of tobacco and ground-nuts. 'We cannot yet conceive,' continues our still unsatisfied informant, 'but that he is willing to have peace with us; for they have seen our people sometimes alone two or three in the woods at work and fowling, when they offered them no harm, as they might easily have done.' They remained at their encampment till late in the forenoon; the Governor requiting the sachem's liberality, meanwhile, by sending an express messenger for his large kettle, and filling it with dry peas. 'This pleased them well; and so they went their way;'—the one party as much relieved, no doubt, as the other was gratified.

Such was the earliest visit, of ceremony or business at least, which the natives of New-England paid to the Colonists. The account given of it, though *ex parte*, as all such descriptions must be, is honorable to the former in the highest degree. They show that many, if not most of the savages, who were fairly dealt with, were at first as sensible and as prone to kindness as could have been wished. They went unarmed among the settlers without fear, disposed to be honest and friendly at all events, and as hospitable as their means permitted. It will appear in the sequel, that they continued so for a long course of years, as they also continued faithful to their express obligations. It is worth noticing, that Samoset and Squanto remained with the Colonists on the departure of Massasoit, probably with his permission, if not by his order. They subsequently instructed their new friends as to the best time, places and methods of taking fish,† and in the simple agriculture of their country-

* From whom the outer point of Boston harbor is said to have been named.

† We shall be excused for citing these pleasant passages, trifling as they are. It is said, that on one occasion,—'Squanto went at noon to fish for eels, at night he came home with as many as he could lift in one hand. He had trod them with his feet, and so caught them with his hands, without any other instrument.' An interesting notice of this savage might be collected, were there space for it in a note. We

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men, showing them particularly how their *Indian corn* should be planted.

We meet with Massasoit again in July, 1621; an embassy being then sent to him at his own residence, Montaup or Sowams. This embassy consisted of Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins; and the objects of it were, says Mourt,* 'that *forasmuch as his subjects came often and without fear upon all occasions amongst us*,' so the English went now to visit him, carrying with them a coat from the Governor to his friend the sachem, as a token of good will, and desire to live peaceably. It was farther intimated, though with great delicacy, that whereas his people came frequently and in great numbers to Plymouth, wives, children, and all, and were always welcome,—yet being but strangers in the land, and not confident how their corn might prosper, they could no longer give them such entertainment as they had done, and still wished to do. If Massasoit himself, however, would visit them, or any special friend of his, he should be welcome. A request was then made, that the Pokanokets, who had furs, should be permitted to dispose of them to the Colonists. The Governor wished him also to exchange some corn for seed with the Plymouth people. The remaining article in this message is more illustrative of the relations understood to exist and to be desirable between the parties. On the first arrival of the Colonists at Cape Cod, it seems they had found corn buried there in the ground. Seeing no inhabitants in the neighborhood, 'but some graves of the dead newly buried,' they took the corn, with the intention of making full satisfaction for it whenever it became practicable. The owners of it were supposed to have fled through fear. It was now proposed, that these men should be informed by Massasoit,—if they could be found,—that the English were ready to pay

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shall only observe, at present, that *he* is the same character otherwise called Squantum, and Tisquantum by various writers. John Smith takes the liberty to call him Tusquantum. Those who look much into the literature of the Indians, will find some amusement as well as no little perplexity in the variety of titles attached to the same person or thing. We have seen that Dermer speaks of the Mastachusitts, meaning the same people whom the more scrupulous and better informed Roger Williams denominates the *Massachuseûk*.

* See MOURT'S RELATION, part of which is also preserved in the COLLECTIONS. The name of the publisher only seems to be attached to it.

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them with an equal quantity of corn, English meal, or 'any other commodities they had to pleasure them withal;' and full satisfaction was offered for any trouble, which the sachem might do them the favor to take. This proposal was equally politic and just.

The visitors met with a generous, though humble hospitality, which reminds one of the first reception of Columbus by the West-Indian islanders, and of Penn and Roger Williams by the Delawares and the Narraghansetts. They reached Namaschet about three o'clock in the afternoon; and there, we are told, the inhabitants entertained them with joy, in the best manner they were able; giving them sweet bread* and fish, with a less acceptable accompaniment of boiled musty acorns. Various civilities were exchanged after this primitive and savory repast,—as ancient, by the way, as the early Greeks,—and some time was passed very pleasantly in shooting a crow at a considerable distance, to the vast astonishment and amusement of the Indians. They were then directed to a place about eight miles distant, (Middleborough) where, says the Journalist, they should find 'more store and better victuals.' They were welcomed, on their arrival, by a party who were catching great numbers of fine bass in Taunton river, and who gave them a supper, and a breakfast in the morning, besides the privilege of lodging in the woods near by over night. Attended by six of their hosts the next day, they were assisted in passing the river; and here they met with the first indications of ill-will, in the persons of two old Indians upon the opposite bank. These two, espying them as they entered the river, ran swiftly and stealthily among the high grass to meet them; and then, with loud voices and drawn bows, demanded of the strangers who they were; 'but seeing we were friends,' it is added, 'they welcomed us with such food as they had, and we bestowed a small bracelet of beads on them.' The remarks which follow this, upon the conduct of the six attendants, we cannot forbear citing at large, irrelevant to our main purpose as they are. We regard them with delight, as a beautiful illustration of the character of the natives as it was in the beginning, and as it might have been

* Called *mazium*, and made of Indian corn, no doubt. Gookin says, that a meal which they made of parched maize was so sweet, so hearty, and so *toothsome*, that an Indian would travel many days with no other food.

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always, could the same circumstances have prompted the same developements. 'When we came to a small brook,' says this accurate writer, 'where no bridge was, two of them desired to carry us through of their own accords; also fearing we were, or would be weary, offered to carry our pieces; also if we would lay off any of our clothes, [it being excessively hot,] we should have them carried; and as the one of them had found more special kindness from one of the messengers, and the other savage from the other, so they showed their thankfulness accordingly, in affording us help and furtherance in the journey.'

After one more entertainment on the way, our travellers reached Sowams. Massasoit was not at home, but arrived soon after, and was saluted by his visiters with a discharge of musketry. He welcomed them kindly after the Indian manner, took them into his lodge, and seated them by himself. They then delivered their message and presents, the latter comprising a horseman's coat of red cotton, embroidered with fine lace. The sachem mounted this superb article without delay, and hung the chain, which they also gave him, about his neck, evidently enjoying the unspeakable admiration of the Wampanoags, who gazed upon him at a distance. He now answered the message, clause after clause; and particularly signified his desire to continue in peace and friendship with his neighbors. He gathered his men around him, in fine, and harangued them; they occasionally confirming what he said by their customary ejaculations. Was not he, Massasoit, commander of the country about them? Was not such a town within his dominions, and were not the people of it his subjects, and should they not bring their skins to him, if he wished it? In this manner he proceeded to name about thirty of his small settlements, his attentive auditors responding to each question. This matter being regularly settled, he lighted tobacco for his guests, and conversed with them about their own country and King, marvelling, above all, that his Majesty should live without a squaw. As it grew late, and he offered no more substantial entertainment than this,—for the sound reason, that he had nothing to offer, and was unwilling to mention that circumstance,—his guests intimated a wish to retire for the night. He forthwith accommodated them, with himself and his wife, they at one end and his visiters at the other, of a bed

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consisting of a plank platform, raised a foot or two from the ground and covered with a thin mat. Two of his chief men, probably by way of compliment, were also stationed upon the same premises; and this body-guard performed their pressing duty of escort so effectually, that no other circumstances were necessary to make the honored guests 'worse weary of their lodging than they had been of their journey.' On the following day, many of the petty sagamores, with their subjects, came in from the adjacent country, and various sports and games were got up for the entertainment of the English. At noon, they partook, with the sachem and about forty others, of a meal of boiled fish *shot* by himself, (probably with arrows.) They continued with him until the next morning, when they departed, leaving Massasoit 'both grieved and ashamed' that he could not better entertain them. Very importunate he was, adds the journalist, to have them stay with him longer; but as they had eaten but one meal for two days and a night, with the exception of a partridge, which one of them killed; and what with their location at night, the 'savages' barbarous singing of themselves to sleep,' mosquitoes without doors, and other trifling inconveniences within, could not sleep at all; they begged to be excused,—on the score of conscience, Sunday being near at hand,—not to mention that they were growing light-headed, and could hardly expect, if they stayed much longer, to be able to reach home.

Massasoit's friendship was again tested in March, 1622, when an Indian, known to be under Squanto's influence, came running in among a party of colonists, with his face gashed, and the blood fresh upon it, calling out to them to flee for their lives, and then looking behind him as if pursued. On coming up, he told them that the Indians, under Massasoit, were congregating at a certain place for an attack upon the Colony; that he had received his wounds in consequence of opposing their designs; and had barely escaped from them with his life. This report occasioned no little alarm; although the correctness of it was flatly denied by Hobamock, a Pokanoket Indian resident at Plymouth, who recommended that a messenger should be sent secretly to Sowams, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth. This was done, and the messenger, finding every thing in its usually quiet state, informed Massasoit of the reports circulated against him. He was excessively incensed against Squanto; but sent his thanks to the Governor for the good

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opinion of his fidelity, which he understood him to retain; and directed the messenger to assure him, that he should instantly apprise him of any conspiracy which might at any future time take place. Some writers have imputed this stratagem of Squanto, to an ambition of notoriety among his countrymen. Others suggest, that he may have intended only an innocent liberty, afterwards to be explained and excused, manœuvres of this nature being not uncommon among the Indians. But whatever was the occasion of the rumor, there is no doubt either of its entire falsity or of the great and just offence which it gave.

That the declarations of Massasoit, upon this occasion, were far from being mere words of compulsion or of courtesy, is abundantly proved by his conduct during the next season, 1623. Early in the spring of that year, news came to Plymouth, that he was very sick at Sowams; and it was determined to send Mr. Winslow to visit him once more, in token of the friendship of the colonists. That gentleman immediately commenced his journey, being provided with a few cordials, and attended by 'one Master John Hampden, a London gentleman, who then wintered with him, and desired much to see the country,'— no doubt the same character so eminently distinguished afterwards in the politics of England. They heard, at various places on their route, that the sachem was already dead; and their guide, Hobamock, indulged himself all the way in the most unbounded grief. They found him still living, however, on their arrival; and the multitude of dependents and friends who thronged his lodge, made way as fast as possible for their admittance and accommodation. He appeared to be reduced to the last extremities. Six or eight women were employed in chafing his cold limbs, and the residue of the numerous company were exerting themselves to the utmost, meanwhile, in making what Winslow rather uncharitably calls 'such a hellish noise as distempered those that were well.'* He had the good sense, however, to wait for the conclusion of the ceremony; and the

*Probably an Indian Powah was leader of the chorus. Of these barbarian quacks, Roger Williams says, that 'the poore people commonly dye under their hands,' for the very good reason that they 'administer nothing, but howle, and roar, and hollow over them, and begin the song to the rest of the people about them, who all joyne (like a quire) in prayer to the gods for them.' *Key to the Indian Language*, chapter xxxi.

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exhausted performers being then satisfied that they had done all that in them lay for the benefit of the patient, one of them apprised him of the arrival of the English. '*Who* have come?' muttered the sachem, still conscious, though his sight was wholly gone. They told him Winsnow had come, (as they generally substituted *n* for the English *l*.) 'Let me speak with him then,' he replied, 'Let me speak one word to him.' Winslow now went forward to the matted platform where he lay, and grasped the feeble hand which the sachem, informed of his approach, held out for him. 'Art thou Winsnow?' he whispered the question again, (in his own language,) 'Art thou Winsnow?' Being readily answered in the affirmative, he appeared satisfied of the fact. But 'O Winsnow,' added he mournfully, 'I shall never see thee again!' Hobamock was now called, and desired to assure the sachem of the Governor's kind remembrance of him in his present situation, and to inform him of the articles they had brought with them for his use. He immediately signified his wish to taste of these; and they were given him accordingly, to the great delight of the people around him. Winslow then proceeded to use measures for his relief, which wrought a great change in the sachem within half an hour. He recovered his sight gradually, and began to converse, requesting his good friend Winslow, among other things, to kill him a fowl, and make him some English pottage, such as he had seen at Plymouth. This was done for him, and such other care taken as restored his strength and appetite wonderfully within the day or two of Winslow's stay. His expressions of gratitude, as well as those of his delighted attendants, were constant, as they were evidently warm from the heart. Finally, as his guests were about to leave him, he called Hobamock to his side, and revealed to him a plot against the colonists, recently formed, as he understood, among certain of the Massachusetts tribes, and in which he had himself been invited to join. He also recommended certain summary measures for the suppression of the plot, and concluded with charging Hobamock to communicate all these things to Winslow on the way to Plymouth. It may be added here, that these measures were subsequently executed by Standish, and were successful. The conspiracy itself was occasioned by the notorious and outrageous profligacy of the banditti of 'Master Weston,' at Weymouth.

The leading particulars in the residue of Massasoit's life, may

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soon be detailed. In 1632, he was assaulted at Sowams, by a party of Narraghansetts, and obliged to take refuge in an English house. His situation was soon ascertained at Plymouth, and an armed force being promptly despatched to his succor, under his old friend Standish, the Narraghansetts retired. About the year 1639, he probably associated his eldest son Moanam or Wamsutta, with him in the government; for they came together into open court at Plymouth, it is said, on the 28th of September of that year, and desired that the ancient treaty of 1621 might remain inviolable. They also entered into some new engagements, chiefly going to secure to the Colony a pre-emptive claim to the Pokanoket lands. 'And the whole court,' add the records, 'in the name of the whole government for each town respectively, did then likewise ratify and confirm the aforesaid ancient league and confederacy.' From this time, the names of the father and son are sometimes found united, and sometimes not so, in instruments by which land was conveyed to the English. In 1649, the former sold the territory of Bridgewater in his own name. 'Witnes these presents,' says the deed, 'that I, Ousamequin, sachem of the contrie of Pocanauket, have given, granted, enfeofed, and sould unto Myles Standish,' &c. This is subscribed by the peculiar mark of the sachem, and another paragraph is then signed by Standish and two others, binding them 'to pay unto the said Ousamequin, for and in consideration of the said tract of land, as followeth, viz. seven coats, a yard and half in a coat, nine hatchets, eight hoes, twenty knives, four moose-skins, ten yards and a half of cotton.' Four years after this, the father and son *jointly* conveyed certain lands in the neighborhood of their own residence, for the stated consideration of thirty-five pounds. From the proviso in this case, that entry should take place whenever the resident Indians might choose to remove, some idea may be formed of the nature of their own authority and property. This was one of the last recorded acts of Massasoit, for it seems to be generally agreed, that he died about the year 1656, at which time he must have been more than seventy years of age. The colonists speak of him forty-five years previous, it will be remembered, as in the full stature of his best years.

Such are the few and simple passages, which history has preserved of the life of the earliest and best friend of the colonists; and few and simple as they are, they give glimpses

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of a character that, under other circumstances, might have placed Massasoit among the illustrious of his age. He was a mere untutored savage; ignorant of the simple arts of reading and writing, even after an intercourse of near fifty years with the colonists; and distinguished from the mass of savages around him, as we have seen, by no other outward emblem than a barbarous ornament of bones. It must be observed, too, as to them, that the authority which they conferred upon him, or rather upon his ancestors, was their free gift, and was liable at any moment to be retracted, wholly or in part, either by the general voice or by the defection or violence of individuals. The intrinsic dignity and energy of his character alone, therefore, must have sustained the dominion of the sachem, with no essential distinction or division of wealth, retinue, cultivation, or situation in any respect, between him and the meanest of the Wampanoags. The naked qualities of his intellect and his heart must have gained their loyalty, controlled their extravagant passions to his own purposes, and won upon their personal confidence and affection. That he did this appears from the fact, so singular in Indian history, that among all the Pokanoket tribes, there was scarcely an instance of even an individual broil or quarrel with the English during his long life. Some of these tribes, living nearer the Colony than any other Indians, and going into it daily in such numbers, that Massasoit was finally requested to restrain them from 'pestering' their friends by their mere multitude,—these shrewd beings must have perceived, as well as Massasoit himself did, that the colonists were as miserably fearful as they were feeble and few. Some of them, too,—the sachem Corbitant, for example,—were notoriously hostile, and perhaps had certain supposed reasons for being so. Yet this cunning and ambitious savage extricated himself from the only overt act of rebellion he is known to have attempted, by 'soliciting the good offices of Massasoit,' we are told, 'to reconcile him to the English.' And such was the influence of the chief sachem, not only over him, but over the Massachusetts sachems, that nine of the principal of them soon after came into Plymouth from great distances, for the purpose of signifying their humble respect for the authority of the English. That Massasoit was beloved as well as respected by his subjects and neighbors, far and wide, appears from the great multitude of anxious friends who thronged about him during his sickness. Some of them,

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as Winslow ascertained, had come more than one hundred miles for the purpose of seeing him; and they all watched *his* operations in that case, with as intense anxiety as if the prostrate patient had been the father or the brother of each. And meagre as is the justice which history does the sachem, it still furnishes some evidence, not to be mistaken, that he had won this regard from them by his kindness. There is a passage of affecting simplicity in Winslow's Relation, going to show that he did not forget their minutest interests, even in his own almost unconscious helplessness. 'That morning,' it is said, 'he caused me to spend in going from one to another among those that were sick in the town [Sowams]; requesting me to treat them as I had him, and to give to each of them some of the same I gave him, *saying they were good folk.*'

But these noble traits of the character of Massasoit are still more abundantly illustrated by the whole tenor of his intercourse with the whites. Of his mere sense of his positive obligations to them, including his fidelity to the famous treaty of 1621, nothing more need be said, excepting that the annals of the continent furnish scarcely one parallel even to that case. But he went much farther than this. He not only visited the Colony in the first instance of his own free will and accord, but he entered into the negotiations cheerfully and deliberately; and in the face of their manifest fear and suspicion. Henceforth the results of it were regarded not with the mere honesty of an ally, but with the warm interest of a friend. It was probably at his secret and delicate suggestion,—and it could scarcely have been without his permission at all events,—that his own subjects took up their residence among the colonists, with the view of guiding, piloting, interpreting for them, and teaching them their own useful knowledge. Winslow speaks of his *appointing another* to fill the place of Squanto at Plymouth, while the latter should be sent about among the Pokanokets, under *his* orders, 'to procure truck [in furs] for the English. The vast grant of territory which he made in the first instance has been spoken of. It was made with the simple observation, that his claim to it was the sole claim in existence. It was also without consideration; the generous sachem, as Roger Williams says of the Narraghansetts in a similar case, 'being *shy and jealous of selling* the lands to any, and choosing rather to make a gift of them to such as they affected.' Such is the only jealousy which Massasoit can be said ever to have

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entertained of the English. Nor do we find any evidence that he repented of this liberality, or considered it the incautious extravagance of a moment of flattered complaisance. We do find, however, that he invariably watched over the interest of the grantees, with more strictness than he would probably have watched over his own. He laid claim, in one instance, it seems, to a tract for which Mr. Williams had negotiated with the Narraghansetts,—that gentleman being ignorant, perhaps, of an existing controversy between the two tribes. 'It is mine,' said the sachem, 'It is mine, and *therefore theirs*,'—plainly implying that the ground in question was comprised within the original transfer. Whether this claim was just, or whether it was insisted upon, does not appear; but there is indication enough, both of the opinion and feeling of Massasoit. An anecdote of him, recorded by Governor Winthrop, under the title of a 'pleasant passage,' is still more striking. His old friend *Winsnow*, it seems, made a trading voyage to Connecticut, during the summer of 1634. On his return, he left his vessel upon the Narraghansett coast, for some reason or other, and commenced his journey for Plymouth across the woods. Finding himself at a loss, probably, as to his route, he made his way to Sowams, and called upon his ancient acquaintance, the sachem. The latter gave him his usual kind welcome, and, upon his leaving him, offered to conduct him home,—a pedestrian journey of two days. He had just despatched one of his Wampanoags to Plymouth, with instructions to inform the friends of Winslow, that he was dead, and to persuade them of this melancholy fact, by specifying such particulars as their own ingenuity might suggest. All this was done accordingly; and the tidings occasioned, as might be expected, a very unpleasant excitement throughout the Colony. In the midst of it, however, on the next day, the sachem entered the village, attended by Winslow, and with more than his usual complacency in his honest and cheerful countenance. He was asked why such a report had been circulated the day previous. 'That Winsnow might be the more welcome,' answered he, 'and that you might be the more happy,—it is my custom.' He had come thus far to enjoy this surprise personally; and he returned homeward, more gratified by it, without doubt, than he would have been by the most fortunate foray among the Narraghansetts.

It is intimated by some writers, rather more frequently than

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is either just or generous, that the sachem's fear of the tribe just named lay at the foundation of his friendship. It might have been nearer the apparent truth, considering all that is known of Massasoit, to say, that his interest happened to coincide with his inclination. At all events, it was in the power of any other of the sachems or kings throughout the country, to place and sustain themselves upon the same footing with the colonists, had they been prompted either by as much good feeling or good sense. On the contrary, the Massachusetts were plotting and threatening on one hand, as we have seen,—not without provocation, it must be allowed,—while the Narraghansett sachem, upon the other, had sent in his compliments as early as 1622, in the shape of a bundle of arrows, tied up with a rattlesnake's skin. Nor should we forget the wretched feebleness of the Colony at the period of their first acquaintance with Massasoit. Indeed, the instant measures which he took for their relief and protection, look more like the promptings of compassion, than of either hope or fear. A month previous to his appearance among them, they were reduced to such a pitiable condition by sickness, that only six or seven men of their whole number were able to do business in the open air; and probably their entire fighting force, could they have been mustered together, would scarcely have equalled that little detachment which Massasoit brought with him into the village, delicately leaving twice as many, with the arms of all, behind him; as he afterwards exchanged six hostages for one. No wonder that the Colonists 'could not yet conceive but that he was willing to have peace with them.'

But the motives of the sachem are still further manifested by the sense of his own dignity, which, peaceable as he generally was, he showed promptly upon all suitable occasions. Both the informal grant and the formal deeds we have mentioned, indicate that he understood himself to be the master of his ancestral territory as much in right as in fact. There is nothing in his whole history, which does more honor to his intelligence or his sensibility, than his conduct occasioned by the falsehoods circulated among the Colonists against him by Squanto. His first impulse, as we have seen, was to be offended with the guilty intriguer; the second, to thank the Governor for appealing to himself in this case, and to assure him that he would at any time 'send word and give warning when any such business was towards.' On further inquiry,

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he ascertained that Squanto was taking even more liberties with his reputation than he had been aware of. He went forthwith to Plymouth, and made his appeal personally to the Governor. The latter pacified him as well as he could, and he returned home. But a very short time had elapsed before a message came from him, *entreating* the Governor to consent to the death of the renegade who still abused him. The Governor confessed in reply, that Squanto deserved death, but desired that he might be spared on account of his indispensable services. Massasoit was not yet satisfied. The former messenger was again sent, 'with divers others,' says Winslow in his Relation, '*demanding* him, [Squanto] as being one of Massasoit's subjects, whom by our first articles of peace we could not retain; yet because he would not willingly do it [insist upon his rights] without the Governor's approbation, he offered him many beaver-skins for his consent thereto.' The deputation had brought these skins, accordingly, as also the sachem's own knife, for the execution of the criminal. Squanto now surrendered himself to the Governor; as an Indian always resigns himself to his fate upon similar occasions; but the Governor still contrived a pretext for sparing him. The deputies were 'mad with rage and impatient of delay,' as may be supposed, and departed in great heat. The conduct of the sachem in this case was manifestly more correct than that of his ally. He understood as well as the Governor did, the spirit of the articles in the treaty, which provided, that an offender upon either side should be given up to punishment upon demand; and he was careful to make that demand personally, explicitly and respectfully. The Governor, on the other hand, as well as the culprit himself, acknowledged the justice of it, but manœuvred to avoid compliance. The true reason is no doubt given by Winslow. It is also given in the language of John Smith. 'With much adoe,' says the honest Captain, 'we appeased the angry king and the rest of the saluages, and freely forgaue TUSQUANTUM, *because he speaking our language we could not be well without him.*' The king was angry, then, as he well might be; and the Governor took the trouble, he was both bound and interested to take, to appease him. It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the particulars of this transaction are so little dwelt upon by the writers of that period. Winslow barely states,—speaking, in another connexion, of the Indians being evidently aware of the weakness of the

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Colony,—that, what was worse, 'now also Massasoit seemed to frown upon us, and neither came nor sent to us as formerly.' This passage is no less significant than brief; but not more so than a subsequent dry observation respecting Squanto, 'whose peace, before this time, (the fall of the same year) *was wrought* with Massasoit.'

Such were the life and character of Massasoit. It is to be regretted, that so few particulars are preserved of the former, and that so little justice, consequently, can be done to the latter. But so far as his history goes, it certainly makes him one of the most remarkable men of his race. There is no nobler instance in all history, of national fidelity, (for which he mainly must have the credit,) or of individual friendship. This instinct of a generous nature in the first instance, being confirmed by a course of conduct generally alike creditable to the feelings and shrewdness of the Colonists, finally settled itself in the mind of Massasoit as ineradicably as his affection for his own subjects. 'I know now,' said he to Winslow, on his first recovery from the severe sickness we have mentioned, 'I *know* that the English love me,—I love them,—I shall never forget them.' But putting even the most unnatural construction upon the professions and the conduct of the sachem, the relation he commenced and for forty-five years sustained with the English, must be allowed to show at least a consummate sagacity. He certainly succeeded during all this time, not only in shielding his tribes from their just or unjust hostility, but in gaining their respect to such a singular degree, that the writings of no single author within our recollection furnish one word to his disparagement. Even Hubbard speaks of him with something like regard; notwithstanding the obnoxious trait in his character indicated in the following passage. 'It is very remarkable,' he says, 'that this Woosamequin, how much soever he affected the English, was never in the least degree well affected to their religion.' It is added furthermore, that in his last treaty with the whites at Swanzey, —referring to the sale of land which we have mentioned,—he exerted himself to bind them solemnly 'never to draw away any of his people from their old pagan superstition and devilish idolatry to the Christian religion.' This he insisted on, it is added, until they threatened to break off the negotiation on account of his pertinacity, and he then gave up the point.

Massasoit did not distinguish himself as a warrior; nor is

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he known to have been once engaged in any open hostilities, even with the inimical and powerful tribes who environed his territory. This is another unique trait in his character; and considering the general attachment of all Indians to a belligerent life, their almost exclusive deference for warlike qualities, the number and scattered location of the Pokanoket tribes, and especially the character of their ancient neighbors, this very fact is alone sufficient to distinguish the genius of Massasoit. All the native nations of New-England, but his, were involved in dissensions and wars with each other and with the whites; and they all shared sooner or later the fate which he avoided. The restless ringleaders who plotted mischief among the Massachusetts, were summarily knocked upon the head by Miles Standish, while hundreds of the residue fled, and miserably perished in their own swamps. The Pequots,—a nation who could muster 3000 bow-men but a short time previous,—were nearly exterminated in 1637. The savages of Maine, meanwhile, the Mohawks of New-York, the Narraghansetts and the Mohegans were fighting and reducing each others' strength, as if their only object had been, by ultimately extirpating themselves, to prepare a way in the wilderness for the new comers.

Massasoit was succeeded in the Pokanoket government by his eldest son, Moanam, alias Wamsutta, known to the English chiefly by the name of Alexander, as his younger brother was by the name of Philip. The two young men came together into court, at Plymouth, in 1656, as their father had done before them; and, professing great regard for the Colonists, requested that English names might be given them. Little more than this is known of Alexander, excepting that he died in 1662, after a reign of six years. He had the merit of preserving the friendship of the Colony during this time; and that, it seems, without showing any greater disposition than Massasoit had done, or than Philip did afterwards, to be either civilized or christianized, or to suffer his subjects to be so. Hubbard takes the liberty to say, that he had neither affection for the Englishmen's persons, nor yet for their religion. He adds also, that he plotted with the Narraghansetts against the English. As this rumor led to his death, and is at all events of some consequence to his reputation, it is natural to examine into the grounds upon which it was founded. Hubbard barely observes, that the Governor and Council were informed of the

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fact. Mather states, with no more particularity, that the sachem solicited the Narraghansetts to rebel with him; upon *the good proof whereof*, the Plymouth Government adopted certain summary measures. From other sources we find, that this proof was communicated by letters from Boston, where it was probably founded upon rumors gathered from straggling Indians. At all events, no conclusive testimony appears in the case; and it may be plausibly surmised, therefore, that none was ever received, the writers just cited not being remarkably prone to omit matters of this kind. The rumor might originate from circumstances really suspicious; but were this true, and far more, if it were both false and malicious, like the charges against Massasoit, we may well question both the justice and the policy of the steps taken by the Plymouth Government.

'They presently sent for him, to bring him to the court,' says Hubbard,—a very remarkable proceeding, related with a corresponding brevity. The business was intrusted, it also appears, to a gentleman who was neither afraid of danger, nor yet willing to delay in a matter of this moment. We are then told that this gentleman, Mr. Winslow, forthwith taking eight or ten stout men with him, well armed, set out for Sowams; that he fortunately met with Alexander, at a few miles' distance, in a wigwam with eighty of his followers; that they seized upon the arms of the party, which had been left without the wigwam, and then went in and summoned the sachem to attend them to Plymouth. He obeyed, reluctantly, being threatened that 'if he *stirred* or refused to go, he was a dead man.' Such was his spirit, however, adds Hubbard, that the very surprisal of him threw him into a fever. Upon this, he requested liberty to return home, and the favor was granted to him upon certain conditions; but he died upon the way.

This account agrees with Mather's. 'The Government sent that valiant and excellent commander,' says the Reverend Doctor, 'to fetch him down before them. The major-general used such expedition and resolution in this affair, that, assisted with no more than ten men, he seized upon Alexander at a hunting-house, notwithstanding his numerous attendants about him; and when the raging sachem saw a pistol at his breast, with a threatening of death to him if he did not quietly yield himself up to go down to Plymouth, he yielded, though not very quietly, thereunto.' Mather attributes his death, further-

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more, to the 'inward fury of his own guilty and haughty mind.' Now, even if the sachem were not compelled to travel faster or further than was decent in his unfortunate situation, as one of our authorities is careful to argue; and granting to the other, that he was treated (on the march) with no other than that humanity and civility, *which was essential to the Major-General,** it is abundantly clear, we conceive, that a more hot-blooded or high-handed measure could hardly have been executed by the adventurous John Smith himself. The son of Massasoit, and the ruler of a nation who had been forty years in alliance and warm friendship with the Colonists, throughout all their feebleness, and in spite of all jealousies and provocations,—was assaulted in his own territory and among his own subjects, insulted, threatened, and finally forced to obey a summons of his ancient ally to appear before *his* court for his trial. It does not appear that he was even apprised of the occasion which required his attendance. And what is worse than all the rest, the whole proceeding was founded, so far as we ascertain, upon no better testimony than accusations gathered from stragglers at Boston, and then communicated 'by letters' to Plymouth. It must be admitted, that a different coloring is put upon this affair by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, whose relation may be found among the excellent notes appended to Mr. Davis's recent edition of Morton. He states, that the sachem readily consented to attend Winslow; and that he was barely examined before certain justices at Eastham, and dismissed. This account, however, does not much mitigate the essential circumstances of the case; and it admits the fact, that the sachem died within two or three days after being carried home on the shoulders of his men, although the English party seem to have found him in perfect health.

Such was the ignominious death of Alexander, and under such circumstances did the government devolve upon his brother Metacom,—or Philip, as he is generally called,—who seems to have assumed the Pokanoket government, favored by a more than usual popularity; for the event is said to have been celebrated by the rejoicing and revelry of multitudes of his subjects, sachems and others, gathered together, from the remotest limits of his territory. One of his earliest measures,

* Among other civilities, he was offered the use of a horse on the journey, and declined that favor on the ground that some of his women, in the company, were obliged to walk; a fine trait of savage politeness.

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was to appear with his uncle before the Plymouth Court, following the example of his father and brother. He expressed an earnest wish for the continuance of peace and amity; and pledged himself,—as the Court did also upon the other hand,—to use all suitable measures for effecting that desirable purpose. For several years after this, the intercourse between the two parties went on, ostensibly, as it had done in former times, though probably not without some distrust upon both sides.

The first public interruption of this harmony occurred in 1671, during which season, Philip was heard to complain openly, of certain encroachments by the English upon his hunting-grounds. About the same time, rumors were circulated that his subjects frequently assembled at various places in unwonted numbers; and were repairing their guns, and sharpening their hatchets. The Plymouth Government were alarmed. They sent messengers to communicate with the Massachusetts Government, and at the same time other messengers to Philip, not 'to fetch him before the Court,' as in the case of his brother, but to ascertain his intentions. He seems to have paid a dignified regard to this measure, for, upon the 13th of April, a message was received from him, inviting the officers of the Plymouth Government to a conference. It was received by the latter at Taunton, where also were several gentlemen, despatched by the Massachusetts Government, with instructions to mediate between the contending parties. Governor Prince, of Plymouth, sent word back to Philip,—who was tarrying meanwhile at what is now called Three-mile-river, about four miles from Taunton green,—that he was heartily disposed to treat with him, and expected that the sachem would come forward for that purpose; and his personal safety was guaranteed in case he should do so. Philip so far complied with this request, as to advance a considerable distance nearer the village. He then stationed himself at a place called Crossman's mill, placed sentinels on a hill in his rear, and again despatched messengers to the Governor, desiring an interview. This, the town's-people, who could scarcely be restrained from falling forthwith upon the Indian party, would not permit. At last, the Massachusetts Commissioners, volunteering to take the supposed hazard upon themselves, went to Philip, and persuaded him to consent to a conference. This was on condition that his men should accompany him; and that the business should be done at the meeting-house, one side of

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which was to be reserved for the Wampanoags, and the other for the English.

The council took place agreeably to these shrewd arrangements, in the old meeting-house of Taunton. The English stood upon one side, solemn and stern in countenance, as they were formal in garb; and opposite to them, a line of Indian warriors, armed and arrayed for battle, their long black hair hanging about their necks, and their eyes gleaming covertly with a flame of suspicion and defiance, scarcely to be suppressed. Philip alone was their orator. He denied that he entertained any hostile design; and promptly explained his preparations for war, as intended for defence against the Narraghansetts. The Commissioners rejoined, however, with such arguments and evidence as satisfied themselves and completely surprised him. At least, he affected to admit all that was alleged against him; and though he refused to give compensation for past aggressions, he gave up the muskets of his warriors, to the number of seventy, and with some of his counsellors, subscribed a humble confession of his unfaithfulness, and a solemn renewal of the ancient covenant. This was probably a mere artifice to gain time; nor had it apparently any other effect in reference to impending hostilities, than to hasten them by increasing the ill-will of the Indians. But whether Philip was preparing for war or not, he was not yet prepared for it. He went to Boston, therefore, during the month of August, knowing the Massachusetts Government to be more friendly to him than the Plymouth; and although letters had arrived that very day from the latter place, announcing an intention of declaring war against Philip forthwith, the cunning sachem had the art to persuade the Boston Commissioners of his entire innocence. They sent a proposal to Plymouth for a new council to settle all difficulties. This being declined, they immediately gave their opinion that Plymouth would not be justified in making war. Staggered by this declaration, the Government of the Old Colony consented to try the effect of a second mediation; and a conference of all parties soon after took place at Plymouth. Here Philip and his counsellors signed an agreement, which, so far as a mere agreement of his could go under present circumstances, must have been satisfactory. The concessions contained in it, indeed, are sufficient to throw no little doubt over the motives of Philip; for he acknowledged himself subject to

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the English Government; promised to apply to the Governor of Plymouth personally, in case of any complaint; and was meanwhile to pay a hundred pounds *in such things as he had*, besides sending in what may be called a *tribute* of five wolves' heads yearly.

The success of this stratagem, if such it were, answered the purpose of the sachem as completely as he could have expected; for although he does not appear to have killed one wolf, or paid one cent, even 'in such things as he had,' nothing occurred for three years, to rouse the suspicions of the Colonies. There can scarcely be a doubt, that during all this time,—if not for a longer time previous,—the sachem was maturing one of the grandest plans ever conceived by any savage;—that of utterly exterminating the English of the northern provinces. This, he was well aware, could only be done by means commensurate with the danger and difficulty of the enterprise. The Colonies were no longer the feeble and timid allies, known fifty years before to his father. They had grown in numbers and in strength; and still more in experience and spirit. Nothing less, in a word, than a general union of the New-England tribes, who lived among and around them all, would furnish a safe guarantee for the complete success of such a war as was now meditated. To this great preparation, then, the whole energies of Philip must be devoted. It was as difficult, he well knew, as it was desirable. The ruler of one small confederacy,—already suspected, and constantly under the close scrutiny of his powerful neighbors,—he must take measures with his own passionate and provoked followers, as he must in his own bosom, at once to check hostility for the present, and to cherish it for the future. Far more than this, he must unite and interest in one common object, a multitude of scattered nations who had met and known each other, until this time, only in jealousy, envy, revenge, and in many cases hereditary and inveterate war; and among whose councils no similar plan, for any purpose whatever, had ever been conceived of. How far Philip surmounted these obstacles, will be seen. The great train of events we are approaching, are so interesting both as a passage of general history, and still more, as they implicate and illustrate the character of Philip, that it may be proper to take some notice of the causes which gave rise to them. It is well known, that his English contemporaries looked upon him, very generally, with

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feelings far from benevolent. It was natural under the circumstances that they should do so; but it is no more necessary, than it is philosophical or just, on the other hand, to confide implicitly either in their opinions or their statements. Philip and his Wampanoags are unlucky enough, like the lion in the fable, to have no painter.

It should be observed here, that Philip unquestionably considered himself an ally and not a subject of the English;—at least, until his nominal submission in 1671. Even the same authorities who record this submission, speak of his *renewing* his ancient covenant, (as indeed the instrument itself shows.) A distinct article recognizes Massasoit as an independent sovereign. Philip, then, held the same relation to the English, that his father and brother had done for the fifty years, during which the two parties had treated and associated upon equal and intimate terms. He was bound by the same engagements, and possessed of the same rights; and it only remains to be seen, if due regard was paid to these circumstances upon either side.

Now, we look upon the assault of Alexander, in 1662, in the first place, as not only a sufficient cause of suspicion and resentment, but of war; and that, upon the best construction which can be put upon the most favorable of the *ex-parte* relations which appear upon record. By the old treaty itself, which Alexander also took the gratuitous trouble to *renew*,—and without any reference to courtesy or humanity, or to national fidelity, or to personal friendship, existing up to this date,—the English were bound generally to treat him as an allied sovereign, and especially to make a preliminary demand of satisfaction, in all cases of complaint. We have seen that the charge brought against him in 1662,—vague and unsupported as it was,—was not even explained to the sachem, previously to his being taken from his own territory by an armed force, and carried before an English Justice of the Peace. In no other instance does the Plymouth Colony seem to have exercised an authority of this nature, even over the meanest subjects of the sachem. 'Inasmuch as complaint is made, that many Indians pass into divers places of this jurisdiction,' say the records of the Colony for 1660, 'it is enacted that no strange or foreign Indians be permitted to become residents, and "that *notice be given to the several sagamores to prevent the same.*"' A remark might be made upon the policy of laws like these, so far

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as the Pokanokets were concerned; as also of the acts of 1652 and 1653, which prohibited the sale of casks, barques, boats and horses, to the Indians, besides providing a punishment for such of them, resident in the Colony, as should violate the Christian sabbath, or discharge their guns in the night-time. But these regulations the Government had an undoubted right to make, as Massasoit and Philip had possessed a right,—which, however, they were complaisant enough to relinquish,—of selling their own lands to purchasers of their own choosing.

Such was the state of things previous to the submission of 1671. With regard to this, it is quite clear that, even if Philip were made to understand the instrument, which it is well known he could not read, he could look upon it only as an insult, imposed upon him under circumstances amounting to duress. Independently of any force, too, he must have thought himself justified, by the manifest disposition and the summary measures of the English, in availing himself of any stratagem to lull suspicion and to gain time. He might or might not, at this period or before, have meditated acting offensively against them, in revenge of the indignity suffered by his brother and his nation; but it was certainly both prudent and patriotic in him, to put himself on the defensive. He had a right, it appears to us, both to drill his own people in martial exercises, and to make alliances with his Indian neighbors.

It might have been a safe policy in the Plymouth Government, to have considered these things, in regard at least to what they might call the jealous and barbarous prejudices of the Indians, before proceeding to extremities with either Alexander or Philip. On the contrary, while they enacted laws, and encouraged accusations, and took the execution of the penalty of them into their own hands, they used no means to conciliate Philip, but sending for him to appear before 'the Plymouth Court.' Whether they were cautious in all other respects after this time to avoid offence, it is not to be expected that history should enable us to determine. We find, however, that certain of the Colonists, in 1673, took upon them to negotiate treaties for land with private subjects of Philip; and there is no reason to doubt, that they entered and took possession accordingly. As the sachems are known to have been as tenacious of their territory in claim, as they were liberal of it in disposal, it may well be conceived that this first instance of a similar nature upon record, should occasion Philip no little

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dissatisfaction. In imitation of the English courtesy, he might have despatched Nimrod, Tobias, Woonkaponcpunt, or some other of his 'valiant and excellent' majors-general to 'fetch down' the offending grantees to Sowams. He seems to have taken no express notice of the affair. But that he understood his territorial rights, is apparent from the singular communication which follows. It is preserved in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, (volume second of the first series,) as precisely copied from the original, which is still preserved at Plymouth.

'King Philip desire to let you understand that he could not come to the Court, for Tom, his interpreter, has a pain in his back, that he could not travel so far, and Philip sister is very sik.

'Philip would intreat that favor of you, and aney of the magistrats if *aney English or Engians speak about aney land, he pray you to give them no answer at all.* This last summer he made that promis with you, that he would not sell no land in 7 years time, *for that he would have no English trouble him before that time,* he has not forgot that you promis him.

'He will come as soon as possible as he can to speak with you, and so I rest, you very loving friend, Philip, dwelling at mount hope nek.'

This unique letter is addressed 'To the much honered Governer, Mr. Thomas Prince, dwelling at Plymouth.' As Philip himself could neither read nor write, the honor of the orthography and construction must be attributed to the infirm interpreter. But the sentiments are worthy of the sachem himself, and they certainly manifest a mingled civility and independence which do him great credit. No date is affixed to the letter. If it do not refer to the transaction just mentioned, it was probably prompted by some other of the same description. The interest which the sachem felt in cases of this kind, is apparent from one of his own conveyances, made in 1668. It was of a tract included within the present limits of Rochester, upon the sea-shore. He drafted an accurate plan of it with his own hand, (still preserved upon the records of the Old Colony) and forwarded it to the Court, with the following explanation.

'This may inform the honorable Court,' we read, 'that I, Philip, am willing to sell the land within this draught, but the Indians that are upon it may live upon it still; but the land that is mine that is sold, and Watashpoo is of the same mind.

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I have put down all the principal names of the land we are now willing should be sold.' Watashpoo was probably one of the occupants, chiefly interested in the case. The letter ends thus; 'Know all Men by these Presents, That Philip has given power unto Watashpoo, and Sampson, and their brethren, to hold and make sale of said land to whom they will,' &c. This letter must have been sent in compliance with some request from his Plymouth friends. It is dated at Pocanauket; subscribed by the capital P, which was the sachem's mark; and attested, and no doubt written, by his secretary, John Sassamon.

This Sassamon is distinguished in history as having been the immediate occasion of the first open hostilities. He was born in some family of praying Indians, and after receiving a tolerable education at Cambridge and other places, was employed as a school-master at Natick. The composition above cited rather supports Hubbard's remark, that he was a 'cunning and plausible Indian, well skilled in the English language.' This writer says, that he left the English on account of some misdemeanor. Mather states, that 'apostatizing from the profession of Christianity, he lived like a heathen, in the quality of secretary to King Philip.' He adds, that he afterwards deserted the sachem, and gave such notable evidences of repentance, as to be employed in preaching among the Indians at Natick, under the eye of his old instructer, the venerable Eliot. This was another of the provocations which must have annoyed Philip. Hubbard states expressly, that Sassamon was importunately urged to forsake him; and it appears from other sources, that there had previously been such an entire confidence between the two, that the Secretary was intrusted with all the secrets of his master. The provocation went still farther. Sassamon, either having or pretending to have some occasion to go among the Pokanokets frequently, availed himself of this opportunity to scrutinize their movements, and to report them as he thought proper to the English. In consequence of this, Philip and some of his subjects were 'examined,' we are told, but nothing definite was learned from them. Soon after, Sassamon disappeared; and as he had expressed some well-founded fears of meeting with a violent death in the course of these manœuvres, his friends were alarmed. They commenced a search, and finally found his dead body in Assawomset pond, (in Middle-

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borough) where a hole in the ice, through which he had been thrust, was still open, and his hat and gun left near by, as if he had drowned himself. 'Furthermore,' says Mather, 'upon the jealousies of the spirits of men that he might have met with some foul play, a jury was empanelled, unto whom it appeared that his neck was broken, *which is one Indian way of murdering*.' The next step of the Plymouth Government was to seize upon three Pokanoket Indians, on the testimony of a fourth, '*found*,' says Hubbard, '*by a strange providence*.' This man swore that he had seen the murder committed from a hill near the pond. It must be inferred that he swore to the identity of the prisoners, for it appears they were convicted from 'his undeniable testimony and other circumstances,' and forthwith hanged. Whatever may be said of the *legal*, the *moral* probability certainly is, that they were guilty. They were probably appointed to execute the judgment of Philip upon Sassamon, one of them being Tobias, a man of some distinction. At all events, Philip must have thought himself justified in taking this summary measure with a vagabond who was mean enough to avail himself, as Sassamon did, of being tolerated in *his* territory after having betrayed his confidence, and, apparently, for the very purpose of following up his own treason. But however this might be, the Colonists were but too ready, throughout these transactions, to believe any thing and every thing which supported a charge against Philip. One of the undeniable circumstances is, probably, stated by Mather. The dead body bled afresh, says the Doctor, on the approach of Tobias, 'yea, upon the repetition of the experiment, it still happened so,' albeit he had been deceased and interred for a considerable while before. This is truly remarkable.

It is universally agreed, that from this time Philip took no great pains either to conceal his own hostility, or to check that of his subjects. It would be incredible that he should. He remembered what had happened to his brother in a much more peaceable period; and, as several historians intimate, he must actually have apprehended 'the danger his own head was in next.' The Pokanokets mustered around him from all quarters, and every preparation was made for the impending crisis. This is supposed to have been prematurely brought on, indeed, by *their* ungovernable fury. They had not all the power of enduring provocation with the reservation of revenge;

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and a party of them expressed their feelings so intolerably, just after the execution of their three countrymen, that a Swanzey man discharged his musket at one of them and wounded him. This was the commencement of hostilities, June 24th, 1675. 'So that now,' in the words of the reverend annalist last cited, 'war was begun by a fierce nation of Indians upon an honest, harmless, Christian generation of English, who might very truly have said unto the aggressors, as it was of old said unto the Ammonites, *I have not sinned against thee, but thou doest me wrong to war against me.*' Such was the persuasion, we suppose, of a large majority of the contemporary countrymen of the learned divine.

The war was now promptly undertaken, at all events. A letter was sent to Philip, in the month of June, which, of course, did no good; applications were also made to the Massachusetts Government for immediate assistance; forces were raised and stationed throughout the Colony; and matters very soon after proceeded to a length which made compromise or conciliation impossible. We do not intend to give the well-known particulars of this celebrated war. It is sufficient to observe, that it was carried on for more than a year with a violence, and amid an excitement unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of the country; and that it terminated with the death of Philip, late in the season of 1676. The result of it was decisive, as the sachem was well aware that it would be, of the fate of the New England Indians. The Pokanokets were nearly exterminated. The Narraghansetts lost about one thousand of their number in the celebrated swamp-fight at Sunke-Squaw. All the Indians on the Connecticut river, and most of the Nipmucks who survived, fled to Canada, (where they were subsequently of great service to the French) and a few hundreds took refuge in New York. The English detachment of Captain Church alone, are estimated to have killed about seven hundred between June and October of 1676. Large numbers of those who were captured were sent out of the country, and sold as slaves. But the triumph of the conqueror was dearly bought. The whole fighting force of the four Colonies seems to have been almost constantly in requisition. Between one and two thousand men were engaged at the swamp-fight alone, —an immense force for a population of scarcely forty thousand English throughout New England. Thirteen towns were entirely destroyed by the enemy; six hundred dwelling-houses

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burned; and about the same number of Englishmen killed, so that almost every family lost a relative. The mere expense of the war must have been very great; for the Commissioners of the United Colonies afterwards estimated the disbursements of the Old Colony alone, at more than one hundred thousand pounds.

Such was the war King Philip sustained and managed, upon his side, by his own single-handed energy and talent. Not that the sixty Wampanoags of the sachem's own household, as it were, or even the various tribes of the Pokanoket country, were his sole supporters; but that all the other tribes, which supported him, did it in consequence of his influence, and were induced to unite and operate together, as they never had done before, under his control. Some writers have asserted, that he engaged the various Atlantic tribes as far south as Virginia to assist him; but of this there is no proof, and it is rendered improbable by the great want of inter-communication among these tribes. Nor is it true, as other writers have stated, that all the natives of New England itself were involved with Philip. On the other hand, it was the most trying circumstance of the great struggle of the sachem, that he had not only to rely upon bringing and keeping together scores of petty cantons, as jealous of each other from time immemorial as so many Highland clans; but he had to watch and resist, openly and secretly, all who would not join him, besides the multitudes who deserted, betrayed and opposed him. The New Hampshire tribes mostly withdrew from the contest. The praying Indians, of whom there were then thousands, either remained neutral, or like Sassamon turned against their own race. One of Philip's own tribes forsook him in his misfortunes; and the Pequots and Mohegans of Connecticut kept the field against him from the very first day of the war to the last. It may be supposed, that some of these tribes were surprised, as Philip himself was, by the sudden breaking out of the war, a year before the time which had been fixed for it. This was occasioned by the proceedings in which Sassamon was concerned, and by the ungovernable fury of a few of the young warriors.

Philip is said to have wept at these tidings of the first outrage of the war. He relented, perhaps, savage as he was, at the idea of disturbing the long amity which his father had preserved; but he may well have regretted, certainly, that being once forced upon the measure, he should enter the

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battle-field unprepared for what he well knew must be the last, as it was the first, great contest between the red men and the whites. But the die was cast, and though Philip never smiled after that memorable hour just alluded to, his whole soul was bent upon the business before him. Day nor night, scarcely was there rest for his limbs or sleep for his eyes. His resources must have been feeble enough, had his plans, now embarrassed, succeeded to his utmost wish; but he girded himself, as it was, with a proud heart for the mortal struggle. The strength of his own dominions was about six hundred warriors, ready, and more than ready, long since, for the war-cry. The whole force of his old enemies, the Narraghansetts, was already engaged to him. He had negotiated, also, with the Nipmucks and the tribes on the Connecticut and farther west, and one after another, these were soon induced to join him. Nor was it six weeks from the first hostilities, before all the Indians along the coast of Maine, for a distance of two hundred miles, were eagerly engaged, in what Philip told them was the common cause of the race. That no arts might be left untried, even while the court were condemning his three subjects, he was holding a grand war-dance at Sowams, and mustering his tawny warriors around him from all quarters. Several tribes afterwards confessed to the English, that Philip had thus inveigled them into the war. And again, no sooner were his forces driven back upon the Connecticut-river tribes, about the first of September, 1675, than he enlisted new allies among *them*. The Hadley Indians, who had joined the English,—very likely at his instigation,—were suspected, and fled to him. Their Springfield neighbors, soon after, joined three hundred of Philip's men, in an attack upon that town; and thus the whole Nipmuck country was involved. In the course of the ensuing winter, the sachem is said to have visited the Mohawks in New York. Not succeeding in gaining their alliance by fair argument, he was desperate enough to kill some of their straggling young men in the woods, in such a manner that the blame would obviously be charged upon the English. But this stratagem was defeated, by the escape of one who had only been stunned by the sachem. The latter was obliged to take abrupt leave of his hosts; and from that time, they were among his worst enemies.

His situation during the last few months of the war, was so deplorable, and yet his exertions so well sustained, that we can

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only look upon him with pity and admiration. His successes for some time past had been tremendous; but the tide began to ebb. The whole power of the Colonies was in the field, aided by guides and scouting-parties of his own race. The Saconets, the subjects of a near relation of his own, enlisted under Church. Other tribes complained and threatened. Their territory, as well as his, had been over-run, their settlements destroyed, and their planting and fishing-grounds all occupied by the English. Those of them who were not yet hunted down, were day and night followed into swamps and forests, and reduced to live,—if they did not actually starve or freeze,—upon the least and worst food to be conceived of. Hundreds died of diseases incurred in this manner. 'I have eaten horse,' said one of these miserable wretches, 'but now horse is eating me.' Another informed Church, on one occasion, that about three hundred Indians had gone a long way to Swanzey, in the heat of the war, for the purpose of eating clams, and that Philip was soon to follow them. At another time, the valiant captain himself captured a large party. Finding it convenient to attack a second directly after, he bade the first wait for him, and join him at a certain rendezvous. The day after the skirmish, 'they came to him as they were ordered,' and he drove them all together, that very night, into Bridgewater *pound*, and set his Saconet soldiers to guard them. 'Being well treated with victuals and drink,' he adds, with great simplicity, 'they had a merry night, and the prisoners laughed as loud as the soldiers; *not being so treated for a long time before.*' The mere physical sufferings of Philip, meanwhile, are almost incredible. It is by his hair-breadth escapes, indeed, that he is chiefly visible during the war. Occasionally, the English come close upon him; he starts up, like the roused lion, plunges into the river or leaps the precipice; and nothing more is seen of him for months. Only a few weeks after the war commenced, he was surrounded in the great Pocasset swamp, and obliged to escape from his vigilant enemies by rafting himself, with his best men, over the great Taunton river, while their women and children were left to be captured. On his return to the same neighborhood, the next season, a captive guided the English to his encampment. Philip fled in such haste as to leave his kettle upon the fire; twenty of his comrades were overtaken and killed; and he himself escaped to the swamp, precisely as he had

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formerly escaped from it. Here his uncle was shot soon afterwards at his side. Upon the next day, Church, discovering an Indian seated on a fallen tree, made to answer the purpose of a bridge over the river, raised his musket and deliberately aimed at him. 'It is one of our own party,' whispered a savage, who crept behind him. Church lowered his gun, and the stranger turned his head. It was Philip himself, musing perhaps, upon the fate which awaited him. Church fired, but his royal enemy had already fled down the bank. He escaped from a close and bloody skirmish a few hours afterwards.

He was now a desolate and desperate man, the last prince of an ancient race, without subjects, without territory, accused by his allies, betrayed by his comrades, hunted like a spent deer by blood-hounds; in daily hazard of famishing, and with no shelter day or night for his head. All his chief counsellors and best friends had been killed. His brother was slain in the Pocasset swamp; his uncle was shot down at his own side; and his wife and only son were captured when he himself so narrowly escaped from the fire of Church. And could he have fled for the last time from the soil of his own country, he would still have found no rest or refuge. He had betaken himself once to a place between York and Albany; but even here, as Church says, the *Moohags* made a descent upon him and killed many of his men. His next kennelling-place was at the fall of Connecticut river, (above Deerfield,) where, some time after, 'Captain Turner found him, came upon him by night, killed a great many men, and frightened many more into the river, that were hunted down the falls and drowned.' He lost three hundred men at this time. They were in their encampments, asleep and unguarded. The English rushed upon them, and they fled in every direction, half-awakened, and crying out, 'Mohawks! Mohawks!'

We cannot better illustrate Philip's character, than by observing, that within a few days of this affair, he was collecting the remnants of the Narraghansetts and Nipmucks among the Wachuset hills, on the east side of the river; that they then made a descent upon Sudbury; 'met with and *swallowed up the valiant Captain Wadsworth and his company*;* and many

* This strong expression of the Captain's may refer to the really savage treatment which the unfortunate prisoners met with in this case. We have it on the authority of Mather, at least, that those 'devils

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other doleful desolations in those parts.' We also find, that Philip was setting parties to waylay Church, under his own worst circumstances; and that he came very near succeeding. He is thought to have been at the great swamp-fight in December, 1675; and to have led one thousand Indians against Lancaster on the ensuing 8th of February. In August of the former season, he made his appearance among the Nipmucks, in a swamp ten or twelve miles from Brookfield. 'They told him at his first coming,' said one of them who was taken captive, 'what they had done to the English at Brookfield [burning the town.] '*Then he presented and gave to three sagamores*, namely, John *alias* Apequinast, Quanansit, and Mawtamps, to each of them *about a peck of unstrung wampum.*'* Even so late as the month before the sachem's death, a negro, who had fought under him, informed the English of his design of attacking certain towns, being still able to muster something like a thousand men. In his last and worst days, he would not think of peace; and he killed with his own hand, upon the spot, the only Indian who ever dared to propose it. It was the brother of this man by whom he was himself soon after slain.

These are clear proofs, then, that Philip possessed a courage as noble as his intellect. Nor is there any doubt that history would have furnished a long list of his personal exploits, but that his situation compelled him to disguise as well as conceal himself. If any thing but his face had been known, there was nothing to prevent Church from shooting him, as we have seen. And universally influential as he was,—the master-spirit every where guiding, encouraging, soothing and rewarding,—it is a fact worthy of mention, that from the time of his first flight from Pocasset until a few weeks before his death, no Englishman could say, that he had either seen his countenance or heard his voice. Hence Church describes him as being always foremost in the flight. The price put upon his head, the fearful power which pursued him, the circumstance that

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incarnate' inflicted a variety of tortures not necessary to be enlarged upon here; 'and so with exquisite, leisurely, horrible torments, roasted them out of the world.' *History of New England*, Book VII. p. 55. London Ed. 1702.

* Note to Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts. Mather says, that these very Indians had covenanted by a formal treaty, a month before, that they would not assist Philip.

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some of his own acquaintance were against him, and especially the vital importance of his life to his cause, all made it indispensable for him to adopt every stratagem of the wary and cunning warfare of his race.

We have said something of Philip's ideas of his own sovereign dignity. Hence the fate of Sassamon, and of the savage who proposed peace. There is a well settled tradition, that in 1665 he went over to the island of Nantucket, with the view of killing an Indian called John Gibbs. He landed on the west end, intending to travel along the shore, undiscovered, under the bank, to that part of the island where Gibbs resided. By some lucky accident, the latter received a hint of his approach, made his escape to the English settlement, and induced one Mr. Macy to conceal him. His crime consisted in speaking the name of some deceased relative of Philip (his brother, perhaps,) contrary to Indian etiquette in such cases provided. The English held a parley with the sachem, and all the money they were able to collect was barely sufficient to satisfy him for the life of the culprit. It was not a mere personal insult, but a violation of the reverence due from a subject to his king. It appears, that when he visited Boston, before the war, he succeeded in persuading the Government,—as, no doubt, was the truth of the case,—that notwithstanding the old league of his father, renewed by himself, or rather by force of it, he was still independent of Plymouth. 'These successive engagements were agreements of amity, and not of subjection any further, as he apprehended.' He then desired to see a copy of the treaty, and requested that one might be procured for him. He knew, he added, that the praying Indians had submitted to the English; but the Pokanokets had done no such thing, and were not subject. The letter of the Massachusetts to the Plymouth Government, written just after this interview with the sachem, is well worthy of notice. 'We do not understand,' say the former, 'how far he hath subjected himself to you; but the treatment you have given him, does not render him such a subject, as that, if there be not present answering to summons, there should presently be a proceeding to hostilities.' Philip had himself the same notion of a Plymouth *summons;* and yet either policy or good feeling induced him to *visit* the Plymouth Governor, in March, 1775, for the purpose of quieting the suspicions of the Colony; nothing was discovered against him, and he returned home. He maintained privately the

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same frank but proud independence. He was opposed to Christianity as much as his father was, and would make no concessions upon that point. Possibly the remembrance of Sassamon might have rankled in his bosom, who, upon the venerable Eliot once undertaking to convert him, took one of his buttons between his fingers, and told him he cared no more for the Gospel than for that button. That he was generally more civil, however, may be inferred from Gookin's statement; 'I have heard him speak very good words, arguing that his conscience is convicted, &c.'* The sachem evidently made himself agreeable in this case.

Philip was far from being a mere barbarian in his manners and feelings. There is not an instance to be met with, of his having maltreated a captive in any way, even while the English were selling his own people as slaves abroad, or torturing and hanging them at home. The famous Mrs. Rowlandson speaks of meeting with him during her *doleful* captivity. He invited her to call at his lodge; and when she did so, bade her sit down, and asked her if she would smoke. On meeting her again, he requested her to make some garment for his child, and for this he paid her a shilling. He afterwards took the trouble of visiting her for the purpose of assuring her, that 'in a fortnight she should be her own mistress.' Her last interview, it must be allowed, shows his shrewdness to rather more advantage than his fair dealing. It was Indian stratagem in war time, however; and the half-clad sachem was at this very time living upon ground-nuts, acorns, and lily-roots. 'Philip,' we are informed, 'smelling the business, [her ransom,] called me to him, and asked me what I would give him to tell me some good news, and to speak a good word for me, that I might go home to-morrow. I told him I could not tell,—but any thing I had,—and asked him what he would have. He said two coats, and twenty shillings in money, half a bushel of seed-corn, and some tobacco. *I thanked him for his love, but I knew that good news as well as that crafty fox.*' It is probable he was amusing himself with this good woman, much as he did with the worthy Mr. Gookin; but at all events, there are no traces of malevolent feeling in these simple anecdotes. What is more striking, we find that when one James Brown, of Swanzey, brought him a letter from Plymouth, just before

* Historical Collections, Chapter VIII.

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hostilities commenced, and the young warriors were upon the point of killing him, Philip interfered and prevented it, saying, that 'his father had charged him to show kindness to Mr. Brown.' Accordingly, we find it recorded in Hubbard, that a little before *his* death, the old sachem had visited Mr. Brown, who lived not far from Montaup, and earnestly desired that the love and amity *he* had received, might be continued to the children. It was probably this circumstance, which induced Brown himself, to engage in his present hazardous enterprize, after an interval, probably, of some twenty years. Nor should we pass over the kindness of Philip to the Leonard family, who resided near Fowling Pond, in what is now Raynham. Philip, who wintered at Montaup,—for the convenience of fishing, perhaps,—was accustomed to spend the summer at a hunting-house, by this pond. There he became intimate with the Leonards, traded with them, and had his arms repaired by them frequently. On the breaking out of the war, he gave strict orders that these men should never be hurt, as they never were. And, indeed, it is a singular fact, that the whole town of Taunton,—as it then was,—remained entirely unmolested throughout the war, and amid all the ravages and massacres which daily took place upon its very borders. How much of provocation and humiliation he was himself enduring all this time, we have already seen. All his relations were killed or captured, and a price set upon his own life.

It is a matter of melancholy interest to know, that the sachem, wretched and hopeless as he had become in his last days, was still surrounded by a band of his faithful and affectionate followers. At the very moment of his fatal surprise by the English, he is said to have been telling them of his gloomy dreams,* and advising them to desert him and provide for their own safety. A few minutes after this, he was shot in attempting to escape from the swamp. An Englishman,—one Cook,—aimed at him, but his gun missed fire; the Indian who was stationed to watch at the same place, discharged *his*

* The violent prejudice existing against Philip, unmitigated even by his sufferings and death, appears singularly in a parenthetical surmise of Hubbard, 'whether the devil appeared to him that night in a dream, foreboding his tragical end, *it matters not.*' So Mather says, he was hung up like *Ahag*, after being shot through his 'venomous and murderous heart.' Church, generally an honorable and humane man, speaks of his fallen foe, in terms which we regard his reputation too much to repeat.

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musket, and shot him through the heart. The news of this success was of course received with great satisfaction; Church says, that 'the whole army gave three loud huzzas.' It is to be regretted that the honest captain suffered his prejudices to carry him so far, that he denied the rites of burial to his great enemy. He had him quartered, on the contrary, and his head carried to Plymouth, where, as Mather is careful to tell us, it arrived on the very day when the church there were keeping a solemn thanksgiving. The conqueror's temper was soured by the illiberality of the Government toward himself. For this march he received but four and sixpence a man, together with thirty shillings a head for the killed. He observes that Philip's head went at the same price, and he thought it a 'scanty reward and poor encouragement.' The sachem's head was carried about the Colony in triumph; and the Indian who killed him was rewarded with one of his hands. To finish the wretched detail, his belt, powder-horn and other royalties were soon after given up by one of his chief captains; and the lock of the gun which was fatal to him, with a *samp*-dish found in his wigwam, are still to be seen among the antiquities of the Historical Society of this State. Montaup, which became the subject of a dispute between the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies, was finally awarded to the latter by a special decision of King Charles. Last and worst of all, his only son, a boy of nine years of age, whom we have already mentioned as among the English captives, was sold as a slave and shipped to Bermuda. It should be stated, however, that this unfortunate measure was not taken without some scruples. The Plymouth Court were so much perplexed upon the occasion, as to conclude upon applying to the clergymen of the Colony for advice. Mr. Cotton was of opinion that 'the children of notorious traitors, rebels, and murderers, especially such as have been principal leaders and actors in such horrid villanies, might be involved in the guilt of their parents, and might, *salva republica*, be adjudged *to death*.' Dr. Increase Mather compared the child to Hadad, whose father was killed by Joab; and he intimates, that if Hadad himself had not escaped, David would have taken measures to prevent his molesting the next generation. It is gratifying to know, that the course he recommended was postponed, even to the ignominious and mortifying one we have mentioned.

Such was the impression which had been universally forced

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upon the Colonists by the terrible spirit of Philip; and never was a civilized or an uncivilized enemy more generally or more justly feared. How much greater his success might have been, had circumstances favored, instead of opposing him, it is fortunately impossible for us to estimate. It is confessed, however, that had even the Narraghansetts joined him during the first summer of the war,—as nothing but the abrupt commencement of it prevented them from doing,—the whole country, from the Piscataqua to the Sound, must have been over-swept and desolated. But as it was, Philip did and endured enough to immortalize him as a warrior, a statesman, and we may add, as a high-minded and noble patriot. Whatever might be the prejudice against him in the days of terror produced by his prowess, there are both the magnanimity and the calmness in these times, to do him the justice he deserves. He fought and fell,—miserably, indeed, but gloriously,—the avenger of his own household, the worshipper of his own gods, the guardian of his own honor, a martyr for the soil which was his birth-place, and the proud liberty which was his birth-right.

ART. VI.—*Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution.*

The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution; being the Letters of Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, John Adams, John Jay, Arthur Lee, William Lee, Ralph Izard, Francis Dana, William Carmichael, Henry Laurens, John Laurens, M. Dumas, and others, concerning the foreign relations of the United States, during the whole Revolution; together with the Letters in Reply, from the Secret Committee of Congress and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs; also, the entire Correspondence of the French Ministers Gerard and Luzerne, with Congress. Published under the direction of the President of the United States, from the original manuscripts in the Department of State, conformably to a Resolution of Congress of March 27th, 1818. Edited by JARED SPARKS. In twelve volumes octavo. Boston. N. Hale and Gray & Bowen. G. & C. & H. Carvill, New York; P. Thompson, Washington. 1829—1830.

This is a work of great importance for the history of the Revolution. It is a store-house of new materials. If it does not

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bring forth many positively new results, it discloses new details, and furnishes new illustrations of points before known only in the general. It is a book which ought first to be read cursorily, for a comprehensive survey of its contents, and then laid aside for frequent recurrence and habitual study. No library of American history can dispense with it; no American statesman can creditably remain ignorant of its contents. It is a great and important work, long called for and wanted; and at last ably prepared for the public.

Let all those, if any there are, who have not yet fully comprehended the *miracle* of the American Revolution, read this work; we do not mean, to get the solution of this miracle, but to comprehend how truly and literally it was one. The history of the Revolution is more commonly read in reference to the operations of the army and the deliberations of Congress at home. There we see and feel the great difficulties, which were to be encountered; inexperienced and distracted counsels; an imperfect Constitution; an ill paid, constantly changing, and at last partially disaffected army; and a powerful foe, commanding the sea and firmly lodged upon the strongest point of the coast. We are apt to fix upon the French alliance, as the offset to these appalling difficulties, as the great and main stay of the patriots, and so it was. But we need only turn over the pages of these volumes to learn the truth, that this alliance itself was brought about and rendered effective under embarrassments as distressing, as the great event of the Revolution itself. The alliance saved the United States; but how hardly was the alliance itself formed, and how often did it seem impossible to realize its fruits! The rarest conjuncture of persons and things was requisite, and did in fact exist, but accompanied, at the same time, by other agents so ill qualified, and other events so untoward, that it would seem as if the Good and Evil Genius of America had each his alternate day assigned him, in controlling the march of things. In a word, it makes one, who loves his country,—one who has a mind to comprehend, and a heart to feel the worth of the blessings we inherit,—actually become grave and even melancholy to read this book. Mr. Morris, in an extract from his diary, (with several of which the volumes containing his Correspondence are enriched,) relates that, when the English standards, captured at Yorktown, were borne in triumph through the streets of Philadelphia, the members of Congress who witnessed this gratifying display, were

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rather touched with feelings of solemnity than of exultation. It is impossible to dismiss the same serious impression, in contemplating the perilous exposures of our interests in Europe, and the happy issue of counsels oftentimes the most ill advised, discordant, and rash; or when wise and seasonable, not unfrequently dashed by unfortunate execution.

We know there is a just delicacy and a fastidious timidity in speaking on these themes. We shall preserve this delicacy, but not yield to any unbecoming timidity, in telling the truth. Let poetry and romance tell their tale of the Revolution. It will bear all their ornaments;—it deserves them all. Its incidents and its actors are worthy of the highest and most flattering strain of panegyric. It is fit that they should thus be commemorated. It is yet rather too soon to do it; but they are to constitute our heroic age; and one on which, we trust, the minds of a late posterity will more fondly dwell, than classical Greece could dwell on the sickening horrors of 'Thebes' or Pelops' line.'

But this *is* the province of Poetry and Romance. It is their business to idealize the statues which they erect in the temple of Renown; to redeem men from their imperfections; to throw a rich purple robe of glory over their faults, to smooth away the lines, which care has planted in their faded cheeks, and to give them the vigorous port, and roseate bloom of demi-gods. But this is not the business of history. Her work is graver, aye, sadder. It is her business neither to flatter nor to delight; but to instruct. It is her business to tell the truth; to tell it calmly, dispassionately, charitably, but fearlessly; to pass sentence on character, like a merciful, but righteous judge. The history of the American Revolution has not yet been so told; it cannot yet be. We are too near the age. Some of those concerned in it are still among us; we cannot in decency disturb the tranquillity of their decline, by re-producing their dissensions. Or where the original actors have passed off the stage, as nearly all the most distinguished have done, their kindred remain, whose family affections are sacred. But in proportion to the delicacy, with which we ought to approach the task of awarding the meed of praise to those of the distinguished actors of the Revolution, who were at variance with each other during their own life-time, ought to be the satisfaction, with which we welcome those collections of original letters and other documents, of which several have lately been

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published, and of which this is by far the most considerable. In these documents alone, the secret, that is, the true history of the Revolution is concerned.

The fate of the Revolution was decided by the French alliance. We do not mean to agitate a question of metaphysical politics, whether our Independence would have failed to be established by any other agency; nor merely to repeat a truism from the schools, that nothing can happen otherwise than it does. But we mean to say, that without the subsidies and aids obtained from France, at an early period of the Revolution, and the subsequent co-operation of her armies and navies, the war of the Revolution could not have been brought to a successful issue. It is impossible to deny this, on any other ground, than that of vague patriotic sentiment, which would lead us to insist that the righteous cause always prospers; the contrary of which we know to be true.

But notwithstanding the great importance of the French alliance, in the revolutionary war, it was brought about with perhaps less preparation, than might have been expected. If courts have the fondness for intrigue ascribed to them, it must nevertheless be admitted, that in this case, the French court had practised a remarkable forbearance toward the English colonies on the North-American coast. Here were twelve or thirteen distant settlements, dependent on England. They were established upon a continent, on which France also had founded colonies; where she had also vast territorial possessions, which, wrested from her at the close of a former war, had passed into the hands of the English and Spaniards. The French are, it is known, a people peculiarly apt at forming relations at a distance; although, if we draw an inference from history, we should conclude them to be less successful in keeping up than in originating such relations. But the eyes of the French Government had never been withdrawn from our continent; and the wars of 1744 and 1755, although extending to other states and other interests, had their origin in the struggles between England and France, in reference to their possessions in America. The breaking out of general hostilities in 1755, was produced by General Washington's expedition to the Ohio. The peace of 1763, as is well known, cost France her possessions on the continent of North America.

Scarcely had this peace been concluded, when the political controversy between the English colonies and the British

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Government assumed a serious aspect. Mr. Grenville's plan to tax America dates from 1764; and from that time till the breaking out of the war in 1775, this controversy daily grew in bitterness. Here then seemed to be an opportunity for France at once to consult her interest and heal her wounded pride. She had carried on more than one war with England, on account of their respective colonial possessions in America, and in these wars the English colonists had fought with equal loyalty and vigor under the British standard. A state of things now arose, when the colonists were becoming more and more disaffected, and when a prospect opened, that they might be made to throw off their allegiance to the British crown. Now in this state of things, it is a matter of some surprise, that the French court should have paid no more attention to this controversy from 1763 to 1775. It is true, we are informed by Dr. Franklin, that he was visited by the French minister at London in 1767, and that he was very inquisitive in relation to American affairs; and these circumstances led Dr. Franklin to write to his son in terms like these; 'I fancy that intriguing nation would like very well to meddle on this occasion, and blow up the coals between Great Britain and her colonies; but I hope we shall give them no opportunity.'* But it does not appear that any thing was done by France in the interval between the peace of 1763 and 1775, to justify the character here ascribed to her. We do not recollect any correspondence, private or official, between any Government agent or men of influence in France and leading characters of America. The patriots of America sought the countenance of the opposition in England, but do not appear to have had any connexions in France, whose Government might have been expected, if only in the way of intrigue,—a sort of necessary element of court life,—to have formed some kind of intercourse with prominent individuals in the colonies.

This political phenomenon is not the least characteristic of the degradation of the French cabinet under Louis XV. Under Governments where there is no public political press, and consequently no public political sentiment, the tone of politics depends on the personal character of the court. Louis XV. and his ministers were so entirely absorbed in the vile intrigues of the palace, that they found time for no business not directly

* Franklin's Works, Vol. I. p. 220.

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connected with the perpetuation of the crazy machine of their Government from day to day. The great question agitated, was not, whether the American colonies should throw off the British yoke, but whether the dauphiness should be compelled to visit Madame du Barry. Accordingly, from that time down to the period of the accession of Louis XVI., not a letter had been written that we know of, not an agent on either side had been despatched, in reference to any political connexion between France and the colonies.

We should the more wonder at this, were there not another like example now in existence, and before our eyes. We deem it highly probable, that, by a judicious course of policy pursued for a few years beforehand, the British colonies on this continent could have been so prepared for the war of 1812, as that, on its declaration, they would have made common cause with us. Their interests as Americans are, of course, the same. Their feelings as men must be as prompt as ours to be gratified in the enjoyment of political independence, and to be wounded at being, both in a military and political point of view, garrisoned from a distant and not very conciliatory metropolis. If the question were put to the people of Upper and Lower Canada, of New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia, whether they would constitute four States of the American Union, with eight Senators and forty members of Congress, or remain in the dependence of Great Britain, a remote colony for younger sons to fatten upon, there can, we suppose, be but one opinion, as to the answer. But instead of any understanding with the people of the Canadas, previous to the war, and a preparation of their minds to make common cause with us in that struggle, which as an American question was as important to them as to us, the war commenced, on our part, by an invasion of those provinces. Instead of thus invading them, a law should have been passed, reviving the eleventh article of the Confederation: 'Canada acceding to this Confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted to and entitled to all the advantages of this Union.' Had such a law been passed, and the operations of the war on the frontier been confined to the defensive, it is not impossible that very important consequences, in all respects, must have resulted. We are now at peace with Great Britain, and honor as well as policy forbids our tampering with her subjects. But it is a great public duty of the American

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statesman to look forward,—to contemplate the unfortunate probability of future wars, and the relations of the colonial possessions of the British Government to the United States and the mother country, whenever a state of war shall arise. It is his duty to guard against all sources of alienation and bitterness between this country and the neighboring and kindred population beyond the northern boundary. He ought to feel, in all its force, even as a purely domestic question, the desirableness of an extension of the limits of the United States to the north, to preserve a safe balance of its growth to the south. For these reasons, the march of events in the Canadas ought to be carefully watched;—their parties and controversies understood;—all causes of irritation avoided;—all means of conciliation sought;—intercourse, commercial, political, and personal, cultivated in every manner, consistent with the principles of honor toward the Government of Great Britain, with which we are at peace; and thus a good foundation laid for adopting on the first day of the next war, a provision tantamount to that, we have already cited from the Confederation. But so far from a pursuit of any such policy, we doubt if there be two communities in the world more essentially foreign from each other, than those of the United States and the British possessions on this continent. The intercourse between them is vastly less active, than between the United States and England or France; and the state of parties in London and Paris is much better understood at Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia, than the state of parties in these interesting adjacent provinces. Such a thing as a Canadian newspaper, taken by a citizen of the United States, for the sake of political information, we never heard of. Such a thing as a friendly political correspondence, between individuals of the two countries, we do not believe exists; and if ten, or twenty, or fifty years hence, (the longer the better,) a war should break out, between us and Great Britain, we much apprehend, that the most efficient preparation for it in the minds of the people in the British provinces, will remain unmade; and that as little pains will have been taken, on our part, to turn it to advantage, in that quarter, as was made by the French court between 1763, and the death of Louis XV., to guide and animate the patriotic cause in this country.

But a much higher spirit was infused into the French counsels, on the accession of Louis XVI. His ministers cast their

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eyes immediately toward the British colonies; and in 1776, their condition and the prospects of their struggle with the mother country were minutely discussed by Messrs. Turgot, and De Vergennes, and the leading principles of the French policy, as subsequently acted upon, were developed.*

The first steps taken in organizing the foreign relations of the United States in the year 1775, grew out of the personal connexions of Americans, who were or had been in Europe, particularly Dr. Franklin, who had just returned, and Arthur Lee, who was still in London; and more especially the former. Dr. Franklin, as is well known, had been resident in England, for many years before the Revolution; nor did he return to the country, till after the commencement of hostilities. He had filled the place of agent for Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, New-Jersey and Georgia, and had thus been brought very prominently before the English public, as the champion of America. The result of his examination before the privy council, on the subject of American affairs, was eminently calculated to affect the judgments and the imaginations of liberal and independent men, and to produce an impression of the extraordinary sagacity and patriotism of Franklin. These were qualities possessed by other distinguished American patriots of the day; but the peculiar position of Dr. Franklin, as the representative of some of the Provincial Governments in London, brought him forward more conspicuously in this connexion, than any other citizen of the colonies. There is nothing invidious in the remark, that, at the commencement of the Revolution, Dr. Franklin was better known in Europe, than any North-American. He stood on a footing of intimacy with leading characters in Great Britain, and of personal acquaintance with many more. There were men at home of equal talent, and of greater efficiency as popular leaders; many who, in positions as difficult, though of a different kind, had done as much to lead on the march of the Revolution, but who failed then and have consequently ever since failed, to acquire their just share of renown abroad, from the accidental circumstance alluded to. Franklin's name had pervaded the European world as the champion and representative of America, before those of the Adamses, of Henry, Otis, and Lee were heard of, beyond the Atlantic. So permanent are strong im-

*Marshall's Life of Washington. Vol. III. p. 403, &c.

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pressions once struck upon the public, as well as the private mind, that, while the name of Franklin has remained, and justly, in possession of its original celebrity, a writer in the London Quarterly Review, (writing probably from the attic story of an inner court, in one of the least secularized colleges at Oxford,) has asked, within a few years, who ever heard of Patrick Henry?

But it would be unjust to Dr. Franklin, not to add, that he owed not a little of his political celebrity to his European reputation as a philosopher. He had the rare good fortune to vindicate and appropriate to himself one of those few great conceptions, of which a score can scarcely be enumerated in the history of the world; which, by their sublimity, their simplicity, and their truth, confer of themselves immortal glory on a favored few of our race. No one can accuse us of exaggeration, if we place Dr. Franklin's verification of the identity of the electric fluid and lightning, on a level with the Copernican theory or the Newtonian system. The peculiar field of his experiments on this subject, and the character of the elements dealt with are such, in fact, as to give to them a celebrity, beyond their actual importance as hitherto experienced. Copernicus had suggested and Newton demonstrated the true theory of the heavens, and the laws that guide their luminaries on their distant and almost boundless orbits; but theirs was the meditation of the closet, calmly and studiously combining the results of the quiet and midnight observations of the astronomer. With the mass of mankind, the region of electric phenomena, the region of clouds and thunderstorms is as remote, as the orbit of Saturn. There is but one sky; and the lightning is there, as high, and vastly more terrific and intense, than the brightest star. For the same reason that the phases of the moon are more interesting to us than those of Jupiter's satellites, Dr. Franklin's experiments, by which, within our own atmosphere, the phenomena of the heavens and earth are brought together into actual contact, arrested the attention of the world, and gave to him a reputation of the most lofty and brilliant kind.

The entire benefit of this reputation of Dr. Franklin accrued to the United States at the opening of the Revolution. They possessed the advantage of an access to the public mind of Europe, through the medium of one of the

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most popular scientific names of the age. No concurrence of circumstances so favorable could have been otherwise effected; and it needs only to be added, that it took place in the person of a man possessing that practical prudence, knowledge of men, and skill in affairs, which would render any individual highly useful, even though destitute both of the political and scientific reputation of Dr. Franklin. Uniting to all these rare endowments rarely combined, the dignity of a venerable age, the strength of an unimpaired constitution, and the weight of a virtuous life, it must be admitted, that among the happy auspices of the opening Revolution, few are more signal, than that it found Dr. Franklin disposed and prepared to embark heart and soul in the cause;—a man, 'whom' in the language of Lord Chatham in the British House of Peers, 'all Europe holds in the highest estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; whom she ranks with her Boyles and Newtons; who is an honor, not to the English nation only, but to human nature.'

A good deal of important business properly connected with the foreign relations, and even the diplomacy of the country, was transacted by the entire body of Congress at its first convening, and before any kind of organization had taken place, for the distribution of affairs into separate departments. Thus on the 1st of October, 1774, Messrs. R. H. Lee, J. Adams, Johnson of Maryland, Henry, and Rutledge, were appointed a Committee to prepare a loyal address to his Majesty; and on the 11th of October, R. H. Lee, R. R. Livingston, and Mr. Jay, were appointed a Committee to prepare an address to the people of Great Britain, which was adopted on the 14th of the month. The first of these addresses was the production of R. H. Lee, and Mr. Dickinson, who was afterwards added to the Committee; the second was drafted by Mr. Jay. If any particular circumstance be sought for, apart from his general merit and standing in Congress, to account for Mr. Lee's selection and position on these Committees, we might find it, perhaps, in the fact of the residence of two of his brothers abroad, one of them, Arthur, a provincial agent and the diligent correspondent of Samuel Adams and other American patriots. There were other memorials and addresses, such as those to the people of Canada, to the people of Ireland, and a second to the people of Great Britain, adopted at the first or second session of the Continental Congress. It may be interesting to observe, that the first petition to the King was re-

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ferred to Parliament at the opening of the session of 1775, but it came in undistinguished among other letters and papers from America. Understanding it to be before the House of Commons, the provincial agents, Messrs. Bollen, Franklin, and Arthur Lee, presented a petition of their own to be heard in support of that of the colonies. Sir George Saville took charge of their petition, but on a question of receiving it, it was rejected by a great majority after debate.*

At length, on the 29th of October, 1775, a Committee of five was appointed, 'for the sole purpose of corresponding with our friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world; and that they lay their correspondence before Congress, when directed.' An additional resolution provided for defraying the expenses incident to this correspondence, and 'the payment of the agents who may be sent on this service.' This Committee consisted of Mr. Harrison, of Virginia, Dr. Franklin, Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, Mr. Dickinson, and Mr. Jay. In the absence of the secret history of the day, it is out of our power to indicate the particular circumstance, which led to the choice of Mr. Harrison, as the chairman of this Committee. He was, perhaps, the mover of the resolution.

The operations of this Committee were no doubt considerably embarrassed, by the undecided political condition of the colonies. They had not thrown off their allegiance to England; and whatever the wishes or opinions of individuals, in or out of Congress, may have been, they had not avowed it as their object to effect a dismemberment of the empire. It was plain, that until their relations to Great Britain were ascertained, they could make no definite application to a foreign power. At the same time, the degree of countenance, which they might hope from foreign powers, might materially affect the course of Congress in reference to the great question of independence.

Accordingly, the first steps of the Committee of Correspondence appear to have been taken, with a view to obtaining information, how far they could hope for countenance from any of the Continental powers of Europe. On the 12th of December, 1775, the Committee addressed themselves to Arthur Lee, then at London, and informed him that they had, at the

* Letter to the Speakers of the several Assemblies, by Bollen, Franklin, and Lee. Journals of Congress, Vol. I. p. 75. Edition of 1800.

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same time, written to M. Dumas, at the Hague; they also desired Mr. Lee to correspond with M. Dumas. In the letter to Mr. Lee, the Committee say, 'it would be agreeable to Congress to know the disposition of foreign powers towards us, and we hope this object will engage your attention. We need not hint, that great circumspection and impenetrable secrecy are necessary.' This letter is signed by B. Franklin, John Dickinson, and John Jay. About a week after the date of this letter, we find one from Dr. Franklin to M. Dumas. Though subscribed by Franklin alone, it is written on behalf of the Committee.

M. Charles William Frederic Dumas was a native of Switzerland, but established in Holland as a man of letters, apparently in connexion with the booksellers and the periodical press. He is described by Mr. Sparks, in the introductory note to his Correspondence, as 'a person of deep learning, versed in the ancient classics, and skilled in several modern languages, a warm friend of liberty, and an early defender of the American cause.' Dr. Franklin had made his acquaintance in Holland, previous to his return to America, and a private correspondence had been entered into by M. Dumas with Dr. Franklin during the year 1775. In the course of this correspondence, M. Dumas transmitted to America, for the libraries of Congress and Cambridge College, copies of his edition of Vattel, published in 1770. On the establishment of the Committee of Correspondence, M. Dumas was written to by Dr. Franklin, and requested to become their agent. The following extract from the letter of Franklin, of December 19th, 1775, will show the opinions and wishes entertained at that time, in reference to the foreign relations of the United States.

'We are threatened from England with a very powerful force, to come next year against us. We are making here all the provision in our power to prevent that force, and we hope we shall be able to defend ourselves. But as the events of war are always uncertain, possibly, after another campaign, we may find it necessary to ask aid of some foreign power. It gives us great pleasure to learn from you, that all Europe wishes us the best success in the maintenance of our liberty. But we wish to know, whether any one of them, from principles of humanity, is disposed magnanimously to step in, for the relief of an oppressed people, or whether if, as it seems likely to happen, we should be obliged to break off all connexion with Britain, and declare our-

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selves an independent people, there is any State or power in Europe, who would be willing to enter into an alliance with us, for the benefit of our commerce; which amounted, before the war, to near seven millions sterling per annum, and must continually increase, as our people increase most rapidly. Confiding, my dear friend, in your good will to us and our cause, and in your sagacity and ability for business, the Committee of Congress, appointed for the purpose of establishing and conducting a correspondence with our friends in Europe, of which Committee I have the honor to be a member, have directed me to request of you, that as you are situated at the Hague, where Ambassadors from all the Courts reside, you will make use of the opportunity, which that situation affords you, of discovering, if possible, the disposition of the several Courts with respect to such assistance, or alliance, if we should apply for the one or propose for the other. As it may possibly be necessary, in particular instances, that you should, for this purpose, confer directly with some great Ministers, and show them this letter as your credential, we only recommend it to your discretion, that you proceed therein with such caution, as to keep the same from the knowledge of the English Ambassador, and prevent any public appearance, at present, of your being employed in any such business; as thereby we imagine many inconveniences may be avoided, and your means of rendering us service increased.'

In pursuance of these instructions, M. Dumas approached the French Ambassador at the Hague, and laid before him a translation of the letter of the Committee, and a memorial showing how important it was to France, to prevent the subjugation of the colonies. The French Ambassador demanded specifically, what the colonies wished of France, and M. Dumas replied, 1°. The interference and good offices of France, to bring about a reconciliation with England, on conditions to secure the liberties of the colonies; and 2°. Failing this, an alliance between the colonies and the House of Bourbon, for the sake of exclusive commercial advantages. By the '*House of Bourbon*,' M. Dumas probably meant to comprehend the two Governments of France and Spain. This, with the exception of the contemporaneous movement of Arthur Lee in London, was the first authentic overture made to the French Government on behalf of the colonies. It met with quite as much attention, as could have been expected. The reply of the French Ambassador, (of course after having taken the instructions of his court,) was in the following terms:

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'As to your first demand, the mediation of the King cannot take place, whilst the colonies are subjects of the King of England, who besides would not accept it. As to your second demand, the King is a true knight, his word is sacred. He has given it to the English, to live in peace with them. He will hold to it. While France is not at war with the English, he will not ally himself against them with the colonies, and will not furnish aids to the latter. But, on the other hand, for the same reason, the Americans have the same protection and liberty, as all other English, to resort to France, to export thence merchandize, arms, and munitions of war, without however forming magazines of them in France, which is not permitted by any nation. *Besides, added he, the colonies have no need that either France or Spain should enter into this war. Commerce alone will furnish the Americans all that they want to defend themselves.*'*

In a short period after the date of this communication, Silas Deane went to Europe, in the service of the United States, and was followed in the same year, by Dr. Franklin. It was not therefore left to M. Dumas to pursue the intercourse, which he had so respectably begun, with the court of France. He continued, however, a valuable correspondent and agent of Congress. On Mr. Adams's arrival in Holland, as the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, M. Dumas was employed by him as secretary, translator, and interpreter; and appears in this capacity to have rendered very important services. No talent and fidelity on the part of the minister, eminent as he was in both respects, could have supplied the place of the local knowledge of men and things, and the acquaintance with foreign languages, possessed by M. Dumas, and brought into the service of the United States, under the influence of an enthusiastic devotion to the cause. When Mr. Adams left the Netherlands to take a part at Paris in the negotiations for peace, M. Dumas was left by him *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States, at the Hague. In this capacity, he exchanged with the Dutch Government the ratification of the treaty, which had been negotiated by Mr. Adams. Mr. Sparks closes his notice of M. Dumas, with the following just reflections:

'It will be seen by M. Dumas's Correspondence, that his services were unremitted, assiduous, and important, and performed with a singular devotedness to the interests of the United States,

* M. Dumas's Correspondence. Vol. IX. p. 268.

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and with a warm and undeviating attachment to the rights and liberties for which they were contending. Congress seems not to have well understood the extent or merits of his labors. He was obliged often to complain of the meagre compensation which he received, and of the extreme difficulty with which he and his small family contrived to subsist on it. Both Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin recommended him to Congress, as worthy of better returns, but with little effect. This indifference to his worth and services while living, renders it the more just that his services should be honored with the respect and gratitude of posterity.'

The letters of M. Dumas are contained in the latter half of the ninth volume of the work before us, and constitute one of the most curious and least familiar portions of the work.

It will have been remarked, that the French ambassador at the Hague, in his reply to the overtures of M. Dumas, on behalf of the United States, expressed himself in a singular manner, as to the importance to the United States of a participation in the war, on the part of the house of Bourbon. 'The colonies have no need, that either France or Spain should enter into this war. *Commerce* alone will furnish the Americans with all they want to defend themselves.' This strange sentiment may probably receive its explanation from an event, which took place about the same time, which led to a considerable supply of arms, munitions, and clothing, under the form of a commercial transaction; an event not yet entirely cleared, either of its mystery or its embarrassment, and which was, for a long time, a prominent topic in the consideration of the foreign relations of the United States.

In pursuance of the instructions above mentioned, Arthur Lee had sought conferences with the French ambassador in London, on the subject of the affairs of the colonies. It is probable that substantially the same answer was given to Mr. Lee, which had been given to M. Dumas; but the work before us does not contain any despatch from Lee, written at the time, and stating the answer of the French court. It appears, however, by subsequent letters of Arthur Lee, to the Committee of Correspondence, that in April or May, 1776, he was waited upon in London, by Caron de Beaumarchais, who told Mr. Lee, that he came as an agent of the French court, and with the wish of making an important communication to Congress. At their first interview, Beaumarchais informed

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Mr. Lee, that the court of France wished to send an aid to America, of two hundred thousand pounds, in specie, arms, and ammunition, and that all they wanted was to know, through what Island to make the remittance, and that Congress should be apprized of it. They settled on Cape François, as the place; and at a second meeting, Beaumarchais requested Mr. Lee to procure a small quantity of tobacco, or some other produce, to be sent to the West Indies, to give it the air of a mercantile transaction, repeating over and over again, that it was for a cover only, and not for payment, as the remittance was gratuitous. With the verbal communication of this mysterious overture to the Committee of Correspondence, by means of the messenger who had brought out the letters of the Committee, Mr. Lee's agency in this affair appears to have ceased.

Early in March, 1776, Silas Deane was sent out to France, by the Committee of Correspondence, as a commercial and political agent. He was a member of Congress, and appears to have been in Europe before the commencement of the war. It is mentioned by Gordon, as a circumstance unfavorable to his character, that on his nomination, at a later period, as minister to France, jointly with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jefferson, the delegates from his own State of Connecticut voted against him. As the proceedings of Congress were secret, and the ballots in this and similar elections have never been published, Gordon's information on this as on many other points, may be incorrect. On Deane's arrival at Paris, fortified as he was by letters of introduction from Dr. Franklin, he found immediate access to those persons in that place, who were friendly to America, and shortly to the Count de Vergennes. This minister held to Mr. Deane a language of precisely the same tenor, as that which we have before quoted from the letter of M. Dumas. Deane was soon waited on by Beaumarchais, and was given to understand, that the latter possessed the confidence of the Count de Vergennes. A plan was soon arranged between them, in consequence of which large supplies of arms, munitions, and clothing, were shipped by Beaumarchais to America. On the 18th of August, 1776, he wrote a letter himself to the Committee of Secret Correspondence, commencing in the following lofty strain:

'The respectful esteem, that I bear towards that brave people, who so well defend their liberty under your conduct, has induced me to form a plan for concurring in this great work, by establish-

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ing an extensive commercial house, solely for the purpose of serving you in Europe; there to supply you with necessaries of every sort, to furnish you expeditiously and certainly with all articles, clothes, linen, powder, ammunition, muskets, cannon, or even gold for the payment of your troops, and in general, every thing that can be useful for the honorable war, in which you are engaged. Your deputies, gentlemen, will find in me a sure friend, an asylum in my house, money in my coffers, and every means of facilitating their operations, whether of a public or secret nature. I will, if possible, remove all obstacles, that may oppose your wishes, from the politics of Europe.'

In the conclusion of the same letter, he says;

'Look upon my house, then, gentlemen, from henceforward as the chief of all useful operations to you in Europe, and my person as one of the most zealous partisans of your cause, the soul of your success, and a man most deeply impressed with respectful esteem, &c.'

This letter was signed by the fictitious name of Hortalez & Co., under which the business of the Committee with Beaumarchais was transacted.

The person addressing the Committee of Congress in this singular tone, was neither a merchant, a man of fortune, nor a politician; but a man of pleasure, a wit, and a dramatic writer, till this time known only as the author of the *Mariage de Figaro*.* It was at first generally believed, by the agents of the United States and by Congress, that these supplies were furnished by the King of France, as a subsidy to the United States, and without the intention of demanding payment. Eight cargoes were shipped, in the course of 1776 and 1777, and the returns made of tobacco bore but a small proportion to the articles sent to America, and were supposed to be designed only to furnish a commercial cover to the transaction. As Beaumarchais, however, began to press for larger remittances by way of payment, Congress directed Dr. Franklin and A. Lee to seek for categorical information of the minister on the subject. This they did, and the minister informed them, that no part of the supplies was given by the king; and that Beaumarchais had only been permitted to take them from the arsenals to be replaced or paid for. This declaration, of course,

* North American Review, Vol. X. p. 315.

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required the acquiescence of Congress, and they proceeded to admit Beaumarchais' charge for the whole amount furnished, and to pay him by remittances of tobacco and bills on Dr. Franklin, in the whole to the amount of three millions and a half of livres. Great difficulties, however, arose in a final settlement of his accounts, which did not take place till 1805. The United States, by their accounting officers, then acknowledged a balance due to the estate of Caron de Beaumarchais of two million seven hundred thousand livres, or about half a million of dollars. This debt was for the supplies furnished by Beaumarchais, and admitted never to have been paid for, by the United States.

But from this sum, ascertained and admitted to be due by the United States, the accounting officers of the Treasury deducted the sum of one million of livres, with interest from the 10th of June, 1776. The balance due, after this deduction, was paid to the heirs of Beaumarchais,—who have demanded also, from that time to this, the re-payment of the one million of livres with interest, from the 10th of June, 1776,—as we think, with good reason. As this is a point interesting to the honor of the nation, and as the claim has too long by many persons been taken for granted to be groundless, without examination, we very briefly state our view of the subject.

In 1805, then, the United States admitted that they owed Beaumarchais two million seven hundred thousand livres, on account of military supplies in the Revolution.

But the United States debited Beaumarchais with one million of livres and interest from the 10th of June, 1776. This deduction was made, because, (as was alleged on the part of the United States,) that sum of money was on the 10th of June, 1776, paid to Beaumarchais, by order of Louis XVI., for the service of the United States, for which million of livres Beaumarchais had never accounted to Congress.

There is no doubt, from documents which have from time to time come to light, that this sum was so advanced by the King of France. But the Government of France has, at various times and with great earnestness, protested that this sum was applied for a secret political service, on account of the United States; that it was not expended in the purchase of any part of the supplies; and that Beaumarchais promptly accounted for it to the king, to whom alone he was accountable. With what show of justice, then, can the United States

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credit themselves with this money in part payment of the supplies?

This is the short, if not the long of the case.

In 1816, Mr. Gallatin wrote on this subject to the Duke of Richelieu, in the following terms:

'Without asking for the disclosure of the true application of that million, and without anticipating what species of proof will satisfy Congress, I may say that a simple but explicit negative declaration, on the part of his majesty's Government, that the said million was not applied to the purchase of the supplies furnished by M. de Beaumarchais to the United States, would have removed the doubts entertained by the officers at the head of the Treasury Department, when the account was settled there.'

Mr. Gallatin himself was the officer at the head of the Treasury, when that account was settled. To this observation of Mr. Gallatin, the Duke of Richelieu rejoined:

'I am therefore warranted, sir, after a fresh examination of the facts, in persisting in the declarations above stated, and in considering it as a matter of certainty, that the million paid on the 10th of June *was not applied* to the purchase of the shipments made to the United States, at that period, by M. de Beaumarchais.'

On the 31st of January, 1817, Mr. Madison sent a special message to Congress, in which he recommended the payment of this claim, in the following terms:

'Considering that the sum of which the million of livres in question made a part, was a gratuitous grant from the French Government to the United States, that *that* part of the grant was put into the hands of M. de Beaumarchais, as its agent, and not as the agent of the United States, and was duly accounted for by him to the French Government,—I recommend the case to the favorable attention of the Legislature, whose authority alone can decide it.'

The only question is, will we believe the official and often repeated assurance of the French Government, that the million advanced by her on the 10th of June, 1776, was not applied to the payment of the supplies? If we put faith in these assurances, we have no right to charge that million in Beaumarchais' account for supplies furnished the United States, and his heirs are entitled to re-payment of it, with interest from June 10th, 1775.

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The affair in other respects is vexatiously mysterious; and what was done with the million may be a very curious piece of secret history. Nay, those who choose may believe, as we know many intelligent men do believe, that notwithstanding the disclaimer of the French Government, the million was nevertheless applied to the purchase of the supplies. But this is a very ungracious ground for Congress to take, as they must take it in withholding payment of Beaumarchais' long urged claim. This consideration is strengthened by reflecting, that France did, in the Revolution, grant the United States large subsidies of money. She says,—We gave you nine million of livres in money, of which one was applied by us to a secret service, on your account. The United States reply,—No, you gave us eight millions in cash, and one in supplies; and though the individual who furnished the supplies, says he furnished them all on his own account, (as we admit he did the greater part,) and you, the French Government, confirm his statement, yet we believe neither of you, and are resolved to debit him with this million.

So far is this from being a language, which it becomes the American Congress to hold, that we maintain the entire subsidy ought to be re-paid to France. It imports the national honor very nearly, to pay off this last pecuniary debt of the Revolution.*

But to return to the mission of Mr. Deane to France, in the spring of 1776. The French Government had then adopted its course;—to maintain an apparent neutrality; to give no open countenance to the rebels; but secretly to render them efficient aid. This course, however recommended by reasons of state, was certainly not a very ingenuous one, and was attended by practical embarrassments and inconveniences. This long, perplexing, and offensive controversy relative to the claim of Beaumarchais, is itself proof enough of the justice of this remark. But we must take human nature as we find it. The country, in its extremity, went to France for aid. That aid we obtained in the most efficient manner, and it does not

* Since the above was written, it is stated in the public papers, that a convention has been concluded with the French Government, in which provision is made by the United States for paying the claim of the heirs of Beaumarchais. It is further stated in those papers, that this claim is reduced, in the convention, from five million livres to one and a half. We should be very sorry to find this true; the claim is for a specific sum, unjustly withheld from Beaumarchais' estate in 1805, and ought all to be paid.

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become us to criticise too nicely the mode in which it was administered.

The Declaration of Independence in July, removed one great embarrassment in the way of an intercourse with foreign powers, and as it was at the same time found that France was willing to befriend us, the resolution was adopted by Congress of sending an authorized Commission to her court. This step was taken in September, 1776. Dr. Franklin, Silas Deane, and Thomas Jefferson were appointed Commissioners to France, with authority to negotiate treaties with other foreign powers. Mr. Jefferson excused himself from domestic reasons, and Arthur Lee, still at London, was substituted in his place. Our opinion of this selection, as far as Dr. Franklin was concerned, may be inferred from what we have already said. It was no doubt the best that could be made. Deane was unquestionably designated, as being already on the spot. He possessed, at the time, the confidence of Franklin and of some of the best members of Congress; but the progress and close of his mission were unfortunate, and his career terminated in a manner discreditable to himself and the country. Justice compels us to say, after the perusal of his correspondence and that of his colleagues, that the charges against him, urged by the Messrs. Lee and their friends in Congress, were never substantiated. A bitter feud arose between Franklin and Lee, in which Deane was involved on the side of Dr. Franklin. Deane (and Franklin less distinctly) was charged with peculation, and having made unauthorized and embarrassing contracts with French officers to enter into the service of the United States. An attempt was made in Congress to recall him, in a manner implying censure, but it failed; and the resolution adopted placed the measure of recall on the ground, 'that it is of the greatest importance that Congress should, at this critical juncture, be well informed of the state of affairs in Europe.' Before hearing of his recall, Deane, in conjunction with his colleagues, had signed the treaty of alliance with France. This all-important transaction dates from February, 1778. Deane repaired to Philadelphia, on his return to America; and there, for two years, solicited, urged, and demanded an examination into his conduct. As far as we can now judge, Congress injuriously omitted to enter into such an examination. After detaining him a long time in Philadelphia, they passed a vote allowing the payment of his expenses dur-

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ing the period of that detention, but never came to a resolution of censure or approbation of his conduct. In 1780, he returned to France, where he remained more than a year in destitute circumstances, attempting to settle his accounts. He claimed a large sum of the United States, which does not appear to have been allowed.

He was accused, after this period and not without show of justice, of disaffection to the American cause. If this charge be well founded, his disaffection was probably produced by an exaggerated sense of the wrongs, which he had suffered from the party in Congress and the country at large who were opposed to him. This would furnish but a poor excuse for his treachery. No man in public life has any right to promise himself, even if successful, an exemption from the extremest injustice and abuse. If he fail in any degree of success, the most arduous efforts, and the purest motives are no protection from crying injustice and the grossest calumny. If such wrongs were to drive men into treason, half the statesmen in the country would have an apology for disaffection. Deane's disaffection, however just his causes of complaint, argues therefore a levity and unsoundness of character. After the peace, he lived in England; and it is said, engaged in the unworthy occupation of assisting Lord Sheffield in his work on American commerce, the object of which was to do the new States as much injury as possible in the opinions and hopes of their friends in Great Britain and the world. The extraordinary want both of information and sagacity, evinced in this work on the subject of American commerce, would form a strong reason for doubting whether Deane could have contributed essentially to its preparation. His letters, as published in the collection before us, are those of a well-informed, and intelligent person; and in his anticipations particularly of the growth of the Western country, he went, in precision and reach of view, beyond the standard of his day.

In Deane's official letters we are brought for the first time into direct connexion with the Count de Vergennes,* a minister whose name ought ever to be held in grateful recollection in America. Whether the policy, which he pursued, was the

* When Deane was recalled, the Count de Vergennes wrote him a letter expressing in the strongest terms the satisfaction of the Court, at the manner in which he had discharged his duty as a minister of America. Dr. Franklin, unsolicited, did the same thing.

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boldest, which he could have adopted, no man now possesses the means of judging; certainly not without access to the most secret archives of the French Court, at that period. But having adopted it, it is but justice to this minister to admit, that he pursued it with singular equanimity, firmness, and temper. The American Congress fairly threw itself and all its concerns abroad, and many indeed of its troubles at home, on the shoulders of the Count de Vergennes. By a standing instruction, our ministers abroad were directed to take the advice of the French Court; and as the greatest part of the money supplies, which were raised for the support of the war, came from France, it is easy to perceive that the calls upon the time and attention of the minister must have been incessant. To all these difficulties were added the real novelty of the position of France, in reference to Great Britain and the Colonies, and the inexperience of Congress and most of the agents of Congress in Europe. All the thousand troubles connected with the solicitation and reception of subsidies and loans, the disbursements of supplies in France, the fitting out in French ports of armed ships on American account, the adjudication of prizes, the discontents of French officers returning from America, the clamors of the neutral powers against France, for the conduct or misconduct of our privateers, the dissensions of our own ministers,—all these and a hundred other vexations, superadded to the main burden of carrying on the war, devolved upon the Count de Vergennes. The volumes before us are filled with the details of these matters. No ordinary combination of good qualities could have enabled the minister to support the burden. We fear we must add, that under no Government like the British or ours, would it have been possible to support it long, if opposed by a powerful party operating through Parliament or Congress, and the press. The system might have gone on, but the minister must have sunk, harassed and worn down by the weight of so many cares and perplexities. But strong in the good-natured acquiescence of the King, in the decisive support of the Queen, in the gratified animosity of the people to England, and in the public opinion of Europe, the Count de Vergennes administered the Government with a skill and success, rarely allotted to statesmen even of a higher order of mind. His personal qualities come in for no little share of the praise. The patience and good-nature of the man helped out the politician

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and the minister; and we advise all irritable gentlemen, who are made wretched at the loss of a county election, or the removal of a post-master, to read the letters of the Count de Vergennes, at a time when the whole political system of Europe and America gravitated to the central point in his cabinet.

The English writers accuse him of a want of judgment, in nourishing the spirit of revolt. He acted, they say, against the interests of the European system and in the cause of Revolution, and sowed the seeds which sprung up into such a wild and fatal growth in France. Wise after the event. The Count de Vergennes was a French minister, and he struck what was thought,—alike in England and France,—a fatal blow at the natural enemy of his country. We speak of course the language of the politicians of both. It was as impossible to foresee that this would connect itself with a Revolution shortly to follow it in France, as to predict the aspect of the clouds for a twelvemonth in advance. If the Count de Vergennes showed a want of sagacity on this score, the British Government showed it equally, in taking his policy in such ill part; for it proved beneficial in the best sense to them. The policy of the minister was bold, decisive, and successful. No one can deny that. The degree of credit it may receive for generosity is a matter, on which men will differ, according to their system of thinking on the springs of political action. We conceive the Count de Vergennes to have been a liberal, warm-hearted, and high-minded minister,—and we tremble even now at the thought of what might have been the fate of our country, had a politician of the opposite cast controlled the counsels of France at this period. Had France been ruled by a North, and England by a Vergennes, our independence might have fallen to be celebrated on the Greek calends.

It is not the least tribute to the merit of Deane, that he had the credit of engaging the services of Lafayette in the cause of the Colonies. The stipulation for this object, bears date the 7th of December, 1776, and is in the following terms.

'The desire, which the Marquis de la Fayette shows of serving among the troops of the United States of North America, and the interest which he takes in the justice of their cause, make him wish to distinguish himself in this war, and to render himself as useful as he possibly can. But not thinking that he can obtain leave of his family to pass the seas and to serve in a foreign country, till he can go as a general officer, I have thought I could

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not better serve my country, and those who have intrusted me, than by granting to him, in the name of the very honorable Congress, the rank of Major-General, which I beg the States to confirm and ratify to him, and to deliver him the commission to hold and take rank from this day with the general officers of the same degree. His high birth, his alliances, the great dignities which his family holds at this court, his considerable estates in this realm, his personal merit, his reputation, his disinterestedness, and above all, his zeal for the liberty of our provinces are such, as to induce me alone to promise him the rank of Major-General, in the name of the United States. In witness of which, I have signed the present this 7th day of December, 1776.

SILAS DEANE.'

At the same time, Deane promised a Major-General's commission to Baron de Kalb, and subordinate rank to other officers. The Baron de Kalb, as is well known, was a brave and excellent officer, who fell nobly in the cause. Some inconveniences resulted from Deane's contract with M. du Coudray and other officers, subsequently entered into, in which he doubtless transcended his powers; but his sagacity and address in promoting the purpose of Lafayette to engage in our cause are worthy of all praise; and connect his name in an enviable manner,—could any notoriety be desirable for a blighted fame,—with one of the most brilliant incidents in our history. Such the connexion of Lafayette with our cause is unquestionably to be esteemed. It is a topic not yet exhausted; it will bear again and again to be studied and scanned. Chivalry does not record a more beautiful example of heroism or principle; of personal gallantry; of enthusiasm for worthy objects; of youthful wisdom and conduct, united to all the factitious and external advantages, which so seldom adorn real merit, but are so often accepted as its substitute, and so frequently choke its growth and exercise. Mr. Sparks has wisely consecrated a portion of one of the volumes of this collection (the tenth) to the correspondence of this earliest and best of the friends of America. On his return to France, in 1781, he was requested by Congress to confer with our Ministers abroad, and they were directed to consult him. Under this request, he made a journey to Spain, and rendered important services to Mr. Jay in his long-suffering negotiations with that ungenerous and selfish court. The variety of the avocations which Lafayette assumed, the diligence of his correspondence, and the prudence and vigor

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of his conduct, are amply illustrated in the collection of his letters in the present work, and they exhibit to new advantage the character of this wonderful man. There have been those, who deny him the name of *great*. Let them point out another individual of the age, who has borne the test of a career as long and services as various;—whose conduct has been as uniform, whose manners as pure, whose success as brilliant, and we will add, whose glory is as bright as his.

But we find ourselves drawing near the close of our limits, without having touched some of the more interesting topics, which belong to a review of this work. One of these unquestionably is, the sincerity of the friendship of the French court in the negotiations for peace, and the opposite opinions of Dr. Franklin and of his colleagues on that subject. This is one of the great *vexed questions* of our revolutionary history. Mr. Sparks leans strongly to the complete espousal of Dr. Franklin's views and the consequent vindication of the French policy, against the doubts of its sincerity, entertained at the time, by Messrs. Adams and Jay, and their friends in America. The question is obviously twofold, although the two points involved in it are closely connected with each other. One is the imputed design, on the part of France, at the close of the war, to unite with England in excluding us from the Newfoundland fishery, and to restrict our Western boundary to a line drawn far east of the Mississippi; and the other is the connivance of Dr. Franklin in this policy of France, or if not connivance, his want of perception of it and consequent neglect to counteract it. If the first imputation be without sufficient foundation, the second, of course, falls to the ground; but although the first should be established, the second does not of necessity follow. It must also be admitted, that Dr. Franklin's opinion of the sincerity of the French court is a strong argument against its imputed treachery. We have not space to go fully into the discussion; but we own ourselves strongly disposed to the bright side of the question. We have the highest admiration of the talent, the political courage, the living ardor, and the unspotted purity of John Adams, 'the Colossus of Independence.' None can exceed us in respect for the Spartan firmness, the matchless circumspection, the dignified patience of Jay. But these sentiments may be reconciled with the highest respect for Franklin's sagacity, integrity, and patriotism, and for the sincerity of the French court. There

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is no *proof*, that France was playing us false. The degree of countenance, which the French Minister gave to the Spanish pretensions relative to the Western boundary was not greater, than is fairly explicable from the political and family alliance between the two courts of France and Spain. Whatever was gained by the United States, on the Western frontier, was lost to the King of Spain, the uncle and the ally of the King of France. Under these circumstances, it surely is going too far to complain of France, for urging the demands of Spain on our candid consideration. Farther than this, we do not find that France went. The suspicions contained in Mr. Jay's letter of the 17th November, 1782,* relative to the object of M. Rayneval's mission to England, seem to us to be satisfactorily met and answered in Mr. Sparks's note appended to Mr. Jay's letter. The letter of M. de Marbois is the strongest document against the sincerity of the French Court. But it is to be remembered, that this was a letter in French and in cypher, intercepted by the British, by them decyphered and translated, and put into the hands of our Ministers at Paris, to make an impression upon their minds. No candid person needs to be told, that this is a very unsafe medium of communication. We do not understand, that M. de Marbois has ever either admitted or denied the authenticity of the letter. There is great good sense in the view, which was taken of it by R. R. Livingston, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs at the time, in his letter to Mr. Jay of the 4th of January, 1783.

'I am persuaded,' says he, 'the last hope of Britain is founded on the distrusts they may sow among their enemies. I wish you had, in a private letter in cypher, informed me how you got at the letter of Marbois, and why it was copied into English. I more particularly wish to know, whether it passed through the hands of the British Commissioners. If it has, it will be of some consequence to see the original, not that I doubt its authenticity, but it may possibly have undergone some alterations.'

We have not the least doubt that this is exactly the truth. The addition of a very few words, such as those italicised at the close of the last paragraph but one in the letter, as printed in Pitkins' History,† would give an emphasis and import to it, which it might not have originally had.

* Diplomatic Correspondence, Vol. VIII. p. 163, and 208.
† Volume II. p. 531.

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But granting it to be every word authentic, what is it, and what does it amount to? It is a letter to the French Minister written by a young man,* the secretary of the French Legation, and *Chargé d'Affaires* at Philadelphia, in the temporary absence of M. de la Luzerne. In this letter on the general politics of the colonies, M. Marbois imputes to Samuel Adams, and the party which he was supposed to lead, a disposition to prolong the war, prompted by a general and habitual spirit of opposing every thing; and charges him with taking advantage of the feeling of the Eastern States on the subject of the fisheries, to stimulate Congress to insist on terms, in reference to that interest, which Great Britain, it was believed, would not accede to. To counteract this policy imputed to Samuel Adams, and for the sake of removing obstacles in the way of peace, M. de Marbois recommends to the Minister, (if it be to M. de Vergennes that the letter was addressed, for there is nothing in its contents to require that supposition, and its tone and manner are quite too familiar for a youthful secretary of Legation writing to the Minister,) to intimate to Congress, that the King of France would not support them in their claims to the Newfoundland fishery. Is there any proof, that this suggestion, even on the part of Marbois, proceeded from any thing else than a sincere desire of removing obstacles to peace? Independence secured, he might, *as a Frenchman*, honestly doubt the expediency of prolonging the war, for the sake of enabling the Eastern States to fish on the Grand Bank. But grant that the views of M. de Marbois were hostile, is there any proof, that the French Ministry adopted or acted on them? Here again we cannot but express our entire assent to Mr. R. R. Livingston's view of the subject. Writing under all the strength of the impression produced by the first receipt of the letter, he considers it of no importance:

'As to the letter of Marbois,' says he, 'I am not surprised at it, since he always endeavors to persuade us, that our claim to the fisheries was not well founded. Yet one thing is very remarkable, and I hope evinces the determination of France to serve us on this point. The advice given to discourage the hope is certainly judicious; and yet we find no steps taken in consequence of it. On the contrary, we have been repeatedly told, in

* Its date is March, 1782, and its author is still living and in office.

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formal communications since that period, "that the king would do every thing for us that circumstances will admit, and that nothing but dire necessity shall induce him to relinquish any of the objects we have at heart; and that he does not imagine such necessity will exist." This communication was made on the 21st of last November, from letters [of M. de Vergennes] of 7th September, *previous* to our success at Yorktown, and has been renewed at different periods since. * *

'This letter of Marbois, and the conduct of the court of France, evince the difference between a great politician and a little one. France can, by prohibiting the importation of fish, supply herself; she cannot do more. Our exclusion from the fishery would only be beneficial to England, &c.'

In short, the war was extremely burdensome to France. Her finances were in a state of complete dilapidation, and yet she was daily called on, by the United States, in the most importunate manner, for the entire money supplies necessary to carry it on, and which she was obliged to furnish out of a revenue inadequate to the regular expenses of her own Government, to say nothing of her own war expenditure. It was perfectly natural, then, that M. de Vergennes should ardently desire peace, and be willing to obtain it on any terms not inconsistent with the honor of France and America. We are fully disposed, with Mr. Livingston, to regard this feeling as the key of the French policy, pending the negotiations. Mr. Livingston remarks;

'From the general tenor of these letters [those of the Count de Vergennes] I can discover nothing but an anxious desire for peace, which might very naturally lead him to wish that objections, which he did not conceive essential in the first instance, (after having declared to Great Britain that no peace could be made till our independence was acknowledged,) should not break off a negotiation, which must end in the attainment of an object which they have as much at heart as we.'

But granting, what we do not believe, that France was insincere and unfriendly, what proof or probability is there, that Dr. Franklin was guilty either of treacherous connivance or ignorance scarcely less criminal, on the subject of her policy. Without enlarging on this point, we will but refer our readers to an article in a former number of this Journal,* written by

* North American Review for January, 1830, p. 15, &c.

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Mr. Sparks, the indefatigable and judicious editor of the work before us, to whose researches into the revolutionary history of America, as contained in the archives of this country, of France, and of England, the public is under the highest obligations. That article contains, on page 17, an extract from a letter of Mr. Oswald to Lord Shelburne, containing a report of a conference between Mr. Oswald and Dr. Franklin, on the conditions of a treaty of peace. In this conference, Dr. Franklin read to Mr. Oswald a written memorandum of 'points *necessary* to be granted,' and points advisable to be granted. The fourth of the points necessary to be granted is, 'a freedom of fishing on the banks of Newfoundland.' This letter was written before Mr. Oswald had seen Mr. Jay, and three months and a half before Mr. Adams joined our negotiators at Paris.

But it would seem that this point ought to be put at rest, by testimony still more unexceptionable. We mean that of Messrs. Adams and Jay; testimony for the first time made public, we believe, in the present work. It will be borne in mind, that Messrs. Adams and Jay coincided in opinion as to the wish of the French court, and its disposition to compel America to conclude a peace on disadvantageous terms; that Dr. Franklin differed from them on this point, and that between Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams there was a want of friendly feelings. On the 10th of September, 1783, Dr. Franklin addressed letters, of which the following is a copy, to Messrs. Jay and Adams.

'Sir,—I have received a letter from a respectable person in America, containing the following words, namely; "It is confidently reported, propagated, and believed by some among us, that the court of France was at the bottom against our obtaining the fishery and the territory in that great extent, in which both are secured to us by the treaty; that our minister at that court [Dr. Franklin] favored or did not oppose this design against us; and that it was entirely owing to the firmness, sagacity, and disinterestedness of Mr. Adams, with whom Mr. Jay united, that we have obtained these important advantages."

'It is not my purpose to dispute any share of the honor of that treaty, which the friends of my colleagues may be disposed to give them, but having now spent fifty years of my life in public offices and trusts, and having still one ambition left, that of carrying the character of fidelity at least to the grave with me, I cannot allow that I was behind any of them in zeal and faithfulness. I therefore think, that I ought not to suffer an accusation,

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which falls little short of treason to my country, to pass without notice, when the means of effectual vindication are at hand. You, sir, were a witness of my conduct in that affair. To you and my other colleagues I appeal, by sending to each a similar letter with this, and I have no doubt of your readiness to do a brother Commissioner justice, by certificates, that will entirely destroy the effect of that accusation.'

Mr. Jay's answer to this letter is expressed in the following ample terms:

'*Passy, September* 11, 1783.

'I have been favored with your letter of yesterday, and will answer it explicitly. I have no reason whatever to believe, that you were averse to our obtaining the full extent of boundary and fishery secured to us by the treaty. Your conduct respecting them, throughout the negotiation, indicated a strong and steady attachment to both these objects, and in my opinion promoted the attainment of them.

'I remember, that in a conversation which M. de Rayneval, the first secretary of Count de Vergennes, had with you and me in the summer of 1782, you contended for our full right to the fishery, and argued it on various principles.

'Your letters to me when in Spain, considered our territory as extending to the Mississippi, and expressed your opinion against ceding the navigation of that river, in very strong and pointed terms.

'In short, sir, I do not recollect the least difference of opinion between us respecting the boundaries or fisheries. On the contrary, we were unanimous and united, in adhering to and insisting on them. Nor did I perceive the least disposition in either of us, to recede from our claims, or to be satisfied with less than we obtained.'

Mr. Adams, in his reply bearing date the 13th, after reciting the charge against Dr. Franklin, as contained in Franklin's letter above quoted, proceeds as follows:

'It is unnecessary for me to say any thing on this subject, more than to quote the words, which I wrote on the evening of the 30th of November, 1782, and which have been received and read in Congress, namely; "As soon as I arrived in Paris, I waited on Mr. Jay, and learned from him the rise and progress of the negotiation. Nothing that has happened since the beginning of the controversy in 1761, has ever struck me more forcibly or affected me more intimately, than that entire coincidence of principles and opinion between him and me. In about three days,

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I went out to Passy, and spent the evening with Dr. Franklin, and entered largely into conversation with him, upon the course and present state of our foreign affairs. I told him my opinion without reserve of the policy of this court, and of the principles, wisdom, and firmness, with which Mr. Jay had conducted the negotiation, in his sickness and my absence, and that I was determined to support Mr. Jay to the utmost of my power, in pursuit of the same system. The Doctor heard me patiently, and said nothing.

'"At the first conference we had afterwards with Mr. Oswald, in considering one point and another, Dr. Franklin turned to Mr. Jay and said, "I am of your opinion, and will go on with these gentlemen, without consulting the court." He has accordingly met us in most of our conferences, and *has gone on with us in entire harmony and unanimity throughout, and has been able and useful both by his sagacity and reputation, in the whole negotiation.*"'

Taken even singly, we do not see what need be added to the strength of this attestation. In conjunction with the letter of Mr. Jay, in which the same coincidence of views between Jay and Franklin is avowed, which Mr. Adams sets forth as existing between himself and Mr. Jay, we do not see in what stronger terms, and from what authority so competent, the imputation against Dr. Franklin could be repelled.

We own that we take pleasure in coming to this conclusion. It vindicates the honor and the fair fame of a man, whose reputation is a rich portion of the moral treasure of America. The whole matter then as between Dr. Franklin and his colleagues, will resolve itself into a difference of opinion, on the sincerity of the French court; a difference of opinion unquestionably most honest. If we go farther, as we have already observed that our best consideration of the subject obliges us to do, and conclude that, on this point, the judgment of Dr. Franklin, of the American secretary, and the majority of Congress was correct, we shall impute to Messrs. Adams and Jay nothing but an honest error in opinion, while we shall have the satisfaction of believing in the honor and probity of our first ally, to whose aid we are so deeply indebted for the success of the Revolution, and on whose motives we ought to rejoice to place the most friendly interpretation.

A part of the fourth, the whole of the fifth and sixth, and a part of the seventh volumes of this work are appropriated to the correspondence of John Adams. As it is twice the amount of the correspondence of any of our other public agents abroad,

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so it is proportionably rich in instruction in the political history of the times. Mr. Adams was appointed one of our commissioners to France on the 28th of November, 1777, when Silas Deane was recalled. At the close of the year 1778, Congress determined to have but one minister at the French court, and in consequence of this resolution Mr. Adams returned to America, and arrived at Boston, on the 3d of August, 1779, in the French frigate *La Sensible*, the vessel which brought M. de la Luzerne. On the 27th of the next month he was elected by Congress as a Minister Plenipotentiary, to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, whenever she should be disposed to put an end to the war. He arrived in the month of December in Europe. In June, 1780, Mr. Adams was authorized to negotiate a loan for ten millions of dollars in Holland; and in December of the same year was commissioned to negotiate a treaty of friendship and commerce with the United Provinces, and appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the States-General and the Prince of Orange. On the 14th of June, 1782, four additional Commissioners, Franklin, Jay, Laurens, and Jefferson, were associated with Mr. Adams, to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. On the 8th of October, 1782, Mr. Adams succeeded in bringing to a happy close, a treaty of commerce between the United States and Holland, and was publicly received as the Minister of the former. Thus left at liberty, he proceeded to Paris, where Messrs. Jay and Franklin had been employed for three or four months in the negotiations for peace. He united his efforts with theirs, and on the 30th of November had the honor, as the senior Commissioner, to sign his name first to the preliminary treaty. He also took part in the discussions of the definitive treaty, and was the first signer of that instrument. He passed the winter of 1784 in Holland, and in February, 1785, was appointed first Minister of the United States to the court of St. James. Returning in 1788, he was elected first Vice-President of the United States.

During this entire period, his correspondence was kept up with untiring industry. It is enriched with intelligence then important, from all parts of Europe, and with numerous state papers, not now easily to be found elsewhere. In his negotiations with Holland, Mr. Adams evinced great firmness, political courage, and skill; and acting as he did, in opposition to the advice of the French court, which he was directed to con-

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sult, he deserves the undivided credit of having brought that negotiation to a successful issue; as he did also the negotiation for a loan of money in the same country. None of the agents of the United States was longer employed in the foreign service, but one (Dr. Franklin) as long; none exceeded him in industry, zeal, patriotism, and general intelligence; none was more successful; and none higher in the estimate of his countrymen.

Mr. Jay's letters from Spain and France are among the most valuable parts of this collection. They are perhaps the ablest specimens of a guarded diplomatic style, which the work presents; as prudence seems in fact to have been a prominent trait in his character. The letters of Mr. Jay from Spain, however, cannot be read without feelings of unmeasured indignation against that cold, selfish, illiberal court. Never was an honest man placed in a less enviable position. Mr. Jay was commissioned to obtain subsidies or a loan in Spain; and Congress in the extremity of their wants, proceeded to the most irregular, and as the event proved, distressing step of drawing on Mr. Jay for one hundred thousand pounds, on the strength of his commission, and without the least ground to believe that he would succeed. Perceiving the distress in which Mr. Jay and the United States were placed, Count Florida Blanca attempted, by holding out a fallacious hope of supplying their wants, to extort concessions as to the navigation of the Mississippi and the Western boundary; and had the almost incredible meanness to demand in return for the aids he proposed to furnish us, a re-inforcement of ships of war for the Spanish navy. After all, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was the utmost amount, which Mr. Jay could wring from the Spanish court, by importunities, which it is impossible to read without shame for ourselves, and scorn and contempt for the paltry spirit, that required to be thus solicited. Whoever would do justice to the French ministry, needs only contrast the conduct of the two courts.

We ought, before we hurry from this part of the subject, to observe that the letters of Mr. Carmichael, who went out as secretary to Mr. Jay, and succeeded him at Madrid as *Chargé d'Affaires*, are written with great ability, and evince an exceedingly active, able, and adroit diplomatist. They compare advantageously with the best contents of the work.

We are constrained reluctantly to pass over the correspondence of Chancellor Livingston and of the French Ministers,

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Gerard and M. de la Luzerne, with the single remark, that it does great credit to these gentlemen, and forms an instructive section of the work. Neither are we able to dwell particularly on those portions of it which contain the letters of the Messrs. Lees, Izard and Dana. But we must do an act of hasty justice to Robert Morris, the superintendent of the finances of the United States. Mr. Sparks has collected his letters in the eleventh and twelfth volumes of the work. They throw much light on the crazy condition of the finances of the country, and on the singular merit of Mr. Morris. This indeed stood on general admission before; but we are inclined to think, that the reader of these volumes will come to the conclusion, that as Morris had the sagacity to single out and call into the financial service the talents of the youthful Hamilton, so he proved himself in the worst times of the Revolution a financier in no degree unworthy to stand on an equal footing with him, who has justly been called *the father of the credit of the United States.* His correspondence is not exclusively confined to finance, but extends to various topics, connected with the conduct of the war and the interests of America.

The present collection forms one of a series of valuable works, which have been published, in pursuance of a resolution of Congress, of March 27th, 1818. It has been preceded by the Journal of the Convention which formed the Constitution, and the secret Journals of foreign and domestic affairs of the old Congress; the former in one, the latter in four volumes. In the original resolution, the foreign correspondence of the old Congress was directed to be published only to the year 1783. At this point, therefore, the present work is abruptly brought to a close. It is evidently very desirable to have the correspondence of our diplomatic agents abroad, between the peace of 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution. This would comprehend the correspondence of Mr. Jefferson from Paris, and that of Mr. Adams from London, both we presume highly valuable, particularly the latter on the subject of the colonial trade. A resolution was reported to the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, authorizing the Secretary of State to continue the work to the period of the adoption of the Constitution, under the editorship of Mr. Sparks. It is highly desirable that such a resolution should pass, as we trust it will, at a future session of Congress.

Meantime we must not omit, in closing our desultory notice

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of the present collection, to repeat our thanks to Mr. Sparks, for the manner in which he has discharged his duty, in preparing it for the press. He has reduced the vast mass of materials to convenient order, and supplied from other and authentic sources the lamentable chasms in the files of the Department of State. It is well known, that no other individual in the country has enjoyed equal opportunities to fit himself for an enterprise of this kind. We sincerely hope that he will be authorized to carry it on to its appropriate close. Three or four volumes more, we presume, will be sufficient for this purpose, and for an ample index to the whole work. Appropriations for purposes like these are, we know, obtained with some difficulty from Congress. But there is no expenditure of the public money more creditable to the country, or more likely to contribute to the general respectability of the public service. If there were no other consideration to recommend it, we owe it to the generation of patriots who achieved our independence, to bring out from the archives in which they are perishing, the monuments of their talent, for their honor and our instruction.

ART. VII.—*Stewart's Voyage to the South Sea.*

A Visit to the South Seas in the United States' Ship Vincennes, during the Years 1829 *and* 1830, *with Scenes in Brazil, Peru, Manilla, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena.* By C. S. STEWART, A. M. Chaplain in the United States' Navy, and Author of 'A Residence in the Sandwich Islands in 1823 and 1825.' 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 717.

Mr. Stewart, on commencing the duties of his profession, conceived himself to be specially called to engage in the Christian Mission to the Sandwich Islands, where he took his station in 1823, with the other Missionaries who had established themselves there three years before. In 1825, the declining health of Mrs. Stewart, who had accompanied her husband on the mission, rendered it necessary for them to return home, and leave to others the hopeful and already gloriously successful work of christianizing and civilizing the successor of Tamehameha and his subjects. On returning to the United States, Mr. Stewart published his journal of a 'Residence in the Sandwich Islands,' which was re-published in England, where, as

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well as in this country, it has been very generally read. It is an exceedingly interesting work, and together with Mr. Ellis's Tour through Hawaii, has made the world acquainted, not only with the progress of the Mission, but also the geography, physical features, state of cultivation, and products of these islands, and the condition of their inhabitants.

We have already* vindicated the missionaries against some of the aspersions and misrepresentations promulgated in the account of the voyage of Blonde, under the command of Lord Byron, and in an article on that work in the London Quarterly Review.†

In a notice of Mr. Ellis's Tour, we have also in a former number‡ given an account of the state of the missions in 1825, and an outline of the recent history and present state of these islands.

Though, after Mr. Stewart's return to the United States, it was found that a residence of one year at home had partially restored Mrs. Stewart's health, yet as her physicians interdicted her return to a tropical climate, and exposure to the hardships and privations of a missionary life, her husband was prevented from rejoining his brethren at the islands, and left to seek some other scene of labor. Accordingly, at the expiration of his engagement with the Missionary Society, he made application for a chaplainship in the navy, to which he was readily appointed, and this gave him the opportunity of again visiting the Sandwich Islands. During the voyage in the United States' frigate Guerriere, under the command of Commodore Thompson, to Rio de Janeiro and thence to Lima, and the voyage thence in the ship of war Vincennes, commanded by Captain Finch, to the South Sea Islands, and thence home by the way of Canton, Manilla, and the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Stewart kept a journal in letters addressed to Mrs. Stewart, which he had no intention to publish at the time of writing those relating to the earlier part of the cruise, though he no doubt supposed they would be read by his friends. They are, therefore, by no means filled with incidents and reflections, which could be interesting only to the parties to the correspondence. With the exception of some erasures in the journal, and of some additions to the last letter dated at Rio de Janeiro, relating to Mr. Tudor, the whole remains, says the

* No. LVIII. p. 59. † No. LXX. ‡ No. LI. p. 334. April, 1826.

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author, almost word for word as it was originally penned at the common mess-table of a gun-room, amidst the conversation of his companions for the voyage, and within hearing of all the bustle and din of a man-of-war.

Mr. Stewart sailed from Norfolk on board of the Guerriere, early in February, 1829, in his new capacity of chaplain of a man-of-war, but better accommodated for comfort, reading, writing, or contemplation, than most chaplains of men-of-war, or sea-faring journalists, as he occupied a state-room in the cabin. He describes the forward or dining-cabin as being an octagon of some twenty feet in diameter, partitioned off so as to exclude the guns, without any garnishment of battle-axes, cutlasses, shot-boxes, or pistols, on the walls, and well carpeted, so that the party arranged at the centre-table in the evening, had an air of domestic comfort, and presented a parlor-like aspect, while the winter blasts were whistling in the rigging. But with all possible accommodations, a man-of-war is not the most favorable place to study and philosophize. Five hundred men, settled for the voyage on such a small wooden island, will necessarily jostle each other, and one is obliged to hear many voices that strike harshly upon the ear, besides that of the tempest. But this dense population of the floating territory, gave it an increased interest to Mr. Stewart, who says that he had long since learned to have a regard for the character of the sailor, to admire his warm-heartedness, his clannish partiality, which leads him to hail every round jacket and tarpaulin hat, as the signals of a brother; his recklessness of danger, and regardlessness of self; his good-humor, gaiety of spirit, and credulity tinctured with superstition. Nor were they objects of a merely quiescent contemplative interest and curiosity to one who had conscientiously devoted his life to the reclaiming of men from the errors of their opinions and ways, and who seems to be animated by a still youthful, philanthropic and pious ardor to lead his fellow-men from darkness to the light, as yet undamped by the perverseness, hard-heartedness, and ingratitude, which are apt, in the progress of life, to chill the warmth of early benevolence, and teach one to become indifferent to the fate of others, through despair of serving them. He accordingly labored with untiring, and as we should judge, well-directed zeal, as a faithful pastor of his moving parish. He succeeded in gaining a prompt and devout attention to the daily and weekly religious services, in which the crew became more

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and more interested in the course of the voyage. He seems to have persuasively won upon the affections, and attracted the confidence of many of these rough and stern combaters with the elements, and had the satisfaction of believing that a deep and permanent religious impression had been made upon the minds of some, evinced by a striking change in their language and manners. On leaving the Guerriere for the Vincennes, at the port of Callao, he accordingly had the satisfaction of receiving the warmest acknowledgements of gratitude from many of the crew of the former, for his moral and religious instruction, and a general demonstration of personal regard.

This Journal is well worth publishing, if for no other reason, were it only to show how much may be done for the moral improvement, obedient and orderly deportment, and discipline of a crew in the naval service, by the assiduous, kindly intended, and judiciously directed labors of the chaplain. For this purpose, however, he must have the countenance of the officers, as Mr. Stewart had in this voyage, being early informed by Commodore Thompson, that it was his wish, as well as that of Captain Smith, the next officer in rank, to have daily public prayers on board, according to the prescribed, though previously disregarded, rule of the naval service. The time of sunset was fixed upon for this purpose, when fair weather permitted; the occupations of the numerous, busy company ceased at the appointed signal, and all gathered quietly round the chaplain, some fifty or sixty midshipmen pressing closely to him, and the numerous congregation of the men forming the exterior circle; all giving serious and respectful attention while he read a hymn or a passage in the Bible, and made a few introductory remarks and a short prayer, the whole exercises not occupying longer than ten minutes at the most. To conduct these religious exercises with success, the person leading in them must be sincere and devout, and have professional talent and address; but he must also be skilled in social and conventional proprieties and conveniences, and limit himself suitably in time, and choose his topics and expressions with discretion and a proper adaptation to his auditory, otherwise the decorum, solemnity, and devoutness of the exercises will be dissipated, and their utility defeated.

In the latter part of March, the Guerriere entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. After passing Cape Frio, the general

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line of the coast trends off to the south-west, from which a bay makes up into the interior in a northerly direction some seventy or eighty miles, about midway of which on the westerly shore stands the city. In approaching the harbor from sea, you pass on your left the Sugar Loaf, with its steep, inaccessible sides, and truncated top, leaning like the tower of Pisa; and on your right the fort and long line of fortifications. Before you is the bay, studded with beautiful islands, stretching up into the country, where the prospect is bounded in the far distance by the lofty fantastic peaks of the Organ mountains. The right shore is bordered by luxuriant plantations, sprinkled with white cottages, monasteries, and the towers of churches, with rugged mountains again in the back-ground, fringed with dark forests towards their bases, and projecting their naked tops high into the air. On the left you pass the narrow inlet of the deeply embosomed bay of Botafogo, as tranquil and secluded as a Scotch highland loch, with the palace, and here and there a fisherman's hut on its border, and numerous sea-fowl above, wheeling to and from their nests in the crags of the steep sides of the surrounding hills. You next pass, on the same side, the wide-sweeping Praya de Flamengo, or beach of the Flamengos, about a mile in extent, along which at the water's edge is ranged a line of pleasant mansions. The next object on the same side is the Gloria Hill, with the church of our Lady of Glory, a small white octagon, surmounted with lofty, well-proportioned towers, surrounded and partly overhung with trees and shrubbery. Up the valley between this hill and the city, you then open a view of the massy arches of the stupendous aqueduct for conveying water from the neighboring mountains to the city. After you pass this opening, the shore shoots up in another hill, capped by a gloomy looking and decaying pile of monastic building, and then the city presents itself, situated mostly on a low level, interspersed among abrupt hills, with its steeples, and towers, and a forest of masts, in the fore-ground. In the centre of the city, a small steep hill rises to the height of two hundred feet, the summit of which is the site of the massive architecture of the episcopal palace, having another hill a little to the westward, the top of which is occupied by a monastery. In every direction, near and at a distance, you see mountains with spire-like or truncated tops, and dark, naked sides, towering into the skies. Such are some of the more striking points in the author's description of one of the most magnificent landscapes in the world.

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Immediately on landing, Mr. Stewart repaired to the residence of Mr. Tudor, at that time *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States in Brazil, whose many amiable qualities and accomplishments, and numerous public services, particularly in his diplomatic character in Brazil, give him ample claims to commemoration, and who is especially entitled to be remembered in this Journal, of which he was the original editor. His residence was at the Praya de Flamengo, already mentioned, where, though the parties were not before personally acquainted, Mr. Stewart was received with the easy grace and frank cordiality for which Mr. Tudor was so much distinguished. He passed the two weeks, while the Guerriere remained at that port, in the society of Mr. Tudor, with the best possible advantages for observing the Brazilians and their capital; and at his departure took leave of his host 'with deep regret and painful emotion;' not to see him again, for Mr. Tudor's decease took place before Mr. Stewart had completed his voyage. Mr. Stewart says of him;

'He is one of the most talented, extensively informed, and truly amiable men, I have ever met. Received by him with the cordiality of a brother, and admitted at once to the confidence of his bosom, I discovered, during the fortnight of our companionship, traits so noble and fascinating, as to excite an admiration I have seldom known for one not decidedly spiritual in his character, and to win an attachment I can never forget.'

We pass over the author's observations in the capital of Brazil, the stormy passage round Cape Horn, the visit to Valparaiso, and his account of men, manners, and things at Callao and Lima. On the 4th of July he was transferred to the Vincennes, commanded by Captain Finch. The first night after sailing from Callao for the Washington group of Islands, the crew were alarmed by the cry of 'a man overboard.' The subject of the alarm was a boy of about fifteen, who had dropped overboard. He was soon picked up, and the crew thus saved the ominous presage of commencing the cruise with a funeral. The boy did not take the incident very grievously to heart, for on scrambling over the ship's side and regaining the deck, looking at his naked foot, he very coolly remarked, '*I'll be hanged if one of my shoes a'n't gone.*'

The religious exercises were conducted on board of the Vincennes, as they had been in the Guerriere; with the only

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difference, that instead of assembling the crew by the sound of the boatswain's pipe, and a hoarse call around the decks, '*All hands to prayers, ahoy!*' the band, as soon as the bell struck the hour, played the Portuguese hymn, as the signal and as a prelude to the worship, while the men from all parts of the ship silently gathered round their leader in the devotions, who, as a substitute for a pulpit, stood upon a shot-box by the capstan, upon which the American ensign was spread instead of a cushion. After the religious services, on the Sunday before making the Washington Islands, Captain Finch, by a written order, which was publicly read to the crew, announced to them, that some of the objects of the cruise were to secure a harmonious intercourse between the natives of the islands about to be visited, and the sea-faring Americans who might be compelled in their commercial pursuits to put into the same harbors for refreshments and supplies,—to reclaim such men as might have been left upon those islands; to make some impression upon the islanders in respect to our national character, and to encourage them in the arts of civilization. He instructed the crew, that for these purposes, a propriety of conduct on their part would be requisite, and informed them that he should prohibit the natives from coming on board, 'unless under peculiar, or such other circumstances, as had theretofore been the usage of the ship in other ports.' He also intimated that the natives should be treated with respect. The reasons for treating the islanders with some respect, as a sovereign and independent people, having national attributes and rights, appear in the remarks of Mr. Stewart, Vol. 1, p. 317, where he says, that he is fully persuaded that their fierce, vindictive deportment to foreigners, is attributable, in at least a majority of cases, to the wrongs, frauds, and contempts committed among them by persons, who regard them as being scarcely above the brutes. To remove, as much as possible, the impressions thus made upon their minds, Captain Finch resolved to treat the chiefs with respect.

Passing near to Huahuka, the first of those islands in their course, they proceeded to Nukuhiva, about thirty miles to the south, the same island at which Captain Porter refitted during the last war, and which was the scene of a great part of the events recorded in his journal, and particularly of a war, in which he took a part as an auxiliary to one of the belligerent

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tribes. Mr. Stewart gives a very good description of the scenery of this island, and the manners, modes of life, and social, or rather savage condition of its inhabitants. They are similar to those of the Marquesas group, lying further to the westward, and he avails himself of the journal of Mr. Crook, a missionary at these islands in 1797–98, for an account of some peculiarities in their institutions and modes of thinking, with which he could not have made himself well acquainted during his short stay.

According to Mr. Crook, there is nothing like civil authority in these islands. The people are free from all rule and restraint.

'If one man receives an injury from another,—is defrauded, robbed, or assaulted by him,—instead of entering a complaint to the chief, or seeking redress according to some established usage of the country, he at once resorts to the prowess of his own arm, and takes lawless retribution by inflicting violence and death; or if restrained by the fear of the power or influence of the aggressor, standing at a distance, he expends his anger in fierce gestures and loud declamations against the infringement of his rights. Such is the relation between the chiefs and the people; it confers on the former little influence or authority, except that arising from aristocratic birth and large possessions, and exacts from the latter the ordinary marks only of respect and good will.'

There is evidently a striking resemblance in some respects, between the mythology of these and the Sandwich islands and that of Greece. In both systems, for example, a dead hero becomes a god. But the Marquesans refine upon this,—for which they have, however, the authority of the Romans,—*deus est nobis*,—for they worship and sacrifice to living men, who claim the title and attributes of the Deity, not through a professed inspiration, or possession by a supernatural influence or power, but in their own right of godship, as those who control the elements, make the earth fruitful or sterile, inflict diseases and death. Though the gods of various classes are sufficiently numerous, those of this description are very few, not exceeding one, or at most two, on an island. There was none near the place where the Vincennes touched at Nukuhiva, though the former abode of one was pointed out to Mr. Stewart. Mr. Crook gave an account of one in Tahuata, an island in the Marquesan group, at the time of his residence there, in 1797. He was then of great age, and lived in a large house surrounded by an enclosure. From the beams of the house within, and

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upon the trees around, were suspended by the heels the corpses of human victims, which had been sacrificed to him, the heads being scalped. No one beside his servant was permitted to enter his house, except for the purpose of bringing human sacrifices, of which more were offered to him than to any other of their gods, and he frequently seated himself upon a scaffold, in front of his house, and called for two or three at a time. Human sacrifices were frequent in the Sandwich islands, as well as in the Marquesas. Victims were obtained in war, or by stealing them from a neighboring tribe, as is now practised in those islands to which the labors of the missionaries have not yet extended, the inhabitants of which retain what was considered, at the time of Cook's voyages, their amiable mildness. A cause of the war raging between two tribes of Nukuhiva, at the time of the visit of the Vincennes, was the stealing of a family to be sacrificed. But war and man-stealing were not the only means of supply. If a priest, in the name of some god, called for the sacrifice of men, the *tabu* was sometimes resorted to; an order being issued, for instance, that nobody should go upon the water, eat a certain description of food, touch another, &c. for a certain number of days; and whoever, through temptation, or from inadvertency, or kindness to another, broke the *tabu*, was forthwith seized and sacrificed to appease the adored anthropophagus. Mr. Ellis mentions an instance in Oahu, where a man went out into the harbor in the surf, where he appeared to be drowning; and an old man seeing his apparent danger, went to his assistance, and took hold of him for the purpose of saving him. This was a violation of the *tabu*. The decoyer thereupon swam away very briskly, and the old man was seized and sacrificed.

These people have a complete feudal system of their own, as far as the property in land is concerned; the whole of which belongs to the higher orders, civil and religious, the boundaries of each manor being accurately defined. The rest of the population are mere dependants and servants of the land proprietors.

Mr. Stewart relates an instance of those atrocities which are so often committed upon these islanders by foreigners, belonging to civilized communities, and which would disgrace the most savage of the savages. In exploring a delightful valley of the Hapas, of Nuhukiva,—the same tribe with which Captain

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Porter carried on a short war in behalf of the United States,—as Mr. Stewart and his companions were passing a neat looking house of a chief, a man apparently about forty years of age, of a good figure, amiable aspect, and respectable appearance, beckoned to them with his fan, from the elevated platform surrounding his dwelling, and invited them to call. They remarked a settled sadness in the countenances of the chief and the females constituting his family. They had heard, since arriving at the island, that not long before, an *American whaling ship* had approached the island, and hove to off one of its little bays, as if desirous to communicate with the shore; whereupon a large canoe put off, with seven men, five of whom were received on board of the whaling ship, which then stood off from the land. The three stoutest were selected and retained on board, probably to supply a vacancy made by death or desertion, and the other two driven overboard, and obliged to swim for their lives, the two left in the canoe having paddled for the shore, supposing all their companions to have been carried off to sea. Such was the act of piracy committed by one of our whaling ships, according to the account of the islanders. One of the three men thus kidnapped, was a young chieftain and only son, and the family which Mr. Stewart and his companions stopped to visit, consisted of his parents, his wife, and his sisters. When the whaling vessel is filled, he will be put ashore at the first inhabited, or perhaps uninhabited island, possibly a thousand miles from Nukuhiva, and left to get home as he can or perish, while the owners of the whaling ship will carry a share of the cargo to the credit of the profit and loss account of the voyage. The family had recorded the time of his being kidnapped, by adding a knot in a string at every full moon, making the time of the piracy the month of March, 1829, five months before the visit of the Vincennes. The relatives of the stolen chief told the story of this atrocity to their visiters, and mingled with their tears earnest entreaties that Captain Finch would use his endeavors to have the object of their affections and hopes restored to them; which he readily promised. It is to be hoped, for the cause of humanity, that a suitable infamy and punishment will light upon the perpetrators of a crime so savage.

The journal of the visit to Nukuhiva is full of interest. The descriptions are generally very graphical; the inquiries and observations are made with much industry and intelligence,

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and the remarks are characterized by candor and good sense. An admirable description is given of a water-fall, near to the house of the chief whose son was carried off by the piratical whalers. A small river gushes from an opening between two bushy precipices, and dashes in broken sheets down a descent of seventy or eighty feet, into a little deep basin in an offset of the rock, and concealed from the spectator below by shrubbery and creeping plants, whence issuing to the right it tumbles along successive shelves, nearly perpendicularly, again about two hundred feet into a quiet basin at the bottom. The scene is rendered more picturesque, by groups of natives with their loose garments streaming in the wind at different points in the fall, some standing at the top and apparently on the edge of the precipice.

The Vincennes next proceeded to Tahiti, (Otaheite,) a distance of seven hundred miles westwardly. This and the Society Islands lying near, have been the scene of a great revolution, since missionaries were first sent to them by the London Missionary Society in 1797. It was, however, many years before any effects of their labors appeared, so that in 1813 they reported only fifty converts. In 1815, the number had increased to about five hundred in all the islands, many of them being pupils of the missionary school established at the small island of Eimeo; an illustration, among a thousand others, that instruction in the rudiments of learning and in the arts of civilized life, is among the most effectual means of Christianizing the heathen. Soon afterwards an additional number of missionaries was sent out, and the people now began rapidly to abandon their old idolatry, until, in a few years, the great mass of the population discarded their former worship, used the uncouth images of their gods for fire-wood, declared themselves Christians, built places of worship, and have since been diligent pupils in the schools, and devout worshippers in their chapels.

The South Sea Academy, established on the small island of Eimeo, lying about fifteen miles west of Tahiti, and which has been the great engine of the conversion and civilization of these islanders, is a very respectable seminary. The pupils are taught in books printed in their own language, which has been reduced to writing by means of an alphabet constructed upon principles proposed in Europe, and simultaneously published by Mr. John Pickering in America, in the transac-

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tions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The seminary is situated at Afareitu, on the eastern coast of the island. The academy, chapel, and cottages of the natives stretch along the shore, making an extensive range of white buildings on the water's edge, beneath mountains rising almost perpendicularly nearly three thousand feet high; and presenting a striking landscape, which combines magnificent natural scenery, with the monuments of the arts of civilization.

Another monument of the triumph of both Christianity and the arts in those regions, is a chapel at another part of the same island. It is an octagon sixty or seventy feet in diameter, constructed of hewn coral, in appearance not unlike light freestone or marble; well plastered and white-washed within, and furnished with convenient seats, a gallery, and a well designed and well finished pulpit, all of the wood of the bread-fruit tree.

A no less striking monument of the progress of improvement is a turnpike road, made by convicts condemned to hard labor, for various breaches of the laws. It extends nearly a hundred miles, all around the island of Tahiti; is a broad gravel way constructed from point to point along the coast, smooth and well finished, and crossing the streamlets from the mountains by narrow plank bridges. Though this is the work of convicts, it illustrates not the less the liberal and enlightened policy of the Government, in the application of the industry which is at its immediate disposal. This road we consider to be a very strong proof of civil progress and economical improvement. A people that can accomplish such a work ought no longer to be considered as savages.

Another evidence of the same sort, is the code of written laws drawn up by Mr. Nott, one of the missionaries, and now adopted, and practically administered in the Society Islands. This code distinctly defines offences, and annexes to each its appropriate punishment.

About the middle of September, 1829, the Vincennes left the Society Islands, on a passage of twenty-five hundred miles to the Sandwich Islands, where Mr. Stewart found himself again in the scene of his former missionary labors. It was now but four years since he left the islands, and but ten since King Rihoriho abolished the old idolatry. Shortly after the abolition of the absurd and cruel rites of pagan superstition, four missionaries arrived at these islands from the United States, namely, Messrs. Bingham, Thurs-

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ton, Ruggles, and Whitney, with Dr. Holman, a physician, Mr. Loomis, a printer, and Mr. Chamberlain, an agriculturist. Afterwards, as we have mentioned, Mr. Stewart joined the mission, and also Mr. Ellis, who had been long a missionary in the Society Islands, under the patronage of the London Missionary Society. They have since been joined by others, the names of fourteen, in all, being given in a letter addressed to Captain Finch, in 1829; namely, Messrs. Bingham, Richards, Andrews, Bishop, Clark, Shephard, Thurston, Goodrich, Green, Chamberlain, Judd, Ruggles, Gulic, and Whitney. Though the chiefs of these islands had not any other gods to prevent their embracing Christianity, yet there were sufficiently formidable obstacles to the introduction of religion and morals. The natives were sunk in the darkest ignorance, the only amelioration as yet being, that this darkness was not haunted by the cruel imaginary demons of their former worship. They had no letters. They had but recently been sacrificers of human victims. Custom permitted them to expose their aged sick relatives to perish of hunger. Infanticide was frequent, it being the practice with the mothers of sick or troublesome children, a year or two, more or less, old, to dig a hole in the earth in their cabin, as a grave for the living child, to which they consigned it, first stopping its cries by putting a piece of cloth over its mouth. The maternal feeling that naturally triumphs over all others, was so entirely extinguished in these savage mothers, that they would, apparently without any compunction, walk over the recent grave of their infant, in the pursuit of their daily employments. At the decease of any principal chief, amidst the wailing and transports of grief, which broke out with the greatest extravagance on such occasions, a temporary dissolution of all laws took place; acts of violence were done and even murders committed, being prompted by long remembered grudges, and a thirst of revenge; and indiscriminate licentiousness without distinction of ranks, was among these funeral rites. The whole population were thieves, drunkards, and desperate gamblers. The women, who had been degraded into mere slaves, were raised in rank and consideration by Riboriho, but they were exceedingly debased in morals and habits, and their licentiousness of manners was promoted by the visits of foreign ships.

Such, and worse in some particulars, were the Sandwich

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Islanders ten years before the visit of the Vincennes; and though their imaginary gods had been in a great measure already displaced, a field of sufficiently arduous labor was presented to the small corps of missionaries, to reclaim a hundred and fifty thousand savages from their darkness, brutal debasement, and wickedness. They had already been reduced to that number by their wars, crimes, and vices, since the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook, in 1778, when the whole population is supposed to have amounted to four hundred thousand. The changes and improvements that have taken place in these ten years, and especially during the last four, is truly astonishing; but the representations of some of the foreign residents, that the labors of these ministers of religion and civilization have been disastrous to the islanders, is really unaccountable. That there is no pretence for these representations, is demonstrated by a flood of testimony that is quite irresistible; but what is really surprising, and almost incredible, is, that, with all this testimony before their eyes, men should be so vicious, and so perverted by a supposed present interest in perpetuating the ignorance of the natives in order to make them the fitter subjects of frauds, or by their desire of a clear field for unrestrained indulgence, as to charge these missionaries with having brought misfortunes and misery upon the natives.

It is well known that some of the foreign residents in the South Sea islands, have, from the beginning, been hostile to the missionaries, and that their prejudices and feelings found their way into the account of the voyage of Lord Byron in the Blonde, and also into the article on that voyage in the London Quarterly Review for March, 1827; and that, in the same number, was published a pretended letter of Boki, a chief of the Sandwich islands, complaining of the missionaries; which letter was fabricated, probably, in the Sandwich islands, and afterwards a little dressed up for publication in London. The missionaries accordingly had, for a time, a formidable array of opposition; misrepresentations of their detractors at the islands were re-echoed by the editors of the 'Voyage' of the Blonde, and countenanced by the Quarterly Review.

This was ungenerous treatment, and even persecution in one form, of a set of men, who have rendered one of the most signal services to the cause of Christianity and civilization, since the Reformation. We do not mean to pronounce an

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unqualified eulogy upon all the thirty or forty missionaries in the South Seas, any more than we should upon Martin Luther, were we writing his life. But admitting some of them, or all of them, to have made mistakes, and in some instances to have stepped beyond the proper sphere of their functions,—as it is very possible they may occasionally have done, and afforded just ground for some small part of the many complaints made against them,—still they deserve to be commemorated in the annals of Christianity and civilization, as among the distinguished benefactors of mankind, the effects of whose labors will continue to ameliorate the condition of whole tribes and nations for many generations to come.

It will be sufficient to mention some few facts, to show the greatly improved character and condition of the inhabitants of these islands. The Vincennes touched first at the eastern side of the island of Hawaii, (Owhyhee,) the easternmost and principal of the Sandwich Islands, the other six being scattered along at different distances, within three hundred miles, to the north-west. Mr. Stewart visited Hawaii in 1825, in the Blonde, with Lord Byron. The labors of the missionaries had then just commenced in the island, it being only two years after Mr. Ellis and three other missionaries had made a tour round it near the shore, for the purpose of fixing on missionary stations. These pioneers, at the time of making their tour, preached two or three times a day at the different villages to as numerous congregations as could then be collected, being usually from fifty to one hundred and fifty. At the very place visited by the Blonde in 1825, where the first rays of light were then feebly glimmering upon the minds of the natives, Mr. Stewart and the officers of the Vincennes, in 1829, after the conclusion of the services on board of the ship, attended public worship on Sunday, 'in an immense structure, capable of containing many thousands, every part of which was filled, except a small area in front of the pulpit reserved for them, to which they made their way in slow and tedious procession, from the difficulty of finding a spot to place even their footsteps, without treading upon the limbs of the people seated on their feet as closely almost as they could be stowed;' and still many were excluded for want of room. On their entering, the minister, Mr. Goodrich, paused in his discourse until they were seated. 'The suspense of attention in the people was only momentary, notwithstanding the entire novelty to them,

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of laced coats, cocked hats, and other appendages of the naval uniform.'

'I can scarce describe,' says Mr. Stewart, 'the emotion experienced in glancing an eye over the immense number, seated so thickly on the matted floor as to seem literally one mass of heads, covering an area of more than nine thousand square feet. The sight was most striking, and soon became, not only to myself, but to some of my fellow officers, deeply affecting. It seemed, even while I gazed, that the majesty of [Divine] power might be seen rising and erecting to itself a throne, permanent as glorious, in the hearts of these but lately benighted and deeply polluted people. And when I compared them as they had been once known to me, and as they now appeared, the change seemed the effect of a mandate scarce less mighty in its power, or speedy in its result, than that exhibited when it was said, *let there be light, and there was light.*'

The same spirit moves the general multitude of the inhabitants throughout these islands. It is not an ecstatic, evanescent fit of uninformed enthusiasm. A very large part of the population show a devout and earnest disposition to be instructed, not only in the doctrines of Christianity, but also in the habits, manners, and arts of civilized life. They present the grand spectacle of a whole people, including both sexes and all ages and conditions, going to school together to learn to write their own language in its new alphabet, and taking the first feeble steps in the long career in the arts and intellectual and moral improvements. We cannot believe that there are many men in the world, who would desire that such a movement should be arrested, for the sake of present indulgence or profit.

During the week preceding the arrival of the Vincennes, not less than ten thousand people were assembled at that station, on the occasion of an examination of the schools. The officers of the Vincennes were subsequently present at an examination of the schools at Honolulu, the residence of the young king, and the principal port of these islands, where the classes most advanced, embracing several hundred scholars, exhibited in reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic, geography, biblical history, recitations from the Scriptures, catechisms and singing. Many of the scholars could write a good hand, and 'all manifested as full an understanding in the acquisitions made, as would be found among scholars at a

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similar exhibition at home.' The king, then sixteen years old, and the chiefs, some of them the veteran warriors and counsellors of Tamehameha, appeared at the head of their classes, and showed a laudable ambition to be first in knowledge as they were first in rank. The king read aloud in English, with great distinctness of enunciation, and correctness of accent. At the same time was exhibited some needle-work, done by a class of young girls under the instruction of Miss Ward; 'the articles were beautifully finished, as much so as if the work of a skilful mantua-maker. Many of the native females have become expert in dress-making, and obtain their support by the exercise of their art.'

Though there cannot but remain some relics of the recent barbarism of the people, yet the progress made exceeds the most sanguine expectations. The visits of foreign ships, and the trade in sandal-wood, have brought a good deal of profit to the chiefs, the effects of which might be expected to appear in a gaudy finery and extravagance. But it seems, on the contrary, that the islanders show a very considerable taste and sense of propriety in their luxuries and ornaments. Mr. Stewart particularly describes the furniture of the palace of the king, and of the houses of the principal chiefs, which, though in many instances costly, does not indicate a childish admiration of what is glaring and fantastical.

In a letter addressed by the missionaries to Captain Finch, on the improvements made in the islands in the course of ten years, they say, 'No nation is probably more temperate and less addicted to gambling. Industry has been encouraged; commerce has been increased about five hundred per cent.; schools have been every where established; and about 30,000* of the inhabitants, perhaps more, brought under instruction; about 500 pages† of different matter have been prepared for the press, in the language of the country, including more than half of the New Testament, and 100 hymns; the whole printed and published in various forms by our press, amounting to about 7,000,000 pages.'

Mr. Stewart says, that if any of the missionaries could find time for editing a news-paper, we should soon see the 'Hawaiian Herald and Sandwich Islands Register,' as the patronage

* Now 50,000, Mr. Stewart says.
† Now 800 pages.
‡ Now, Mr. Stewart says, 13,632,800.

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would be fully sufficient to sustain it. Some attempts have been made to establish a body of written laws, but as yet with no great success. Some of the foreign residents,—we are careful not to say *all*,—have opposed the adoption of a written code of laws, and have absolutely denied the right of jurisdiction over them, to the Government of the islands. It is their will and pleasure, in short, to be lawless, for they deny the jurisdiction of their own native Governments, as stoutly as they do that of the Sandwich Islands, so that they in effect deny their obligation of obedience to any laws whatever. And they have sustained this state of savage independence hitherto with some success. At the time of the visit of Lord Byron, the subject of a code was discussed, and he proposed some general laws, mostly however of a constitutional character, regulating the political relations of the rulers and people, but some also respecting the title to lands, and the regulation of commerce. It does not appear that any except the last were adopted. The operation of these has been very beneficial. The regents, who governed in the name of the young king, attempted about the same time to introduce some laws of a municipal kind, particularly in relation to crimes. Some of the missionaries were invited to be present at the discussion of this subject in the council, on information of which, a party of leading individuals among the foreign residents, 'violently and riotously interrupted the council, with such menaces and threats against the members of the mission, even to the taking of life, that the chiefs were actually intimidated, and, for the time, relinquished their purpose.' Afterwards, however, in 1827, notwithstanding the opposition from the same quarter had increased, the king and chiefs determined on the promulgation of laws against murder, theft, and adultery; the first to be punished with death, the other two with imprisonment in irons. These laws were first proclaimed by the king in person, to an immense assembly of people, natives and foreigners, and they were immediately printed and circulated in handbills. Soon after, others were added against gambling, drunkenness, prostitution, and sabbath-breaking.

An incident that occurred in the early stage of the mission, will illustrate the state of society at that time, and the disposition of some of the foreign residents. The pupils of the first female school collected by Mrs. Bingham, after being clothed and brought with much care and attention to habits of neatness

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and propriety in their persons, and having become deeply interested in various branches of useful instruction, were borne off, openly and forcibly, by some of the foreign residents to become their mistresses, while their instructress could answer their appeals made to her for protection, only by her tears.*

Some transactions occurred as lately as October, 1829, in relation to one of the English residents, which are strikingly illustrative of the state of things at the islands. Near to Honolulu, the principal port, is a large common, on which the horses and cattle of both natives and residents are turned to graze. Adjoining this common, are situated little cultivated plantations. According to an ancient custom of the island, if an animal break into an enclosure, it is forfeited to the proprietor. Proprietors do not, however, usually avail themselves of the forfeiture, but are content with a reasonable reparation in damages. A certain British resident, whose name is not given, being the proprietor of an enclosure, had adopted the practice of shooting every animal that broke into it. The same resident owned a cow, which was turned upon this common with the other cattle. To protect the plantations, an order had been passed, to secure the cattle in yards during the night. This order he neglected, and his cow broke into a plantation of a native, who detained her as a pledge for the damage she had done; for which he was reproved and threatened by the owner, who made no reparation. Accordingly, on the cow's breaking into the plantation again, she was shot by the farmer. The owner of the cow, on being informed of this, went on horseback in company with an American resident, and without any order from the chiefs or consultation with them, they seized the farmer, and pinioning his arms, tied a halter about his neck, and rode off to town, a distance of three miles, with their prisoner. They rode with such speed, that the islander, after being exhausted with running, fell, and was then dragged along the ground until he was much bruised, several of his ribs being injured, and his sides excoriated. An islander seeing he was like to be strangled, 'had the courage,' as Mr. Stewart expresses it, to run to his relief and cut the rope. He was, however, by the order of his captors, put into irons and imprisoned in the fort, the usual place of confinement, where,

* Stewart's Residence, &c. p. 162. London edition, 1828.

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says Mr. Stewart, 'he still remains,' namely, on the 19th of October, being some two or three weeks from the time of his seizure. We presume the fort to be under the command of the native Government, and we accordingly cannot see how this native would be confined there, *by the order of the two residents*, as stated by Mr. Stewart. However this may be, Mr. Stewart says that the facts of the outrage were stated to him by a number of the chiefs and by others, and among the rest by the man who cut the rope to save the life of the person seized. Taking the facts as stated to Mr. Stewart to be true, and they are corroborated by a document published by the king and his council at the time, the outrage seems to resemble very nearly the transactions that recently took place in Georgia.

The affair became one of much importance and interest at Oahu. The British residents drew up a formal memorial to the Government, representing their lives and property not to be longer safe at the islands; with a request to Governor Boki, that an answer might be carefully prepared, as it would be transmitted to the British Government. A solemn meeting of the council of state was accordingly held, and a formal reply drawn up in both the English and Hawaiian languages. It assures the memorialists of the protection of the Government; declares that all foreign residents shall be amenable to the laws; replies, in relation to the seizure of the farmer, that he ought not to have been punished without a consultation with the Government, adding, 'you rashly and suddenly injured the man; that is one of the crimes of two of you;' setting forth particularly the wrong and violence. This paper contains a touching expostulation to the foreign residents. 'This is our communication to you all, ye parents from the countries whence originate the winds; have compassion on a nation of little children, very small and young, who are yet in mental darkness, and help us to do right, and follow with us that which will be for the best good of this our country.'

The memorialists were so little satisfied with this reply, that they threatened violence against any who should be concerned in its publication. Persons friendly to the missionaries advised them not to print the document at their press, lest it might give rise to unpleasant consequences. They, however, printed it, and no violence seems to have ensued.

Some of the residents are friendly to the improvements, which have been commenced in the islands, and if still more

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of them would use their influence and lend all the aid they can in the establishment of laws and the introduction of morals and manners, they would have less reason to be jealous of the interference of the missionaries in the affairs of the Government; for these 'little children,' as the islanders call themselves, can only become civilized through the advice and assistance of the Europeans and Americans, and they must necessarily resort to those who are ready to lend them aid. They very naturally, and, indeed, under the present circumstances, necessarily, resort to the missionaries for counsel in state affairs, as well as in matters of faith and conscience, and it is desirable that they should do so, if there are among the missionaries, persons of sufficiently liberal views and skilled in civil polity. They, however, disclaim any desire to interfere, and are specially instructed by their patrons not to meddle with political concerns.

Captain Finch was the bearer of a letter, dated January 20th, 1829, addressed to the young king by the Secretary of the Navy, (Mr. Southard) by order of the then President, (Mr. Adams) inviting a good understanding between the United States and the islanders; expressing the President's admiration at the rapid progress made by the islanders 'in acquiring a knowledge of letters and of the true religion,—the religion of the Christian's Bible,'—encouraging them to proceed in the course of improvement,—recommending the missionaries to their favor, as persons who seemed to be sincerely desirous to be useful to them,—intimating that foreign residents owed obedience to their laws, and by violating them, 'violated, at the same time, their duty to their own Government and country, and merited censure and punishment,'—and saying that Captain Finch was commanded 'diligently to inquire into the conduct of our citizens whom he might find at the islands; and, as far as he had authority, to insure proper conduct and deportment from them.' This communication was highly gratifying to the islanders; the king and chiefs listened to a translation of it publicly read at the time of presenting it, with ecstacy, some being moved even to tears. They have a deep sentiment of their being as yet but half-reclaimed savages, that they are 'little children, very small and young,' they feel that their own improvement is an arduous undertaking on their part, and, accordingly, any encouragement and recognition of them on the part of the Governments of civilized countries, are exceedingly cheering and gratifying.

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The American residents were, however, exceedingly dissatisfied with this letter, and sent back a protest, of which Captain Finch was the bearer, which has not been published, but purports, as Mr. Stewart understood at Honolulu, that the letter from our Government should have come through the Secretary of State, and not of the Navy; that the Secretary has no right to inform the king that the religion of the 'Christian Bible' is the 'true religion,' or to recommend the missionaries to his protection and kindness. It denies any ill conduct on the part of any American residents at the Islands, and asserts, that whether their conduct there be good or bad, the Government of the United States has no jurisdiction over it.

It did not become the American residents to protest too strongly against any interference in their concerns and those of the islanders, when they were availing themselves of the assistance of the Government, through Captain Finch, to effect a settlement of their accounts with the chiefs, and obtain payment of the balance due to them; and some of their objections to the letter seem to be quite frivolous, particularly their exception to the insertion of Mr. Stewart's name in it. We cannot but think, however, that the Secretary's letter was a little unguarded in asserting, that a violation of the laws of the Sandwich Islands by American residents was a breach of their duty to their own country; and it might have been well to have expressed the right of our Government to interpose in relation to the conduct of those residents while on the Island, in terms still more qualified. But in determining which of the two parties to countenance, the resident traders or the missionaries, the Government certainly could not hesitate to choose as it did, whether it had regard to the welfare of the islanders themselves, or to the interests of our commerce in the Pacific.

We have omitted many things in these volumes, which would have been interesting to our readers, particularly the visit to the volcano, and the reception of Mr. Stewart at Lahaina, his former station as missionary; and we shall pass over the part of the Journal relating to Canton, Manilla, and the Cape of Good Hope. We have said enough, we trust, to show to those of our readers who have not read this Journal, that it will be a very interesting work to them, and afford them a great deal of information to which no philanthropist or Christian can be indifferent. Though some few of

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the topics are hardly worthy of a place in the Journal, and others, if touched at all, should have been more fully treated,—and though a rigid revision, had it not been prevented by the domestic griefs of the writer, might have led him to expunge some things, particularly the passage in which he pronounces that a certain person who died in the course of the voyage had made a transition to torments, with a greater confidence than seems to us to be expedient, and more plainness than will be grateful to his relatives and acquaintances who may read the Journal,—yet the work, on the whole, does great credit to the talent, literary taste, intelligence, philanthropic disposition, and piety of the author. The incidents of the voyage, as related by Mr. Stewart, will add to the reputation of the officers with whom he sailed, and all the proceedings of Captain Finch at the Polynesian islands, show that a better selection of a commanding officer for the cruise could not have been made.

ART. VIII.—*Exhibition of Pictures at the Athenæum Gallery. Remarks upon the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings for* 1831. 8vo. pp. 35. Boston. 1831.

It was one of the richest days of autumn; a warm haze filled the air, mitigating and diffusing the splendor of the sun, tinting every object with new colors, and yet appearing rather to dim the very beauty it bestowed. As the sun declined on such a day, a Spanish maiden left her father's castle among the mountains. As she turned from the gate, she looked down on the valley from which came up distant sounds of the rebeck, and saw gay groups of dancers twirling the castanets, and bounding along in the mazes of the bolero. She paused a moment,—not with a wish to join in their merriment, but to think of one with whom she had often partaken in the same sports,—and then slowly sought the higher defiles of the Sierra. The way would have fatigued any but a mountaineer; but her frame, though delicate by nature, had been expanded by exercise into the full proportions of womanly strength. She trod upwards with an elastic step, until she reached a bank on the border of a little lake, that lay deeply embosomed among the higher peaks of the mountains. It seemed a familiar place. She stopped, as if she had gained the object of her pursuit,

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threw her beaver on the grass, and shook her long dark tresses in the faint breeze. It was a spot of mingled beauty and grandeur. One red splintered pinnacle of granite soared into the deep blue sky, almost beyond sight; from which forms of gentler undulation led the eye gradually down to the quiet depths of the lake, distinguished from its banks only by the darker reflex of their broken colors. A slender stream, hardly seen, fell into it on the further side, through a chasm which showed it was sometimes a torrent. Trees of fantastic forms, but of stinted proportion, covered its borders in tangled masses, diminishing to shrubs, tufted the higher points of rock, and crept like mere herbage up the clefts of the distant mountain. Over the whole hung a deep veil of invisible vapor, which, absorbing all outline, left nothing but masses of color, light and shade. Regardless of all around her, the maiden sat, looking up with eyes fixed on vacancy, in an attitude between repose and action, plucking the grass with unconscious fingers, with an expression neither of joy nor of sorrow, neither of hope nor of fear, and yet with traces of all these feelings in her flushed and yet tranquil face. It was the spot where she had parted from her lover, when he joined the chivalry of Spain to drive the Moors from Grenada. She was to meet him here on his return; but that return had been long delayed, and the hope of it had become distant and indefinite. Who that had seen her in this reverie of mingled thought, would not have wished for the pencil of Allston to 'endow her with immortal youth?' Who that sees the picture of that accomplished artist, which suggested this description, does not wish that he could have seen the living original? It seems impossible that there should not have been, in some undiscovered region of beauty, such a scene and such a being.

To be more plainly critical, the *Spanish Girl in Reverie* is, in our judgment, one of Allston's very best paintings, both as to composition and execution. In atmospheric effect, we do not believe it has ever been surpassed. To give a much better idea of the subject than can be gathered from our prose, we subjoin a beautiful ballad, which has just been handed to us, written in illustration of it by the artist himself.

THE SPANISH MAID.

Five weary months sweet Inez number'd
From that unfading bitter day
When last she heard the trumpet bray

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That call'd her Isidor away—
That never to her heart has slumber'd;

She hears it now, and sees, far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,
Seems like a rippling feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending;

She hears the cannon's deadly rattle—
And fancy hurries on to strife,
And hears the drum and screaming fife
Mix with the last sad cry of life.
Oh, should he—should he fall in battle!

Yet still his *name* would live in story,
And every gallant bard in Spain
Would fight his battles o'er again.
And would not she for such a strain
Resign him to his country's glory?

Thus Inez thought, and pluck'd the flower
That grew upon the very bank
Where first her ear bewilder'd drank
The plighted vow—where last she sank
In that too bitter parting hour.

But now the sun is westward sinking;
And soon amid the purple haze,
That showers from his slanting rays,
A thousand Loves there meet her gaze,
To change her high heroic thinking.

Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies,
Before her flits and fills the air;
And, deck'd in Vict'ry's glorious gear,
In vision Isidor is there.
Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling
The coming joy, that in *that* hour
The Future, like the color'd shower
That seems to arch the ocean o'er,
Was in the living Present falling.

The Foe is slain. His sable charger
All fleck'd with foam comes bounding on;
The wild Morena rings anon,
And on its brow the gallant Don
And gallant steed grow larger, larger;

And now he nears the mountain-hollow;
The flow'ry bank and little lake

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Now on his startled vision break—
And Inez there.—He's not awake—
Yet how he'll love this dream to-morrow!

But no—he surely is not dreaming.
Another minute makes it clear.
A scream, a rush, a burning tear
From Inez' cheek, dispel the fear
That bliss like his is only seeming.—WA. ALLSTON.

The pleasure of copying these lines tempts us to trespass a little beyond the subject of this notice, and add another poem by the same hand, on a smaller, but still more highly finished picture,—the most highly and beautifully finished of Allston's heads. It is a little Tuscan girl sitting by a fountain. We regret that this gem is not in the exhibition; but it is still in the hands of the artist. The poem and the picture are twin sisters, and we pretend not to guess which was intended as an illustration of the other.

THE TUSCAN GIRL.

How pleasant and how sad the turning tide
Of Human Life, when side by side
The Child and Youth begin to glide
Along the vale of years;
The pure twin-being for a little space,
With lightsome heart, and yet a graver face,
Too young for wo, though not for tears.

This turning tide is Ursulina's now;
The time is mark'd upon her brow;
Now every thought and feeling throw
Their shadows on her face;
And, so are every thought and feeling join'd,
'Twere hard to answer whether heart or mind
Of either were the native place.

The things that once she lov'd are still the same;
Yet now there needs another name
To give the feeling which they claim,
While she the feeling gives;
She cannot call it gladness or delight;
And yet there seems a richer lovelier light
On e'en the humblest thing that lives.

She sees the mottled moth come twinkling by,
And sees it sip the flowret nigh;
Yet not, as once, with eager cry
She grasps the pretty thing;
Her thoughts now mingle with its tranquil mood—

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So pois'd in air, as if on air it stood
To shew its gold and purple wing.

She hears the bird without a wish to snare,
But rather on the azure air
To mount, and with it wander there
To some untrodden land;
As if it told her in its happy song
Of pleasures strange that never can belong
To aught of sight or touch of hand.

Now the young Soul her mighty power shall prove,
And outward things around her move,
Pure ministers of purer love,
And make the heart her home;
Or to the meaner Senses sink a slave,
To do their bidding, though they madly crave
Through hateful scenes of vice to roam.

But, Ursulina, thine the better choice;
Thine eyes *so* speak, as with a voice:
Thy heart may still in Earth rejoice
And all its beauty love;
But no, not all this fair enchanting Earth,
With all its spells, can give the rapture birth
That waits thy conscious soul above.—WA. ALLSTON.

Of the *Roman Lady reading Tasso*, we say less than of the *Spanish Girl*, only because the subject admits of less description, and not because it is at all inferior. It has a charm of expression and of perfect reality, that might make it in time even a greater favorite. Such pictures soon become to us something more than mere forms of inanimate beauty. The mind of the artist has endowed them with a portion of his own existence; and the places in which they have been familiar objects, seem, in their absence, as if deserted by an accustomed friend. This emanation of mind is the true and only lasting criterion of greatness in the arts. It is all that elevates them above mere mechanical employments. No beauty of design, no splendor or delicacy of color can compensate for the want of this communion of intellect between the artist and those who look on his works; and where these adscititious excellencies seem to be the characteristics of greatness, they are so only because they are united with a higher power. We admire Titian as the greatest of colorists; but who ever gave to portrait, and even to landscape, such fascination of expression? We read and write about the *chiar'oscuro* of Correggio as the wonder of his works; but he was, more than all other painters,

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a poet in his art; and the magic of his light and shade is but the appropriate, we had almost said the necessary vehicle of the conceptions of a mind of the highest order. Neither color, design, grace, *chiar'oscuro*, nor even expression gave to Raphael the rank of the first of painters; in each he was surpassed by some one of those who yet were all his inferiors in that dramatic power, by which he communicates immediately with the mind of the spectator.

And this exercise of mental power is by no means confined to historical composition. It may and must be put forth in a great degree in landscape and even in portrait-painting, if we would raise them to the dignity of liberal arts. The mere taking of likenesses, whether of persons or places, is a good and useful trade, and, diligently pursued, deserves success like any other honest industry. But let not those who follow it flatter themselves that they are pursuing the Fine Arts, or complain of the want of taste in the public if they are not patronized. A certain quantity of that labor will always be wanted and paid for; but to purchase such works is no proof of taste, and greatly to admire them shows a sad want of it. An artist of genuine power may and often must do much drudgery of that kind for bread; and to do it is no disgrace. But let him remember that the money he gets for it, and the wonder of the ignorant, are all the rewards he is to expect. If he claim a higher recompense, he must bring higher powers into exercise. Let us not be thought to undervalue portrait or landscape painting as branches of the art, nor, least of all, to speak disrespectfully of those who practise them. We merely wish, that a distinction may be made between the different modes of practice; and particularly to call the attention of artists in all departments of educating and exercising the mind as well as the hand, if they would attain any desirable rank in their profession.

We ardently desire to see the Arts flourish in our country. We think much of their influence on the character of those who are merely taught to enjoy their productions, and by that knowledge are led to a closer observation and new perception of the beauties of nature. But the fact that they furnish another object of intellectual labor to those who practise them is, in our minds, a consideration of at least equal importance. We suffer in this country for the want of such employment, and the want is daily becoming more urgent, as the number of

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educated men increases. The several professions are crowded to suffocation. One who desires that his children may gain a livelihood by the labor of the mind, finds it more and more difficult to select for them a vocation which promises both bread, and the consideration in society which such occupations secure. The difficulty of getting an education sufficient for any of the present pursuits of life, is much less than that of finding what to do with it when obtained. We want objects on which to expend the mental energy we can create; we want places to be filled by those who would devote themselves to the cultivation of the mind; something of a liberal cast besides law, physic, theology and politics. If employments for the well-educated are not multiplied, education will be neglected; because, cheap as it is, it will cost too much if no money can be made of it. Literature and the Arts will in time supply this want here as they have elsewhere. The sooner this can be done the better, and the greater the number that can be supported by them, the greater will be the average of education and intelligence in the community. In this view, as means of increasing the number of educated men, we look on all the liberal Arts as matters of vast importance. To open a new or extend an old field of profitable intellectual industry, is one of the greatest benefits that can be conferred on mankind.

But, much as we rejoice in the progress of the Fine Arts, we confess we care comparatively little about the merely mechanical labor that is sometimes called by that name. We do not think the country would be much benefited or its character much elevated, if our artists could paint brass-kettles as well as Ostade, or dead game as well as Snyders. The painter who copies such things, is indeed likely to be somewhat more refined than the tinker or cook who handles the originals; but he is still further removed in an opposite direction from the artist, who endows with form and color the beautiful objects of his own invention, or embodies in portrait the intellect and character as well as the features of the face. We would not absolutely denounce what is called still-life painting, but we value it very lightly; and we protest against admitting among productions of the Fine Arts, those works, of which the whole supposed merit consists in an imitation of what is in itself entirely insignificant, and the highest aim of which is to produce a momentary deception.

The other branches of painting, landscape and portrait as

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well as composition of figures, are properly ranked among liberal arts, because in all of them the success of the artist depends mainly on mental cultivation. We do not mean that it will give him the necessary delicacy of organization, if nature has denied it; for in nothing has she more plainly distinguished between men from their birth, than in their different capacities to acquire the imitative arts. But we mean that all her liberality is thrown away when it falls on the ignorant and uncultivated. As to historical composition, the truth is so obvious, that nothing more need be said; it depends on education for all its materials, as well as for the manner of using them. In landscape it may not appear quite so clear at first, for it may seem that the most uneducated are capable of truly observing and imitating inanimate nature. But even if that were all the art of the landscape painter, the mere manner of execution, and still more the selection of objects, would distinguish at once the rude from the cultivated mind. But when we consider the various sources to which composition in landscape is indebted for its charms, how it must combine, vary and contrast the forms and colors of nature, what wonderful effects may be produced by the mere distribution of light and shade, and, more than all, how it is elevated by historical and poetical associations, we see the immense distance that must separate the educated artist in this department, from the mere observer and copyist of natural scenery. Perhaps this aid of association has become more necessary to give value to this kind of painting, than it was formerly. There is undoubtedly some truth in the remark, though as a complaint it is unreasonable, that we value old pictures partly because they are old. Probably the same things, produced in our own times, would not excite the same enthusiasm, though we think the experiment has not yet been tried. If this be so, the remedy for the artist is, not to complain, but to take advantage of it. Let him, if he thinks the public unduly admire old paintings, contrive to recall them in his own works, not by servile imitation, but by resorting to similar sources in nature. Let him learn to revive in new combinations, forms which have become consecrated objects of taste. All invention consists in new arrangement; and when certain classes of objects have become by association peculiarly agreeable to cultivated minds, as much originality may be displayed and more pleasure imparted

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by using them as the elements of composition, than by adopting others in which the same interest is yet to be created. It is for this reason, that the most beautiful composition of American scenery is inferior in interest to an Italian landscape; one is a thing of mere natural beauty, while the other combines a high degree of that with objects of other and more intellectual pleasure. We know that some of our artists and of those who love the Arts, entertain a different opinion on this point, and cherish a patriotic predilection for their native scenery; and we have seen them sometimes a little fretful at the preference given to that of other countries. But the best landscape painters of England and France have gone to Italy for the subjects of their best pictures; and we cannot believe that our own artists are to gain any thing but a very temporary popularity, by discarding the aid of associations which add their greatest charm to the works of established reputation.

In portrait painting, there is the same distinction between the artist and the mere mechanic, though there is not the same choice of subject. When a face is to be portrayed that displays intellect and character, the Art rises to a level with the highest. He can have little notion of the power of painting, who does not perceive at once, the necessity of a high degree of mind in one who undertakes to do justice to the originals of some of the portraits in this Exhibition.

We have made these remarks, not because we think them new, but because the Exhibition shows that our artists need to be reminded of them. It shows more skill than knowledge; more care to execute well, than to conceive what is worth executing. Of the new pictures, among a very few better specimens, there are abundance of portraits that look as if their originals were wholly taken up with the thought of having their likenesses painted; and of landscapes, of which the forms and colors seem chosen for no reason but to fill a canvass. The Exhibition taken together is better than several of the preceding, but that is owing to a judicious selection from the pictures exhibited before, and not to the improvements apparent in the new ones. We should, however, do injustice to Alexander, not to mention his portrait of Captain Morgan, and that of a lady, as marking great progress; and to Osgood, a young artist, to overlook one of his, which is remarkably happy in exhibiting the character and expression of the original, though defective in color.

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Two premiums were offered by the Committee, for the best compositions in landscape and in figures. The prominent candidates in landscape, are Fisher and Birch. Doughty has sent nothing to the Exhibition. Fisher's picture represents what we call by a strange misuse of the word, a freshet,—that is, an inundation from the sudden swelling of a river. Birch's is a storm on the sea-coast. On their comparative merits, it is the province of the Committee, and not ours, to decide. We think we have seen better pictures by both the artists. For the other premium, Mr. Weir is the only aspirant; and he too is unfortunate in not being able to enter his best works for it. If earlier notice had been given of the intention of the Committee to offer these premiums, we have no doubt they would have been more effectual.

ART. IX.—*American Library of Useful Knowledge.*

American Library of Useful Knowledge, published by authority of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Vols. I. and II. Boston. 1831.

Chancellor Oxenstiern told his son, that by going to the Congress of Westphalia, he would soon see how little *wisdom* is employed in governing the world. In looking over the roll of history, one is almost tempted to suppose, that most nations have been occupied the greater part of the time in endeavoring to ascertain by experiment the *minimum* quantity, which is absolutely necessary for this purpose. The Christian world has been for the last fifty years, and is now, very busily engaged in attempting to solve the still more difficult and hazardous problem,—how little *power* is requisite for the same great object. In this country, in particular, we have reduced the action of Government within narrower limits, and given a wider scope to individual liberty than any people that ever flourished before. Our experiment has thus far been eminently successful. Other nations, struck with admiration at the brilliant results which have attended it, have undertaken to follow our example, and, notwithstanding repeated and most signal failures, are still renewing their attempts with determined perseverance. The emancipated Colonies of the new world,—the

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most illustrious and highly civilized kingdoms of the old,—have rallied, like us, and in imitation of us, around the standard of individual Liberty. The genius of Britain herself is at last rebuked in the presence of that of our Republic. The haughty step-mother is now condescending to take for a model the daughter whom she so long treated with derision and insult.

What will be the issue of these dangerous experiments? Shall we continue our career with a prosperity corresponding to the fortunate auspices under which it commenced? Will the nations that have acted with less discretion or worse fortune upon our principles, after many unsuccessful trials, at last work out the same glorious results? Or shall we all learn in the sad and bloody school of experience, that we have been led astray by false lights, and be compelled to resort to other, and as we now consider them, exploded maxims of polity?

One thing is certain, and that is, that if the experiment succeed, whether in this country or in Europe, it can only be where the extent of individual knowledge and virtue is increased in exact proportion to that of individual liberty. This truth has been generally felt by the friends of improvement, and hence the unprecedented efforts in the cause of education and popular instruction, which throughout the civilized world have marked the beginning of the present century. The great agent in this work is, undoubtedly, the press. With all their abuses, which no one is more ready to acknowledge and lament than ourselves, we have no hesitation in saying, that the newspapers are the main-spring in the machine of representative Government, and that the system, without their agency, would be entirely impracticable. Books and pamphlets provide the materials that are afterwards to be distributed through daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly channels, as the various wants of the public may require. Seminaries of instruction, from the infant school to the University, co-operate in the same good work; finally, the ministers of religion proclaim from the pulpit the great truths, which it is the duty of their profession to inculcate, and which furnish a basis and a sanction to the good principles, that may be learned from other sources.

By the concurrence of all these agents, it is hoped that the light of knowledge may be made to penetrate the mass of society, and that a majority of the people will be sufficiently informed and disciplined to do their duty as citizens with

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discretion. But is not this very diffusion of knowledge, which is the indispensable condition of liberty, attended itself with dangers and abuses? Undoubtedly it is. The same channels which convey to the public mind the intellectual and moral nutriment, which is absolutely necessary to the life of a Republic, are too often made the conduits of the most virulent intellectual and moral poison. What is the remedy? A preliminary inspection of manuscripts,—an almost complete suppression of newspapers,—the severest laws against offensive publications:—such is the mode of treatment provided by the theory of arbitrary Governments, and hitherto generally used throughout the world. But to acknowledge the necessity of these, is to admit that the great experiment in which the Christian world is engaged has already failed. If knowledge, the diffusion of which throughout the community is indispensable to the existence of free Governments, be itself an edge-tool cutting both ways, and too dangerous to be intrusted to popular hands, it is obvious, that free Governments must be abandoned as a thing entirely impracticable. The theory of liberty supposes, that the diffusion of knowledge carries with it an antidote to all the abuses to which it is liable; that the amount of good sense and good principles conveyed through the channels of the press will, on the whole, exceed that of nonsense and falsehood;—that truth is great, and will finally prevail.

Is this theory correct? This, as will be seen, is the same question under another form with the one proposed above,—whether political institutions as free as those under which we live, are in their nature practicable. We are sometimes visited with strange misgivings on this subject, when we witness the unbridled licentiousness of a portion of the newspaper press, and we incline to think, that further experience will suggest some improvements in the state of legislation, which, without materially infringing on the liberty of the citizen, will put a check upon the grosser forms of this great evil. But even as things now are, we are encouraged by the consoling *fact*, that the system, with all its inconveniences, has thus far *worked well*. It is, however, generally felt by the wise and well-meaning, that every effort should be made to strengthen, as far as possible, those principles which tend to good. With this view, associations have been formed for the distribution,—either gratuitously, or at very low prices,—of useful publications. The

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most active, important, and every way remarkable of these, is the Bible Society. Should the future progress of that noble institution correspond,—as there is every reason to hope,—with its present flourishing condition, it will prove, of itself, a sufficient antidote to the mischiefs of a corrupted and corrupting press. Such is our opinion of its utility, that we consider the establishment of it as one of the most important events in the history of the country. Next in order, are the associations for the diffusion of merely secular knowledge, and of these the British Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is the model. It was founded under the influence of the present illustrious Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. The conception was every way worthy of his great and enlightened mind. The American institution of the same name was established in this city in imitation of it about three years ago; and although the sphere of its action has been thus far comparatively limited, will, as it gradually extends and developes its resources, effect incalculable good.

The publication of the work before us, which is announced as coming out under the sanction of this institution, is the most considerable effort which it has yet made for the promotion of its great object. Should the undertaking meet, as we have no doubt it will, with the degree of favor which will enable the publishers to make the collection pretty extensive, it will prove a real and lasting benefit to the community. The object is to issue in a cheap form a series of works, partly original and partly selected, in all the most important branches of learning. In the ordinary course of trade, our publishers labor under a constant inducement to deal in the very worst books that are offered them, that is, in such as gratify the public appetite for scandal and vicious excitement. Every popular novel that issues from the London press is seized upon at New-York with a kind of fury, and is in the hands of the reader within twenty-four hours after it reaches the port. No matter how extravagant the style, how detestable the principles:—provided they keep within the line where the public toleration for the time being stops. The greater the scandal the greater the sale. The Pelham and Vivian Grey novels, for example, distinguished as they are for the worst taste in style, and the worst principles of every description, are re-printed in cheap forms, thrust into all the most accessible depositories of books, and forced, as it were, upon the reading public. In the

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mean time, books of real value,—books that will be read and admired through the world for centuries,—are not to be procured for love or money. The Essay on Ethical Science by Sir James Mackintosh, a work (if we may judge by the extracts from it, which we have casually seen in the newspapers, and the character of the author) not inferior in elegance and substantial value to the celebrated treatise on Morals by the Father of Roman Eloquence, is not to be bought in this country. Notwithstanding the apparent abundance of books, and the constant outcry about their rapid multiplication and wide circulation, it is a literal fact, that the best which appear are not accessible to the reading public, who, for want of them, are compelled, to the great detriment of their taste and morals, to take up with such as they can get. The effect of the present undertaking will be to apply a partial remedy to this evil; to place at the disposal of the community, in a cheap though at the same time very handsome form, a series of really valuable works on the several branches of learning, which, taken together, will constitute of themselves a tolerably complete family library. Such a plan, if judiciously executed, as we doubt not that it will be, cannot but do a great deal of good, and is well deserving the encouragement of all who have the cause of improvement at heart.

The introductory volume, which is now before us, is occupied by a number of lectures and dissertations on the value and importance of knowledge, which have been delivered or published at different times, by several distinguished persons in this and the mother country. It gives us pleasure to be able to say, that the American portion of the volume is quite equal, in point of literary execution as well as strength and originality of thought, to the European, although the latter is undoubtedly of the highest order of merit. It is not our purpose to examine in detail the scope of each of these Essays, some of which have been before the public in other forms. The Discourse of Judge Story, before the Mechanic Institution, and the Essay of Mr. Edward Everett, on the Importance of Scientific Knowledge, are now published for the first time. We extract from the former, an interesting account of a conversation between the distinguished author and the late lamented Robert Fulton.

'It was in reference to the astonishing impulse thus given to mechanical pursuits, that Dr. Darwin, more than forty years ago, broke out in strains equally remarkable for their poetical enthu-

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siasm, and prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam-engine.

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot through the fields of air:—
> Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
> Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,
> Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
> And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

What would he have said, if he had but lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton, which seems almost to move in the air, and to fly on the wings of the wind? And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public favor. I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steam-boat at New-York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

> "Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
> All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length, the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from

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other causes. The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so,—it is a foolish scheme,—I wish we were well out of it." I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New-York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted, if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

'Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live indeed to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say, that attempts were made to rob him in the first place of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. My ultimate triumph, he used to say, my ultimate triumph will be on the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now it is deemed impossible by many, that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steam-boats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country.'

The Essay of Mr. Everett contains a very interesting passage on the same subject.

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'A portion of the intellect, which has been placed on this goodly theatre, is wisely, intently, and successfully active; ripening, even on earth, into no mean similitude of higher natures. From time to time, a chosen hand, sometimes directed by chance, but more commonly guided by reflection, experiment, and research, touches, as it were, a spring till then unperceived; and through what seemed a blank and impenetrable wall,—the barrier to all further progress,—a door is thrown open into some before unexplored hall in the sacred temple of truth. The multitude rushes in, and wonders that the portals could have remained concealed so long. When a brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed, men are astonished to think how long they had lived on its confines, without penetrating its nature.

'It is now a hundred years since it was found out that the vapor of boiling water is, as we now think it, the most powerful mechanical agent within the control of man. And yet, even after the contrivance of the steam-engine on a most improved construction, and although the thoughts of numerous ingenious mechanicians were turned to the subject, and various experiments made, it was left for our fellow-citizen Fulton, in a successful application of this agent, as brilliant as its first discovery, to produce another engine,—the steam-boat,—of incalculable utility and power. The entire consequences of this discovery cannot yet be predicted; but there is one prediction relative to it, and that among the first ever made, which has been most calamitously fulfilled. When the interests of Mr. Fulton, under the laws of New-York, were maintained by Mr. Emmet at the bar of the Legislature of that State, at the close of his argument, he turned to his client, in an affecting apostrophe. After commending the disinterestedness with which he devoted his time, talents, and knowledge to enterprises and works of public utility, to the injury of his private fortunes, he added, "Let me remind you, however, that you have other and closer ties. I know the pain I am about to give, and I see the tears I make you shed. But by that love I speak,—by that love, which like the light of Heaven, is refracted in rays of different strength, upon your wife and children, which, when collected and combined, forms the sunshine of your soul;—by that love I do adjure you, provide in time for those dearest objects of your care. Think not I would instil into your mind a mean or sordid feeling; but now, that wealth is passing through your hands, let me entreat you to hoard it while you have it." And then, after sketching the dangers which threatened his interests as guarantied by the laws of the State, Mr. Emmet prophetically added, "Yes, my friend, my heart bleeds while I utter it, but I have fearful forebodings, that you may hereafter find in public

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faith a broken staff for your support, and receive from public gratitude a broken heart for your reward." From the time this prediction was uttered, the stupendous consequences of the invention of Fulton have been, every day, more and more amply developed. It has brought into convenient neighborhood with each other some of the remotest settlements on the waters of the United States. It has made the Mississippi navigable up stream as well as down,—which it hardly was before,—incredibly accelerating, in time of peace, the settlement of its mighty valley, and making it henceforth invulnerable in time of war. It has added beyond all estimate to the value of the time, and to the amount of the capital, of a large portion of the population of the country; and without impairing the importance of these benefits to America, has as signally imparted them, or similar benefits, to Europe, and the rest of the civilized world. While these grand developements of the character of Fulton's invention have been taking place, the life, the estate, the family of the great inventor, have, one after another, been sacrificed and crushed. Within a few months after the eloquent appeal just recited was made, Fulton actually died of disease contracted by exposure in the gratuitous service of the public. In a few years, a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States scattered the remains of his property to the winds; and twice or thrice since that period, has an appeal been made to Congress, on behalf of his orphan children, for such a provision as would spare them from the alternative of charity or starvation,—and has been made in vain.'

The following passage forms the conclusion of Mr. Everett's Lecture on the Working Men's Party.

'Before I close this Lecture, permit me to dwell for a short time on the principle, which I have had occasion to advance above, that the immortal element in our nature,—the reasoning soul,—is the inheritance of all our race. As it is this which makes man superior to the beasts that perish; so it is this, which, in its moral and intellectual endowments, is the sole foundation for the only distinctions between man and man, which have any real value. This consideration shows the value of institutions for education and for the diffusion of knowledge. It was no magic, no miracle, which made Newton, and Franklin, and Fulton. It was the patient, judicious, long-continued cultivation of powers of the understanding, eminent, no doubt, in degree, but not different in kind, from those which are possessed by every individual in this assembly.

'Let every one, then, reflect, especially every person not yet

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passed the forming period of his life, that he carries about in his frame as in a casket, the most glorious thing, which, this side Heaven, God has been pleased to create, an intelligent spirit. To describe its nature, to enumerate its faculties, to set forth what it has done, to estimate what it can do, would require the labor of a life devoted to the history of Man. It would be vain, on this occasion and in these limits to attempt it. But let any man compare his own nature with that of a plant, of a brute beast, of an idiot, of a savage; and then consider that it is in mind alone, and the degree to which he improves it, that he differs essentially from any of them.

'And let no one think he wants opportunity, encouragement or means.—I would not undervalue these, any or all of them, but compared with what the man does for himself, they are of little account. Industry, temperance, and perseverance are worth more than all the patrons, that ever lived in all the Augustan ages. It is these, that create patronage and opportunity. The cases of our Franklin and Fulton are too familiar to bear repetition. Consider that of Sir Humphrey Davy, who died last year, and who was in many departments of science, the first philosopher of the age.—He was born at Penzance in Cornwall, one of the darkest corners of England; his father was a carver of wooden images for signs, and figure-heads, and chimney-pieces. He himself was apprenticed to an apothecary, and made his first experiments in chemistry with his master's phials and gallipots, aided by an old syringe, which had been given him by the surgeon of a French vessel, wrecked on the Land's End. From the shop of the apothecary, he was transferred to the office of a surgeon; and never appears to have had any other education, than that of a Cornish school, in his boyhood. Such was the beginning of the career of the man, who, at the age of twenty-two, was selected, by our own countryman, Count Rumford, (himself a self-taught benefactor of mankind,) to fill the chair of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, in London; such was the origin and education of the man, who discovered the metallic basis of the alkalis and the earths; invented the safety-lamp; and placed himself in a few years, in the chair of the Royal Society of London, and at the head of the chemists of Europe. Sir Humphrey Davy's most brilliant discoveries were effected by his skilful application of the Galvanic Electricity, a principle, whose existence had been detected, a few years before, by an Italian philosopher, from noticing the contractions of a frog's limbs suspended on an iron hook, a fact which shows how near us, in every direction, the most curious facts lie scattered by nature. With an apparatus, contrived by himself to collect and condense this powerful agent, Sir Humphrey succeeded in decomposing the earths and the alkalis; and

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in extracting from common potash, the metal (before unknown) of which it consists;—possessing at 70° of the thermometer the lustre and general appearance of mercury, at 50°, the appearance of polished silver and the softness of wax; so light that it swims in water; and so inflammable that it takes fire, when thrown on ice.

'These are perhaps but brilliant novelties; though connected, no doubt, in the great chain of cause and effect, with principles of art and science, conducive to the service of man. But the invention of the safety-lamp, which enables the miner to walk unharmed through an atmosphere of explosive gas, and has already saved the lives of hundreds of human beings, is a title to glory and the gratitude of his fellow-men, which the most renowned destroyer of his race might envy.

'The counsels of such a man, in his retirement and meditation, are worth listening to. I am sure you will think I bring this Lecture to the best conclusion, by repeating a sentence from one of his moral works.

'"I envy," says he, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer A FIRM RELIGIOUS BELIEF to every other blessing."'

Mr. Webster's Lecture before the Mechanic Institution, though comparatively short, exhibits his usual strong sense and plain, manly eloquence. The following passage is interesting in itself, and displays an acquaintance with the history and principles of the Fine Arts, which would scarcely have been expected in one so deeply engaged in other pursuits and studies.

'Another interesting fact is before us. New taste and a new excitement are evidently springing up in our vicinity, in regard to an art, which, as it unites in a singular degree, utility and beauty, affords inviting encouragements to genius and skill. I mean Architecture. Architecture is military, naval, sacred, civil, or domestic. Naval architecture, certainly, is of the highest importance to a commercial and navigating people, to say nothing of its intimate and essential connexion with the means of national defence. This science should not be regarded as having already reached its utmost perfection. It seems to have been some time in a course of rapid advancement. The building, the rigging, the navigating of ships, have, to every one's conviction, been subjects of great improvement within the last fifteen years. And where, rather than in New-England, may still further im-

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provements be looked for? Where is ship-building either a greater business, or pursued with more skill and eagerness?

'In civil, sacred, and domestic architecture, present appearances authorize the strongest hopes of improvement. These hopes rest, among other things, on unambiguous indications of the growing prevalence of a just taste. The principles of architecture are founded in nature, or good sense, as much as the principles of epic poetry. The art constitutes a beautiful medium, between what belongs to mere fancy, and what belongs entirely to the exact sciences. In its forms and modifications, it admits of infinite variation, giving broad room for invention and genius; while, in its general principles, it is founded on that which long experience and the concurrent judgment of ages have ascertained to be generally pleasing. Certain relations of parts to parts have been satisfactory to all the cultivated generations of men. These relations constitute what is called *proportion*, and this is the great basis of architectural art. This established proportion is not to be *followed* merely because it is ancient, but because its use, and the pleasure which it has been found capable of giving to the mind, through the eye, in ancient times, and modern times, and all civilized times, prove that its principles are well-founded, and just; in the same manner that the Iliad is proved, by the consent of all ages, to be a good poem.

'Architecture, I have said, is an art that unites, in a singular manner, the useful and the beautiful. It is not to be inferred from this, that every thing in architecture is beautiful, or is to be so esteemed, in exact proportion to its apparent utility. No more is meant, than that nothing which evidently thwarts utility, can or ought to be accounted beautiful; because, in every work of art, the design is to be regarded, and what defeats that design, cannot be considered as well done. The French rhetoricians have a maxim, that in literary composition, "nothing is beautiful which is not true." They do not intend to say, that strict and literal truth is alone beautiful in poetry or oratory; but they mean that that which grossly offends against probability, is not in good taste in either. The same relation subsists between beauty and utility in architecture, as between truth and imagination in poetry. Utility is not to be obviously sacrificed to beauty, in the one case; truth and probability are not to be outraged for the cause of fiction and fancy, in the other. In the severer styles of architecture, beauty and utility approach, so as to be almost identical. Where utility is more strongly than ordinary the main design, the proportions which produce it, raise the sense or feeling of beauty, by a sort of reflection or deduction of the mind. It is said that ancient Rome had, perhaps, no finer specimens of the classic Doric, than were in the sewers which ran under her

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streets, and which were of course always to be covered from human observation; so true is it, that cultivated taste is always pleased with justness of proportion; and that design, seen to be accomplished, gives pleasure. The discovery and fast increasing use of a noble material, found in vast abundance, nearer to our cities than the Pentelican quarries to Athens, may well awaken, as they do, new attention to architectural improvement. If this material be not entirely well-suited to the elegant Ionic, or the rich Corinthian, it is yet fitted, beyond marble, beyond perhaps almost any other material, for the Doric, of which the appropriate character is strength, and for the Gothic, of which the appropriate character is grandeur.

'It is not more than justice, perhaps, to our ancestors, to call the Gothic the English classic architecture; for in England, probably, are its most distinguished specimens. As its leading characteristic is grandeur, its main use would seem to be sacred. It had its origin, indeed, in ecclesiastical architecture. Its evident design was to surpass the ancient orders, by the size of the structure and its far greater heights; to excite perceptions of beauty, by the branching traceries and the gorgeous tabernacles within; and to inspire religious awe and reverence by the lofty pointed arches;—the flying buttresses, the spires, and the pinnacles, springing from beneath, stretching upwards towards the heavens with the prayers of the worshippers. Architectural beauty having always a direct reference to utility, edifices, whether civil or sacred, must of course undergo different changes, in different places, on account of climate, and in different ages, on account of the different states of other arts, or different notions of convenience. The hypethral temple, for example, or temple without a roof, is not to be thought of in our latitudes; and the use of glass, a thing not now to be dispensed with, is also to be accommodated, as well as it may be, to the architectural structure. These necessary variations, and many more admissible ones, give room for improvements to an indefinite extent, without departing from the principles of true taste. May we not hope, then, to see our own city celebrated as the city of architectural excellence? May we not hope, to see our native granite reposing in the ever-during strength of the Doric, or springing up in the grand and lofty Gothic, in forms which beauty and utility, the eye and the judgment, taste and devotion, shall unite to approve and to admire? But while we regard sacred and civil architecture as highly important, let us not forget that other branch, so essential to personal comfort and happiness,—domestic architecture, or common house-building. In ancient times in all Governments, and under despotic Governments in all times, the convenience or gratification of the monarch, the Government or the

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public, has been allowed too often to put aside considerations of personal and individual happiness. With us, different ideas happily prevail. With us, it is not the public, or the Government, in its corporate character, that is the only object of regard. The public happiness is to be the aggregate of the happiness of individuals. Our system begins with the individual man. It begins with him when he leaves the cradle; and it proposes to instruct him in knowledge and in morals, to prepare him for his state of manhood; on his arrival at that state, to invest him with political rights, to protect him, in his property and pursuits, and in his family and social connexions; and thus to enable him to enjoy as an individual moral, and rational being, what belongs to a moral and rational being. For the same reason, the Arts are to be promoted for their general utility, as they affect the personal happiness and well-being of the individuals who compose the community. It would be adverse to the whole spirit of our system, that we should have gorgeous and expensive public buildings, if individuals were at the same time to live in houses of mud. Our public edifices are to be reared by the surplus of wealth, and the savings of labor, after the necessities and comforts of individuals are provided for; and not, like the Pyramids, by the unremitted toil of thousands of half-starved slaves. Domestic architecture, therefore, as connected with individual comfort and happiness, is to hold a first place in the esteem of our artists. Let our citizens have houses cheap, but comfortable; not gaudy, but in good taste; not judged by the portion of earth which they cover, but by their symmetry, their fitness for use, and their durability.'

The Essays of Lord Chancellor Brougham on the Pleasures and Advantages of Science, and of Mr. Herschel on the Study of Natural Philosophy, are highly valuable and well worthy of a diligent study. The great name of Herschel bids fair to retain in the present generation the just distinction which it acquired in the last; and the title of Lord Chancellor of England will derive from its connexion with that of Henry Brougham a dignity which it has not possessed before since the days of Bacon.

If there be any exceptionable feature in the complexion of the volume before us, it is perhaps a disposition to exalt the importance of the mechanical and physical, in comparison with that of the intellectual, moral, and political sciences. In the American portion of the volume, this disposition is a natural result of the fact, that the Essays composing it were addressed to an association of practical mechanics, and might naturally be expected to treat of subjects connected with their immediate

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pursuits. The essay of Mr. Herschel is also professedly upon the study of natural philosophy, and he could not, of course, without a departure from his subject, introduce any considerable discussion of any other department. But we do not so distinctly see why Mr. Brougham, in a discourse which treats of the pleasures and advantages of science in general, after specifying in his division of the subject the branches which relate to mind, as composing one great and distinct department, should in his developement, pass over this department, and confine himself entirely to that of physical science. The cultivation of both the great departments of learning is indispensable to the complete developement of the mind, and the healthy progress of society. It is therefore unnecessary to attempt to estimate their comparative importance; but if the question were made, we should all answer without hesitation, that the preference must be given to such pursuits and studies, as belong to our moral and intellectual nature. The acquisition of a knowledge of new facts and combinations in the material world affords, no doubt, an agreeable occupation, and gratifies an innocent and even laudable curiosity. But the study of mind, whether in its individual existence, or in its religious, social, and political relations, awakens an interest of a far more deep and absorbing character. The advantage, therefore, on the score of pleasure, is decidedly in favor of the moral sciences, inasmuch as the pleasure we derive from any pursuit is uniformly proportional to the interest which we feel in it. The superiority of the moral sciences in practical importance is even more obvious. The object of the physical sciences and the mechanic arts is merely to increase the facilities for transacting the material business, and obtaining the material enjoyments of life. The most they can do, is to give us at a cheaper rate the 'meat, clothes and fire,' which, according to the just remark of the great moral poet, compose the sum and substance of all that is necessary to material welfare. On the other hand, the object of the moral sciences is to guide our conduct as intellectual, moral, and social beings, in the various relations in which we are placed as members of the family, the State, and the great intellectual system. They teach us our duty as fathers, children, husbands, wives, brothers, neighbors, and citizens. They regulate the great concerns of education and Government. They instruct us in those momentous truths, which concern

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alike our present and future existence. How much more important is it, that our notions on these subjects should be full and clear, than that our cotton cloth should be ten, instead of twenty cents a yard, or our sugar cheaper by a half-penny a pound! We say not this for the purpose of disparaging the physical sciences, or their application to the mechanic arts. There is room in the world for all sorts of occupations; and it is important, that all the branches of art and science should be carried to the highest possible degree of perfection. We merely intend to remark as a feature in some of these essays, the disposition to leave almost entirely out of view the *more important* of the two great divisions of science, and to attend exclusively to the *less important* one. This disposition is, we think, in some degree characteristic of the general pursuits and occupations of the age. As one of the minor symptoms of this tendency, we may remark, that in the London University, an institution founded substantially under the same auspices with the British Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the chairs of moral science were for a long time, and as far as we are informed, still are vacant; partly, we suppose, from the want of interest in the directors in this branch of learning, and partly from the difficulty of finding suitable persons: both causes being only different indications of the same general fact. At Harvard College, in like manner, there are ten or fifteen persons employed in different ways in giving instruction in physical science; while the whole vast field of moral philosophy is intrusted to one. In short, the great glory of the modern world lies in the cultivation of physical science, and its application to the useful arts. The improvement of moral science has not by any means been proportional; and it might not perhaps be difficult to trace to the comparative neglect of this study and its consequently less improved state, some of the practical defects in the social and political condition of the nations of Christendom. But this inquiry is too extensive, to be entered on at present. We have little doubt, that the publishers of the work before us will make up for their apparent inattention to the moral sciences in the introductory volume, by allowing them a larger space, and a fuller developement in those that are to follow.

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